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COWPER

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid hoary chief.

Boadicea.

Painted by Robt Smirke R.A *Engravd by C. Tebou*

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS,

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS.

EDITED BY

ROBERT WALSH, Jr.

VOL. XXXVII.

COWPER, BLACKSTONE, LOGAN, ROBERTS, PORTEUS, AND OTHERS.

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SELECT POEMS

OF

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE TASK.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

The post comes in.—The newspaper is read.—The world contemplated at a distance.—Address to Winter.—The rural amusements of a winter evening compared with the fashionable ones.—Address to evening.—A brown study.—Fall of snow in the evening.—The waggoner.—A poor family piece.—The rural chief.—Public houses.—The multitude of them censured.—The farmer's daughter: what she was—what she is.—The simplicity of country manners almost lost.—Causes of the change.—Desertion of the country by the rich.—Neglect of magistrates.—The militia principally in fault.—The new recruit and his transformation.—Reflection on bodies corporate.—The love of rural objects natural to all, and never to be totally extinguished.

THE TASK.

BOOK IV.

THE WINTER EVENING.

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;—
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.
True to his charge, the close pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn;
And, having dropp'd the' expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charg'd with am'rous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But O the' important budget! usher'd in

With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? have our troops awak'd?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,
Snore to the murmurs of the' Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plum'd
And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set the' imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utt'rance once again.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And, while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.
Not such his ev'ning, who with shining face
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squecz'd
And bor'd with elbow-points through both his sides,
Outscolds the ranting actor on the stage:
Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,
Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.
This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not ev'n critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive Attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
What is it, but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?

Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge,
That tempts Ambition. On the summit see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dext'rous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take;
The modest speaker is asham'd and griev'd,
To' engross a moment's notice; and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise;
The dearth of information and good sense,
That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
Cat'racts of declamation thunder here;
There forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders lost;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heav'n, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,
Æthereal journies, submarine exploits,
And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread.

'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir

Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the' uninjur'd ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanc'd
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That lib'rates and exempts me from them all.
It turns submitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations; I behold
The tumult, and am still. The sound of war
Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;
Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And av'rice, that make man a wolf to man;
Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats,
By which he speaks the language of his heart,
And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
He travels and expatiates, as the bee
From flow'r to flow'r, so he from land to land;
The manners, customs, policy, of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
He sucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return—a rich repast for me.
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

O Winter, ruler of the' inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks

Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
A pris'ner in the yet undawning east,
Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gath'ring, at short notice, in one group
The family dispers'd, and fixing thought,
Not less dispers'd by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,
And all the comforts, that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted ev'ning, know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates;
No powder'd pert proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm assaults these doors
Till the street rings; no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake:
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flow'r,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,
Follow the nimbler finger of the fair;
A wreath, that cannot fade, of flow'rs, that blow

With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page by one
Made vocal for the' amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out,
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still,
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry: the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The volume clos'd, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal;
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoy'd, spare feast! a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or prescribes the sound of mirth:
Nor do we madly, like an impious World,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God,
That made them, an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with Mem'ry's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found
Unlook'd for, life preserv'd, and peace restor'd,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
O ev'nings worthy of the gods! exclaim'd
The Sabine bard. O ev'nings, I reply,

More to be priz'd and coveted than yours,
As more illumin'd, and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

Is Winter hideous in a garb like this?
Needs he the tragic fur, the smoke of lamps,
The pent-up breath of an unsav'ry throng,
To thaw him into feeling; or the smart
And snappish dialogue, that flippant wits
Call comedy, to prompt him with a smile?
The self-complacent actor, when he views
(Stealing a sidelong glance at a full house)
The slope of faces, from the floor to the' roof,
(As if one master-spring controll'd them all)
Relax'd into a universal grin,
Sees not a count'nance there, that speaks of joy
Half so refin'd or so sincere as ours.
Cards were superfluous here, with all the tricks,
That idleness has ever yet contriv'd
To fill the void of an unfurnish'd brain,
To palliate dulness, and give time a shove.
Time, as he passes us, has a dove's wing,
Unsoil'd, and swift, and of a silken sound;
But the World's Time is Time in masquerade!
Theirs, should I paint him, has his pinions fledg'd
With motley plumes; and, where the peacock shows
His azure eyes, is tinctur'd black and red
With spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguin'd hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblem of untimely graves.
What should be, and what was an hourglass once,
Becomes a dice-box, and a billiard mace
Well does the work of his destructive scythe.

Thus deck'd, he charms a World whom Fashion blinds
To his true worth, most pleas'd when idle most;
Whose only happy are their wasted hours.
Ev'n misses, at whose age their mothers wore
The backstring and the bib, assume the dress
Of womanhood, fit pupils in the school
Of card-devoted Time, and night by night
Plac'd at some vacant corner of the board,
Learn ev'ry trick, and soon play all the game.
But truce with censure. Roving as I rove,
Where shall I find an end, or how proceed?
As he that travels far oft turns aside
To view some rugged rock or mould'ring tow'r,
Which seen delights him not; then coming home
Describes and prints it, that the world may know
How far he went for what was nothing worth;
So I, with brush in hand and pallet spread,
With colours mix'd for a far diff'rent use,
Paint cards, and dolls, and ev'ry idle thing,
That Fancy finds in her excursive flights.

Come Ev'ning, once again, season of peace;
Return sweet Ev'ning, and continue long!
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron step slow moving, while the Night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employ'd
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charg'd for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day:
Not sumptuously adorn'd, not needing aid,
Like homely-featur'd Night, of clust'ring gems;
A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee; save that the moon is thine

No less than hers, not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Come then, and thou shalt find thy vot'ry calm,
Or make me so. Composure is thy gift:
And, whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil;
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit;
Or twining silken threads round iv'ry reels,
When they command whom man was born to please;
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

Just when our drawing-rooms begin to blaze
With lights, by clear reflection multiplied
From many a mirror, in which he of Gath,
Goliah, might have seen his giant bulk
Whole without stooping, tow'ring crest and all,
My pleasures too begin. But me perhaps
The glowing hearth may satisfy awhile
With faint illumination, that uplifts
The shadows to the ceiling, there by fits
Dancing uncouthly to the quiv'ring flame.
Not undelightful is an hour to me
So spent in parlour twilight: such a gloom
Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind,
The mind contemplative, with some new theme
Pregnant, or indispos'd alike to all.
Laugh ye, who boast your more mercurial pow'rs,
That never felt a stupor, know no pause,
Nor need one; I am conscious, and confess
Fearless a soul, that does not always think.
Me oft has Fancy ludicrous and wild
Sooth'd with a waking dream of houses, tow'rs,

Trees, churches, and strange visages, express'd
In the red cinders, while with poring eye
I gaz'd, myself creating what I saw.
Nor less amus'd have I quiescent watch'd
The sooty films, that play upon the bars
Pendulous, and foreboding in the view
Of superstition, prophesying still,
Though still deceiv'd, some stranger's near approach.
'Tis thus the understanding takes repose
In indolent vacuity of thought,
And sleeps and is refresh'd. Meanwhile the face
Conceals the mood lethargic with a mask
Of deep deliberation, as the man
Were task'd to his full strength, absorb'd and lost.
Thus oft, reclin'd at ease, I lose an hour
At ev'ning, till at length the freezing blast,
That sweeps the bolted shutter, summons home
The recollected pow'rs; and snapping short
The glassy threads, with which the Fancy weaves
Her brittle toils, restores me to myself.
How calm is my recess; and how the frost,
Raging abroad, and the rough wind endear
The silence and the warmth enjoy'd within!
I saw the woods and fields at close of day
A variegated show; the meadows green,
Though faded; and the lands, where lately wav'd
The golden harvest, of a mellow brown,
Upturn'd so lately by the forceful shore.
I saw far off the weedy fallows smile
With verdure not unprofitable, graz'd
By flocks, fast feeding, and selecting each
His fav'rite herb; while all the leafless groves,
That skirt the' horizon, wore a sable hue;

Scarce notic'd in the kindred dusk of eve.
To-morrow brings a change, a total change!
Which even now, though silently perform'd,
And slowly, and by most unfelt, the face
Of universal nature undergoes.
Fast falls a fleecy show'r: the downy flakes
Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse,
Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
Gladly the thick'ning mantle, and the green
And tender blade, that fear'd the chilling blast,
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

In such a world, so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found,
Without some thistly sorrow at its side;
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguish'd than ourselves; that thus
We may with patience bear our mod'rate ills,
And sympathize with others suff'ring more.
Ill fares the trav'ller now, and he that stalks
In pond'rous boots beside his reeking team.
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
By congregated loads adhering close
To the clogg'd wheels: and in its sluggish pace
Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow.
The toiling steeds expand the nostril wide,
While ev'ry breath, by respiration strong
Fore'd downward, is consolidated soon
Upon their jutting chests. He, form'd to bear
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
With half-shut eyes, and pucker'd cheeks, and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods on.

One hand secures his hat, save when with both
He brandishes his pliant length of whip,
Resounding oft, and never heard in vain.
O happy; and in my account denied
That sensibility of pain, with which
Refinement is endu'd, thrice happy thou!
Thy frame, robust and hardy, feels indeed
The piercing cold, but feels it unimpair'd.
The learned finger never need explore
Thy vig'rous pulse; and the unhealthful east,
That breathes the spleen, and searches ev'ry bone
Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee.
Thy days roll on exempt from household care;
Thy waggon is thy wife; and the poor beasts,
That drag the dull companion to and fro,
Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care.
Ah treat them kindly! rude as thou appear'st,
Yet show that thou hast mercy! which the great,
With needless hurry whirl'd from place to place,
Humane as they would seem, not always show.

Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat,
Such claim compassion in a night like this,
And have a friend in ev'ry feeling heart.
Warm'd, while it lasts, by labour, all day long
They brave the season, and yet find at eve,
Ill clad, and fed but sparely, time to cool.
The frugal housewife trembles when she lights
Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing clear,
But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.
The few small embers left she nurses well;
And, while her infant race, with outspread hands,
And crowded knees, sit cow'ring o'er the sparks.
Retires, content to quake, so they be warm'd.

The man feels least, as more inur'd than she
To winter, and the current in his veins,
More briskly mov'd by his severer toil;
Yet he too finds his own distress in theirs.
The taper soon extinguish'd, which I saw
Dangled along at the cold finger's end
Just when the day declin'd; and the brown loaf
Lodg'd on the shelf, half eaten without sauce
Of sav'ry cheese, or butter, costlier still;
Sleep seems their only refuge: for alas,
Where penury is felt the thought is chain'd,
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few.
With all this thrift they thrive not. All the care,
Ingenious Parsimony takes, but just
Saves the small inventory, bed, and stool,
Skillet, and old carv'd chest, from public sale.
They live, and live without extorted alms
From grudging hands; but other boasts have none,
To sooth their honest pride, that scorns to beg,
Nor comfort else, but in their mutual love.
I praise you much, ye meek and patient pair,
For ye are worthy; choosing rather far
A dry but independent crust, hard earn'd,
And eaten with a sigh, than to endure
The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs
Of knaves in office, partial in the work
Of distribution; lib'ral of their aid
To clam'rous Importunity in rags,
But ofttimes deaf to suppliants, who would blush
To wear a tatter'd garb, however coarse,
Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth:
These ask with painful shyness, and, refus'd
Because deserving, silently retire!
But be ye of good courage! Time itself

Shall much befriend you. Time shall give increase;
And all your num'rous progeny, well-train'd
But helpless, in few years shall find their hands,
And labour too. Meanwhile ye shall not want
What, conscious of your virtues, we can spare,
Nor what a wealthier than ourselves may send.
I mean the man, who, when the distant poor
Need help, denies them nothing but his name.

But poverty with most, who whimper forth
Their long complaints, is self-inflicted woe;
The' effect of laziness or sottish waste.
Now goes the nightly thief prowling abroad
For plunder; much solicitous how best
He may compensate for a day of sloth
By works of darkness and nocturnal wrong.
Woe to the gard'ner's pale, the farmer's hedge,
Plash'd neatly, and secur'd with driven stakes
Deep in the loamy bank. Uptorn by strength,
Resistless in so bad a cause, but lame
To better deeds, he bundles up the spoil,
An ass's burden, and, when laden most
And heaviest, light of foot steals fast away,
Nor does the boarded hovel better guard
The well-stack'd pile of riven logs and roots
From his pernicious force. Nor will he leave
Unwrench'd the door, however well secur'd,
Where Chanticleer amidst his haram sleeps
In unsuspecting pomp. 'Twitch'd from the perch,
He gives the princely bird, with all his wives,
To his voracious bag, struggling in vain,
And loudly wond'ring at the sudden change.
Nor this to feed his own. 'Twere some excuse,
Did pity of their suff'rings warp aside

His principle, and tempt him into sin
For their support, so destitute. But they
Neglected, pine at home; themselves, as more
Expos'd than others, with less scruple made
His victims, robb'd of their defenceless all.
Cruel is all he does. 'Tis quenchless thirst
Of ruinous ebriety, that prompts
His ev'ry action, and imbrutes the man.
O for a law to noose the villain's neck,
Who starves his own; who persecutes the blood
He gave them in his children's veins, and hates
And wrongs the woman he has sworn to love!

Pass where we may, through city or through town,
Village or hamlet, of this merry land,
Though lean and beggar'd, ev'ry twentieth pace
Conducts the' unguarded nose to such a whiff
Of stale debauch, forth-issuing from the styes,
That Law has licens'd, as makes Temp'rance reel.
There sit, involv'd and lost in curling clouds
Of Indian fume, and guzzling deep, the boor,
The lackey and the groom: the craftsman there
Takes a Lethean leave of all his toil;
Smith, cobbler, joiner, he that plies the shears,
And he that kneads the dough; all loud alike,
All learned, and all drunk! the fiddle screams
Plaintive and piteous, as it wept and wail'd
Its wasted tones and harmony unheard;
Fierce the dispute, whate'er the theme; while she,
Fell Discord, arbitress of such debate,
Perch'd on the signpost, holds with even hand
Her undecisive scales. In this she lays
A weight of ignorance; in that, of pride;

And smiles delighted with the' eternal poise.
Dire is the frequent curse, and its twin sound,
The cheek distending oath, not to be prais'd
As ornamental, musical, polite,
Like those, which modern senators employ,
Whose oath is rhet'ric, and who swear for fame!
Behold the schools, in which plebeian minds
Once simple are initiated in arts,
Which some may practise with politer grace,
But none with readier skill!—'tis here they learn
The road, that leads from competence and peace
To indigence and rapine; till at last
Society, grown weary of the load,
Shakes her encumber'd lap, and casts them out.
But censure profits little: vain the' attempt
To advertise in verse a public pest,
That like the filth, with which the peasant feeds
His hungry acres, stinks, and is of use.
The' excise is fatten'd with the rich result
Of all this riot; and ten thousand casks,
For ever dribbling out their base contents,
Touch'd by the Midas finger of the state,
Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.
Drink, and be mad then; 'tis your country bids!
Gloriously drunk obey the' important call!
Her cause demands the' assistance of your throats;—
Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.

Would I had fall'n upon those happier days,
That poets celebrate; those golden times,
And those Arcadian scenes, that Maro sings,
And Sidney, warbler of poetic prose.
Nymphs were Dianas then, and swains had hearts,
That felt their virtues: Innocence, it seems,

From courts dismiss'd, found shelter in the groves;
The footsteps of Simplicity, impress'd
Upon the yielding herbage, (so they sing)
Then were not all effac'd: then speech profane,
And manners profligate, were rarely found,
Observ'd as prodigies, and soon reclaim'd.
Vain wish! those days were never: airy dreams
Sat for the picture: and the poet's hand,
Imparting substance to an empty shade,
Impos'd a gay delirium for a truth.
Grant it: I still must envy them an age,
That favour'd such a dream; in days like these
Impossible, when Virtue is so searce,
That to suppose a seene where she presides,
Is tramontane, and stumbles all belief.
No: we are polish'd now. The rural lass,
Whom once her virgin modesty and grace,
Her artless manners, and her neat attire,
So dignified, that she was hardly less
Than the fair shepherdess of old romanee,
Is seen no more. The charaeter is lost!
Her head, adorn'd with lappets pinn'd aloft,
And ribands streaming gay, superbly rais'd,
And magnified beyond all human size,
Indebted to some smart wig-weaver's hand,
For more than half the tresses it sustains;
Her elbows ruffled, and her tott'ring form
Ill propp'd upon French heels; she might be deem'd
(But that the basket dangling on her arm
Interprets her more truly) of a rank
Too proud for dairy work, or sale of eggs,
Expeet her soon with footboy at her heels,
No longer blushing for her awkward load,
Her train and her umbrella all her eare!

The town has ting'd the country; and the stain
Appears a spot upon a vestal's robe,
The worse for what it soils. The fashion runs
Down into scenes still rural; but alas,
Scenes rarely grac'd with rural manners now!
Time was when in the pastoral retreat
The' unguarded door was safe; men did not watch
To' invade another's right, or guard their own.
Then sleep was undisturb'd by fear, unscar'd
By drunken howlings; and the chilling tale
Of midnight murder was a wonder heard
With doubtful credit, told to frighten babes.
But farewell now to unsuspicious nights,
And slumbers unalarm'd! Now, ere you sleep,
See that your polish'd arms be prim'd with care,
And drop the nightbolt;—ruffians are abroad;
And the first larum of the cock's shrill throat
May prove a trumpet, summoning your ear
To horrid sounds of hostile feet within.
Ev'n daylight has its dangers; and the walk
Through pathless wastes and woods, unconscious once
Of other tenants than melodious birds,
Or harmless flocks, is hazardous and bold.
Lamented change! to which full many a cause
Invet'rate, hopeless of a cure, conspires.
The course of human things from good to ill,
From ill to worse, is fatal, never fails.
Increase of pow'r begets increase of wealth;
Wealth luxury, and luxury excess;
Excess the scrofulous and itchy plague,
That seizes first the opulent, descends
To the next rank contagious, and in time
Taints downward all the graduated scale

Of order, from the chariot to the plow.
The rich, and they, that have an arm to check
The license of the lowest in degree,
Desert their office; and themselves, intent
On pleasure, haunt the capital, and thus
To all the violence of lawless hands
Resign the scenes, their presence might protect.
Authority herself not seldom sleeps,
Though resident, and witness of the wrong.
The plump convivial parson often bears
The magisterial sword in vain, and lays
His rev'rence and his worship both to rest
On the same cushion of habitual sloth.
Perhaps timidity restrains his arm;
When he should strike he trembles, and sets free,
Himself enslav'd by terror of the band,
The' audacious convict, whom he dares not bind.
Perhaps, though by profession ghostly pure,
He too may have his vice, and sometimes prove
Less dainty than becomes his grave outside
In lucrative concerns. Examine well
His milkwhite hand; the palm is hardly clean—
But here and there an ugly smutch appears.
Foh! 'twas a bribe that left it: he has touch'd
Corruption. Whoso seeks an audit here
Propitious, pays his tribute, game or fish,
Wildfowl or ven'son; and his errand speeds.

But faster far, and more than all the rest,
A noble cause, which none, who bears a spark
Of public virtue, ever wish'd remov'd.
Works the deplor'd and mischievous effect.
'Tis universal soldiership has stabb'd
The heart of merit in the meaner class.

Arms, through the vanity and brainless rage
Of those that bear them, in whatever cause,
Seem most at variance with all moral good,
And incompatible with serious thought.
The clown, the child of nature, without guile,
Blest with an infant's ignorance of all
But his own simple pleasures; now and then
A wrestling match, a footrace, or a fair:
Is balloted, and trembles at the news:
Sheepish he doffs his hat, and mumbling swears
A bible-oath to be whate'er they please,
To do he knows not what. The task perform'd,
That instant he becomes the sergeant's care,
His pupil, and his torment, and his jest.
His awkward gait, his introverted toes,
Bent knees, round shoulders, and dejected looks,
Procure him many a curse. By slow degrees
Unapt to learn, and form'd of stubborn stuff,
He yet by slow degrees puts off himself,
Grows conscious of a change, and likes it well:
He stands erect; his slouch becomes a walk;
He steps right onward, martial in his air,
His form, and movement; is as smart above
As meal and larded locks can make him; wears
His hat, or his plum'd helmet, with a grace;
And, his three years of heroship expir'd,
Returns indignant to the slighted plough.
He hates the field, in which no fife or drum
Attends him; drives his cattle to a march;
And sighs for the smart comrades he has left.
'Twere well if his exterior change were all—
But with his clumsy port the wretch has lost
His ignorance and harmless manners too.
To swear, to game, to drink; to show at home

By lewdness, idleness, and sabbath-breach,
The great proficiency he made abroad;
To' astonish and to grieve his gazing friends;
To break some maiden's and his mother's heart;
To be a pest where he was useful once;
Are his sole aim, and all his glory, now.

Man in society is like a flow'r
Blown in its native bed; 'tis there alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out; there only reach their proper use.
But man, associated and leagu'd with man
By regal warrant, or self-join'd by bond
For int'rest-sake, or swarming into clans
Beneath one head for purposes of war,
Like flow'rs selected from the rest, and bound
And bundled close to fill some crowded vase,
Fades rapidly, and, by compression marr'd,
Contracts defilement not to be endur'd.
Hence charter'd boroughs are such public plagues;
And burghers, men immaculate perhaps
In all their private functions, once combin'd,
Become a loathsome body, only fit
For dissolution, hurtful to the main.
Hence merchants, unimpeachable of sin
Against the charities of domestic life,
Incorporated seem at once to lose
Their nature; and, disclaiming all regard
For mercy and the common rights of man,
Build factories with blood, conducting trade
At the sword's point, and dyeing the white robe
Of innocent commercial Justice red.
Hence too the field of glory, as the world
Misdeems it, dazzled by its bright array,

With all its majesty of thund'ring pomp,
Enchanting music and immortal wreaths,
Is but a school, where thoughtlessness is taught
On principle, where foppery atones
For folly, gallantry for ev'ry vice.

But slighted as it is, and by the great
Abandon'd, and, which still I more regret,
Infected with the manners and the modes
It knew not once, the country wins me still.
I never fram'd a wish, or form'd a plan,
That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly bliss,
But there I laid the scene. There early stray'd
My fancy, ere yet liberty of choice
Had found me, or the hope of being free.
My very dreams were rural; rural too
The first-born efforts of my youthful muse,
Sportive and jingling her poetic bells,
Ere yet her ear was mistress of their pow'rs.
No bard could please me but whose lyre was tun'd
To Nature's praises. Heroes and their feats
Fatigu'd me, never weary of the pipe
Of Tityrus, assembling, as he sang,
The rustic throng beneath his fav'rite beech.
Then Milton had indeed a poet's charms:
New to my taste, his Paradise surpass'd
The struggling efforts of my boyish tongue,
To speak its excellence. I danc'd for joy.
I marvell'd much that, at so ripe an age
As twice seven years, his beauties had then first
Engag'd my wonder; and admiring still,
And still admiring, with regret suppos'd
The joy half lost, because not sooner found.
There too enamour'd of the life I lov'd,

Pathetic in its praise, in its pursuit
Determin'd, and possessing it at last
With transports, such as favour'd lovers feel,
I studied, priz'd, and wish'd that I had known,
Ingenious Cowley! and, though now reclaim'd
By modern lights from an erroneous taste,
I cannot but lament thy splendid wit
Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools.
I still revere thee, courtly though retir'd;
Though stretch'd at ease in Chertsey's silent bow'rs,
Not unemploy'd; and finding rich amends
For a lost world in solitude and verse.
'Tis born with all: the love of Nature's works
Is an ingredient in the compound man,
Infus'd at the creation of the kind.
And, though the' Almighty Maker has throughout
Discriminated each from each, by strokes
And touches of his hand, with so much art
Diversified, that two were never found
Twins at all points—yet this obtains in all,
That all discern a beauty in his works,
And all can taste them: minds, that have been form'd
And tutor'd, with a relish more exact,
But none without some relish, none unmov'd.
It is a flame, that dies not even there,
Where nothing feeds it: neither business, crowds,
Nor habits of luxurious city life,
Whatever else they smother of true worth
In human bosoms; quench it or abate.
The villas, with which London stands begirt,
Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads,
Prove it. A breath of unadult'rate air,
The glimpse of a green pasture, how they cheer

The citizen, and brace his languid frame!
Ev'n in the stifling bosom of the town
A garden, in which nothing thrives, has charms,
That sooth the rich possessor; much consol'd,
That here and there some sprigs of mournful mint,
Of nightshade, or valerian, grace the well
He cultivates. These serve him with a hint
That Nature lives; that sight-refreshing green
Is still the liv'ry she delights to wear,
Though sickly samples of the' exub'rant whole.
What are the casements lin'd with creeping herbs,
The prouder sashes fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,
The Frenchman's darling?* are they not all proofs,
That man, immur'd in cities, still retains
His inborn inextinguishable thirst
Of rural scenes, compensating his loss
By supplemental shifts, the best he may?
The most unfurnish'd with the means of life,
And they, that never pass their brick-wall bounds,
To range the fields, and treat their lungs with air,
Yet feel the burning instinct: over head
Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick,
And water'd duly. There the pitcher stands
A fragment, and the spoutless tea-pot there;
Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets
The country, with what ardour he contrives
A peep at Nature, when he can no more.

Hail, therefore, patroness of health and ease,
And contemplation, heart-consoling joys,
And harmless pleasures, in the throng'd abode

* Mignonnette.

Of multitudes unknown; hail, rural life!
Address himself who will to the pursuit
Of honours, or emolument, or fame;
I shall not add myself to such a chase,
Thwart his attempts, or envy his success.
Some must be great. Great offices will have
Great talents. And God gives to ev'ry man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste,
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordain'd to fill.
To the deliv'rer of an injur'd land
He gives a tongue to' enlarge upon, a heart
To feel, and courage to redress her wrongs;
To monarchs dignity; to judges sense;
To artists ingenuity and skill;
To me, an unambitious mind, content
In the low vale of life, that early felt
A wish for ease and leisure, and ere long
Found here that leisure and that ease I wish'd.

THE TASK.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

A frosty morning.—The foddering of cattle.—The woodman and his dog.—The poultry.—Whimsical effects of frost at a waterfall.—The Empress of Russia's palace of ice.—Amusements of monarchs.—War, one of them—Wars, whence.—And whence monarchy.—The evils of it.—English and French loyalty contrasted.—The Bastille, and a prisoner there.—Liberty the chief recommendation of this country.—Modern patriotism questionable, and why.—The perishable nature of the best human institutions.—Spiritual liberty not perishable.—The slavish state of man by nature.—Deliver him, Deist, if you can.—Grace must do it.—The respective merits of patriots and martyrs stated.—Their different treatment.—Happy freedom of the man whom grace makes free.—His relish of the works of God.—Address to the Creator.

THE TASK.

BOOK V.

THE WINTER MORNING WALK.

'Tis morning; and the sun, with ruddy orb
Ascending, fires the' horizon; while the clouds
That crowd away before the driving wind,
More ardent as the disk emerges more,
Resemble most some city in a blaze,
Seen through the leafless wood. His slanting ray
Slides ineffectual down the snowy vale,
And, tinging all with his own rosy hue,
From ev'ry herb and ev'ry spiry blade
Stretches a length of shadow o'er the field.
Mine, spindling into longitude immense,
In spite of gravity, and sage remark
That I myself am but a fleeting shade,
Provokes me to a smile. With eye askance
I view the muscular proportion'd limb
Transform'd to a lean shank. The shapeless pair,
As they design'd to mock me, at my side
Take step for step; and, as I near approach
The cottage, walk along the plaster'd wall,
Prepost'rous sight! the legs without the man.
The verdure of the plain lies buried deep
Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the bents,

And coarser grass, upspearing o'er the rest,
Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine
Conspicuous and in bright apparel clad,
And, fledg'd with icy feathers, nod superb.
The cattle mourn in corners, where the fence
Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait
Their wonted fodder; not like hung'ring man,
Fretful if unsupplied; but silent, meek,
And patient of the slow-pac'd swain's delay.
He from the stack carves out the' accustom'd load,
Deep-plunging, and again deep-plunging oft,
His broad keen knife into the solid mass:
Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,
With such undeviating and even force
He severs it away: no heedless care,
Lest storms should overset the leaning pile
Deciduous, or its own unbalanc'd weight.
Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd
The cheerful haunts of man; to wield the axe,
And drive the wedge, in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve his solitary task.
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears,
And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow; and now, with many a frisk
Wide-scamp'ring, snatches up the drifted snow
With iv'ry teeth, or ploughs it with his snout;
Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right toward the mark; nor stops for aught,
But now and then with pressure of his thumb
To' adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube,
That fumes beneath his nose: the trailing cloud

Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.
Now from the roost, or from the neighb'ring pale,
Where, diligent to catch the first faint gleam
Of smiling day, they gossip'd side by side,
Come trooping at the housewife's well-known call
The feather'd tribes domestic. Half on wing,
And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood,
Conscious and fearful of too deep a plunge.
The sparrows peep, and quit the shelt'ring eaves,
To seize the fair occasion; well they eye
The scatter'd grain, and thievishly resolv'd
To' escape the' impending famine, often scar'd
As oft return, a pert voracious kind.
Clean riddance quickly made, one only care
Remains to each, the search of sunny nook,
Or shed impervious to the blast. Resign'd
To sad necessity, the cock foregoes
His wonted strut; and, wading at their head
With well-consider'd steps, seems to resent
His alter'd gait and stateliness retrench'd.
How find the myriads, that in summer cheer
The hills and valleys with their ceaseless songs,
Due sustenance, or where subsist they now?
Earth yields them nought; the' imprison'd worm is safe
Beneath the frozen clod; all seeds of herbs
Lie cover'd close; and berry-bearing thorns,
That feed the thrush, (whatever some suppose)
Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.
The long protracted rigour of the year,
Thins all their num'rous flocks. In chinks and holes
Ten thousand seek an unmolested end,
As instinct prompts; self-buried ere they die.

The very rooks and daws forsake the fields,
Where neither grub, nor root, nor earth-nut, now
Repays their labour more; and perch'd aloft
By the wayside, or stalking in the path,
Lean pensioners upon the trav'ller's track,
Pick up their nauseous dole, though sweet to them,
Of voided pulse or half-digested grain.
The streams are lost amid the splendid blank,
O'erwhelming all distinction. On the flood,
Indurated and fix'd, the snowy weight
Lies undissolv'd; while silently beneath,
And unperceiv'd, the current steals away.
Not so where, scornful of a check, it leaps
The milldam, dashes on the restless wheel,
And wantons in the pebbly gulf below:
No frost can bind it there; its utmost force
Can but arrest the light and smoky mist,
That in its fall the liquid sheet throws wide.
And see where it has hung the' embroider'd banks
With forms so various, that no pow'rs of art,
The pencil or the pen, may trace the scene!
Here glittering turrets rise, upbearing high
(Fantastic misarrangement!) on the roof
Large growth of what may seem the sparkling trees
And shrubs of fairy land. The crystal drops,
That trickle down the branches, fast congeal'd,
Shoot into pillars of pellucid length,
And prop the pile they but adorn'd before.
Here grotto within grotto safe defies
The sunbeam; there, emboss'd and fretted wild,
The growing wonder takes a thousand shapes
Capricious, in which fancy seeks in vain
The likeness of some object seen before.
Thus Nature works as if to mock at Art,

And in defiance of her rival pow'rs;
By these fortuitous and random strokes
Performing such inimitable feats,
As she with all her rules can never reach.
Less worthy of applause, though more admir'd,
Because a novelty, the work of man,
Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ,
Thy most magnificent and mighty freak,
The wonder of the North. No forest fell,
When thou wouldst build; no quarry sent its stores
To' enrich thy walls: but thou didst hew the floods,
And make thy marble of the glassy wave.
In such a palace Aristæus found
Cyrene, when he bore the plaintive tale
Of his lost bees to her maternal ear:
In such a palace Poetry might place
The armory of Winter; where his troops,
The gloomy clouds, find weapons, arrow sleet,
Skin-piercing volley, blossom-bruising hail,
And snow, that often blinds the trav'ller's course,
And wraps him in an unexpected tomb.
Silently as a dream the fabric rose;
No sound of hammer or of saw was there:
Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
Were soon conjoin'd, nor other cement ask'd
Than water interfus'd to make them one.
Lamps gracefully dispos'd, and of all hues,
Illumin'd ev'ry side: a wat'ry light
Gleam'd through the clear transparency, that seem'd
Another moon new ris'n, or meteor fall'n
From Heav'n to Earth, of lambent flame serene.
So stood the brittle prodigy; though smooth
And slipp'ry the materials, yet frostbound
Firm as a rock. Nor wanted aught within,

That royal residence might well befit,
For grandeur or for use. Long wavy wreaths
Of flow'rs, that fear'd no enemy but warmth,
Blush'd on the pannels. Mirror needed none
Where all was vitreous; but in order due
Convivial table and commodious seat
(What seem'd at least commodious seat) were there;
Sofa, and couch, and high built throne august.
The same lubricity was found in all,
And all was moist to the warm touch; a scene
Of evanescent glory, once a stream,
And soon to slide into a stream again.
Alas! 'twas but a mortifying stroke
Of undesign'd severity, that glanc'd
(Made by a monarch) on her own estate,
On human grandeur and the courts of kings.
'Twas transient in its nature, as in show
'Twas durable; as worthless, as it seem'd
Intrinsically precious; to the foot
Treach'rous and false; it smil'd, and it was cold.

Great princes have great playthings. Some have play'd
At hewing mountains into men, and some
At building human wonders mountain-high.
Some have amus'd the dull, sad years of life,
(Life spent in indolence, and therefore sad)
With schemes of monumental fame; and sought
By pyramids and mausolean pomp,
Shortliv'd themselves, to' immortalize their bones.
Some seek diversion in the tented field,
And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.
But war's a game, which, were their subjects wise,

Kings would not play at. Nations would do well,
To' extort their truncheons from the puny hands
Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds
Are gratified with mischief; and who spoil,
Because men suffer it, their toy the World.

When Babel was confounded, and the great
Confed'racy of projectors wild and vain
Was split into diversity of tongues,
Then, as a shepherd separates his flock,
These to the upland, to the valley those,
God drave asunder, and assign'd their lot
To all the nations. Ample was the boon
He gave them, in its distribution fair
And equal; and he bade them dwell in peace.
Peace was awhile their care: they plough'd and sow'd,
And reap'd their plenty without grudge or strife.
But violence can never longer sleep,
Than human passions please. In ev'ry heart
Are sown the sparks, that kindle fiery war;
Occasion needs but fan them, and they blaze.
Cain had already shed a brother's blood:
The deluge wash'd it out; but left unquench'd
The seeds of murder in the breast of man.
Soon by a righteous judgment in the line
Of his descending progeny was found
The first artificer of death; the shrewd
Contriver, who first sweated at the forge,
And forc'd the blunt and yet unbloodied steel
To a keen edge, and made it bright for war.
Him, Tubal nam'd, the Vulcan of old times,
The sword and falchion their inventor claim;
And the first smith was the first murd'rer's son.

His art surviv'd the waters; and ere long,
When man was multiplied and spread abroad
In tribes and clans, and had begun to call
These meadows and that range of hills his own,
The tasted sweets of property begat
Desire of more, and industry in some,
To' improve and cultivate their just demesne,
Made others covet what they saw so fair.
Thus war began on Earth: these fought for spoil,
And those in self-defence. Savage at first
The onset, and irregular. At length
One eminent above the rest for strength,
For stratagem, or courage, or for all,
Was chosen leader; him they serv'd in war,
And him in peace, for sake of warlike deeds
Rev'renc'd no less. Who could with him compare?
Or who so worthy to control themselves,
As he, whose prowess had subdu'd their foes?
Thus war, affording field for the display
Of virtue, made one chief, whom times of peace,
Which have their exigencies too, and call
For skill in government, at length made king.
King was a name too proud for man to wear
With modesty and meekness; and the crown,
So dazzling in their eyes, who set it on,
Was sure to' intoxicate the brows it bound.
It is the abject property of most,
That, being parcel of the common mass,
And destitute of means to raise themselves,
They sink, and settle lower than they need.
They know not what it is to feel within
A comprehensive faculty that grasps
Great purposes with ease, that turns and wields,
Almost without an effort, plans too vast

For their conception, which they cannot move.
Conscious of impotence, they soon grow drunk
With gazing, when they see an able man
Step forth to notice; and, besotted thus,
Build him a pedestal, and say, "Stand there,
"And be our admiration and our praise."
They roll themselves before him in the dust,
Then most deserving in their own account,
When most extravagant in his applause,
As if exalting him they rais'd themselves.
Thus by degrees, self-cheated of their sound
And sober judgment, that he is but man,
They demideify and fume him so,
That in due season he forgets it too,
Inflated and astrut with self-conceit,
He gulps the windy diet; and ere long,
Adopting their mistake, profoundly thinks
The World was made in vain, if not for him.
Thenceforth they are his cattle: drudges, born
To bear his burdens, drawing in his gears,
And sweating in his service, his caprice
Becomes the soul, that animates them all.
He deems a thousand, or ten thousand lives,
Spent in the purchase of renown for him,
An easy reck'ning; and they think the same.
Thus kings were first invented, and thus kings
Were burnish'd into heroes, and became
The arbiters of this terraqueous swamp;
Storks among frogs, that have but croak'd and died.
Strange, that such folly, as lifts bloated man
To eminence fit only for a god,
Should ever drivel out of human lips,
E'vn in the cradled weakness of the World!
Still stranger much, that when at length mankind

Had reach'd the sinewy firmness of their youth,
And could discriminate and argue well
On subjects more mysterious, they were yet
Babes in the cause of freedom, and should fear
And quake before the gods themselves had made;
But above measure strange, that neither proof
Of sad experience, nor examples set
By some, whose patriot virtue has prevail'd,
Can even now, when they are grown mature
In wisdom, and with philosophic deeds
Familiar, serve to' emancipate the rest!
Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone
To rev'rence what is ancient, and can plead
A course of long observance for its use,
That even servitude, the worst of ills,
Because deliver'd down from sire to son,
Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing.
But is it fit, or can it bear the shock
Of rational discussion, that a man,
Compounded and made up like other men
Of elements tumultuous, in whom lust
And folly in as ample measure meet,
As in the bosoms of the slaves he rules,
Should be a despot absolute, and boast
Himself the only freeman of his land?
Should, when he pleases, and on whom he will,
Wage war, with any or with no pretence
Of provocation giv'n, or wrong sustain'd,
And force the beggarly last doit, by means
That his own humour dictates, from the clutch
Of Poverty, that thus he may procure
His thousands, weary of penurious life,
A splendid opportunity to die?
Say ye, who (with less prudence than of old

Jotham ascrib'd to his assembled trees
In politic convention) put your trust
In' the' shadow of a bramble, and reclin'd
In fancied peace beneath his dang'rous branch,
Rejoice in him, and celebrate his sway,
Where find ye passive fortitude? Whence springs
Your self-denying zeal, that holds it good,
To stroke the prickly grievance, and to hang
His thorns with streamers of continual praise?
We too are friends to loyalty. We love
The king, who loves the law, respects his bounds,
And reigns content within them: him we serve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free:
But recollecting still, that he is man,
We trust him not too far. King though he be,
And king in England too, he may be weak,
And vain enough to be ambitious still;
May exercise amiss his proper pow'rs,
Or covet more than freemen choose to grant;
Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours,
To' administer, to guard, to' adorn, the state,
But not to warp or change it. We are his,
To serve him nobly in the common cause,
True to the death, but not to be his slaves.
Mark now the diff'rence, ye that boast your love
Of kings, between your loyalty and ours.
We love the man, the paltry pageant you:
We the chief patron of the commonwealth,
You the regardless author of its woes:
We for the sake of liberty a king,
You chains and bondage for a tyrant's sake.
Our love is principle, and has its root
In reason, is judicious, manly, free;
Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,

And licks the foot, that treads it in the dust.
Were kingship as true treasure as it seems,
Sterling, and worthy of a wise man's wish,
I would not be a king to be belov'd
Causeless, and daub'd with undiscerning praise,
Where love is mere attachment to the throne,
Not to the man, who fills it as he ought.

Whose freedom is by suff'rance, and at will
Of a superior, he is never free.
Who lives, and is not weary of a life
Expos'd to manacles, deserves them well.
The state, that strives for liberty, though foil'd,
And forc'd to' abandon what she bravely sought,
Deserves at least applause for her attempt,
And pity for her loss. But that's a cause
Not often unsuccessful: pow'r usurp'd
Is weakness when oppos'd; conscious of wrong,
'Tis pusillanimous and prone to flight.
But slaves, that once conceive the glowing thought
Of freedom, in that hope itself possess
All that the contest calls for; spirit, strength,
The scorn of danger, and united hearts;
The surest presage of the good they seek.*

Then shame to manhood, and opprobrious more
To France than all her losses and defeats,
Old or of later date, by sea or land,
Her house of bondage, worse than that of old

* The author hopes that he shall not be censured for unnecessary warmth upon so interesting a subject. He is aware that it is become almost fashionable, to stigmatize such sentiments as no better than empty declamation; but it is an ill symptom, and peculiar to modern times.

Which God aveng'd on Pharaoh—the Bastille.
Ye horrid tow'rs, the' abode of broken hearts:
Ye dungeons and ye cages of despair,
That monarchs have supplied from age to age
With music, such as suits their sov'reign ears,
The sighs and groans of miserable men!
There's not an English heart, that would not leap,
To hear that ye were fall'n at last; to know
That ev'n our enemies, so oft employ'd
In forging chains for us, themselves were free.
For he, who values Liberty, confines
His zeal for her predominance within
No narrow bounds; her cause engages him
Wherever pleaded. 'Tis the cause of man.
There dwell the most forlorn of humankind,
Immur'd though unaccus'd, condemn'd untried,
Cruelly spar'd, and hopeless of escape.
There, like the visionary emblem seen
By him of Babylon, life stands a stump,
And, filleted about with hoops of brass,
Still lives, though all his pleasant boughs are gone.
To count the hour-bell and expect no change;
And ever, as the sullen sound is heard,
Still to reflect, that, though a joyless note
To him, whose moments all have one dull pace,
Ten thousand rovers in the World at large
Account it music; that it summons some
To theatre, or jocund feast, or ball:
The wearied hireling finds it a release
From labour; and the lover, who has chid
Its long delay, feels ev'ry welcome stroke
Upon his heart-strings, trembling with delight—
To fly for refuge from distracting thought
To such amusements, as ingenious wo

Contrives, hard-shifting, and without her tools—
To read engraven on the mouldy walls,
In stagg'ring types, his predecessor's tale,
A sad memorial, and subjoin his own—
To turn purveyor to an overgorg'd
And bloated spider, till the pamper'd pest
Is made familiar, watches his approach,
Comes at his call, and serves him for a friend—
To wear out time in numb'ring to and fro
The studs, that thick emboss his iron door;
Then downward, and then upward, then aslant
And then alternate; with a sickly hope
By dint of change to give his tasteless task
Some relish; till the sum, exactly found
In all directions, he begins again—
Oh comfortless existence! hemm'd around
With woes, which who that suffers would not kneel
And beg for exile, or the pangs of death?
That man should thus encroach on fellow-man,
Abridge him of his just and native rights,
Eradicate him, tear him from his hold
Upon the' endearments of domestic life
And social, nip his fruitfulness and use,
And doom him for perhaps a heedless word
To barrenness, and solitude, and tears,
Moves indignation, makes the name of king
(Of king whom such prerogative can please)
As dreadful as the Manichean god,
Ador'd through fear, strong only to destroy.

'Tis liberty alone, that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,

Is evil: hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science; blinds
The eyesight of Discov'ry; and begets,
In those that suffer it, a sordid mind,
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
Thee therefore still, blameworthy as thou art,
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeez'd
By public exigence, till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free;
My native nook of earth! Thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine:
Thine unadult'rate manners are less soft
And plausible than social life requires,
And thou hast need of discipline and art,
To give thee what politer France receives
From nature's bounty—that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse, either starv'd by cold reserve,
Or flush'd with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl.
Yet being free I love thee: for the sake
Of that one feature can be well content,
Disgrac'd as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
To seek no sublunary rest beside.
But once enslav'd, farewell! I could endure
Chains no where patiently; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
Then what were left of roughness in the grain
Of British natures, wanting its excuse
That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
And shock me. I should then with double pain

Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime;
And, if I must bewail the blessing lost,
For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,
I would at least bewail it under skies
Milder, among a people less austere;
In scenes, which having never known me free,
Would not reproach me with the loss I felt:
Do I forbode impossible events,
And tremble at vain dreams? Heav'n grant I may!
But the' age of virtuous politics is past,
And we are deep in that of cold pretence.
Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
And we too wise to trust them. He that takes
Deep in his soft credulity the stamp
Design'd by loud declaimers on the part
Of liberty, themselves the slaves of lust,
Incurs derision for his easy faith,
And lack of knowledge, and with cause enough:
For when was public virtue to be found,
Where private was not? Can he love the whole,
Who loves no part? He be a nation's friend,
Who is in truth the friend of no man there?
Can he be strenuous in his country's cause,
Who slights the charities, for whose dear sake
That country, if at all, must be belov'd?

'Tis therefore sober and good men are sad
For England's glory, seeing it wax pale
And sickly, while her champions wear their hearts
So loose to private duty, that no brain,
Healthful and undisturb'd by factious fumes,
Can dream them trusty to the gen'ral weal.
Such were they not of old, whose temper'd blades
Dispers'd the shackles of usurp'd control,

And hew'd them link from link; then Albion's sons
Were sons indeed; they felt a filial heart
Beat high within them at a mother's wrongs;
And, shining each in his domestic sphere,
Shone brighter still, once call'd to public view.
'Tis therefore many, whose sequester'd lot
Forbids their interference, looking on,
Anticipate perforce some dire event;
And, seeing the old castle of the state,
That promis'd once more firmness, so assail'd,
That all its tempest-beaten turrets shake,
Stand motionless expectants of its fall.
All has its date below; the fatal hour
Was register'd in Heav'n ere time began.
We turn to dust, and all our mightiest works
Die too: the deep foundations that we lay,
Time ploughs them up, and not a trace remains.
We build with what we deem eternal rock:
A distant age asks where the fabric stood;
And in the dust, sifted and search'd in vain,
The undiscoverable secret sleeps.

But there is yet a liberty, unsung
By poets, and by senators unprais'd,
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the pow'rs
Of Earth and Hell, confed'rate take away:
A liberty, which persecution, fraud,
Oppression, prisons, have no pow'r to bind;
Which whoso tastes can be enslav'd no more.
'Tis liberty of heart deriv'd from Heav'n,
Bought with His blood, who gave it to mankind,
And seal'd with the same token. It is held
By charter, and that charter sanction'd sure
By the' unimpeachable and awful oath

And promise of a God. His other gifts
All bear the royal stamp, that speaks them his,
And are august; but this transcends them all.
His other works, the visible display
Of all-creating energy and might,
Are grand no doubt, and worthy of the word,
That, finding an interminable space
Unoccupied, has fill'd the void so well,
And made so sparkling what was dark before.
But these are not his glory. Man, 'tis true,
Smit with the beauty of so fair a scene,
Might well suppose the artificer divine
Meant it eternal, had he not himself
Pronounc'd it transient, glorious as it is,
And, still designing a more glorious far,
Doom'd it as insufficient for his praise.
These therefore are occasional, and pass;
Form'd for the confutation of the fool,
Whose lying heart disputes against a God;
That office serv'd, they must be swept away.
Not so the labours of his love: they shine
In other heav'ns than these that we behold,
And fade not. There is Paradise that fears
No forfeiture, and of its fruits he sends
Large prelibation oft to saints below.
Of these the first in order, and the pledge,
And confident assurance of the rest,
Is liberty; a flight into his arms,
Ere yet mortality's fine threads give way,
A clear escape from tyrannizing lust,
And full immunity from penal wo.

Chains are the portion of revolted man,
Stripes, and a dungeon; and his body serves

The triple purpose. In that sickly, foul,
Opprobrious residence he finds them all.
Propense his heart to idols, he is held
In silly dotage on created things,
Careless of their Creator. And that low
And sordid gravitation of his pow'rs
To a vile clod so draws him, with such force
Resistless from the centre he should seek,
That he at last forgets it. All his hopes
Tend downward; his ambition is to sink,
To reach a depth profounder still, and still
Profounder, in the fathomless abyss
Of folly, plunging in pursuit of death.
But ere he gain the comfortless repose
He seeks, and acquiescence of his soul
In Heav'n-renouncing exile, he endures—
What does he not, from lusts oppos'd in vain,
And self-reproaching conscience? He foresees
The fatal issue to his health, fame, peace,
Fortune, and dignity; the loss of all,
That can ennoble man, and make frail life,
Short as it is, supportable. Still worse,
Far worse than all the plagues, with which his sins
Infect his happiest moments, he forebodes
Ages of hopeless mis'ry. Future death,
And death still future. Not a hasty stroke,
Like that which sends him to the dusty grave;
But unrepealable enduring death.
Scripture is still a trumpet to his fears:
What none can prove a forg'ry may be true;
What none but bad men wish exploded must.
That scruple checks him. Riot is not loud
Nor drunk enough to drown it. In the midst
Of laughter his compunctions are sincere;

And he abhors the jest, by which he shines.
Remorse begets reform. His master-lust
Falls first before his resolute rebuke,
And seems dethron'd and vanquish'd. Peace ensues,
But spurious and shortliv'd; the puny child
Of self-congratulating Pride, begot
On fancied Innocence. Again he falls,
And fights again; but finds his best essay
A presage ominous, portending still
Its own dishonour by a worse relapse.
Till Nature, unavailing Nature, foil'd
So oft, and wearied in the vain attempt,
Scoffs at her own performance. Reason now
Takes part with appetite, and pleads the cause
Perversely, which of late she so condemn'd;
With shallow shifts, and old devices, worn
And tatter'd in the service of debauch,
Cov'ring his shame from his offended sight.

"Hath God indeed giv'n appetites to man,
"And stor'd the Earth so plenteously with means,
"To gratify the hunger of his wish;
"And doth he reprobate, and will he damn,
"The use of his own bounty? making first
"So frail a kind, and then enacting laws
"So strict, that less than perfect must despair?
"Falsehood! which whoso but suspects of truth
"Dishonours God, and makes a slave of man.
"Do they themselves, who undertake for hire
"The teacher's office, and dispense at large
"Their weekly dole of edifying strains,
"Attend to their own music? have they faith
"In what with such solemnity of tone
"And gesture they propound to our belief?

"Nay—conduct hath the loudest tongue. The voice
"Is but an instrument, on which the priest
"May play what tune he pleases. In the deed,
"The unequivocal, authentic deed,
"We find sound argument, we read the heart."

Such reas'nings (if that name must needs belong
To' excuses in which reason has no part)
Serve to compose a spirit well inclin'd,
To live on terms of amity with vice,
And sin without disturbance. Often urg'd,
(As often as libidinous discourse
Exhausted, he resorts to solemn themes
Of theological and grave import)
They gain at last his unreserv'd assent;
Till harden'd his heart's temper in the forge
Of lust, and on the anvil of despair,
He slights the strokes of conscience. Nothing moves,
Or nothing much, his constancy in ill;
Vain tamp'ring has but foster'd his disease;
'Tis desp'rate, and he sleeps the sleep of death.
Haste now, philosopher, and set him free.
Charm the deaf serpent wisely. Make him hear
Of rectitude and fitness, moral truth
How lovely, and the moral sense how sure,
Consulted and obey'd, to guide his steps
Directly to the FIRST AND ONLY FAIR.
Spare not in such a cause. Spend all the pow'rs
Of rant and rhapsody in virtue's praise:
Be most sublimely good, verbosely grand,
And with poetic trappings grace thy prose,
Till it outmantle all the pride of verse.—
Ah, tinkling cymbal, and high sounding brass,
Smitten in vain! such music cannot charm

The' eclipse, that intercepts truth's heav'nly beam,
And chills and darkens a wide-wand'ring soul.
The STILL SMALL VOICE is wanted. He must speak,
Whose word leaps forth at once to its effect;
Who calls for things that are not, and they come.

Grace makes the slave a freeman. 'Tis a change,
That turns to ridicule the turgid speech
And stately tone of moralists, who boast,
As if, like him of fabulous renown,
They had indeed ability to smooth
The shag of savage nature, and were each
An Orpheus, and omnipotent in song:
But transformation of apostate man
From fool to wise, from earthly to divine,
Is work for Him that made him. He alone,
And he by means in philosophic eyes
Trivial and worthy of disdain, achieves
The wonder; humanizing what is brute
In the lost kind, extracting from the lips
Of asps their venom, overpow'ring strength
By weakness, and hostility by love.

Patriots have toil'd, and in their country's cause
Bled nobly; and their deeds, as they deserve,
Receive proud recompense. We give in charge
Their names to the sweet lyre. The' historic muse,
Proud of the treasure, marches with it down
To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn,
Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass
To guard them, and to' immortalize her trust:
But fairer wreaths are due, though never paid,
To those, who, posted at the shrine of Truth,
Have fall'n in her defence. A patriot's blood,

Well spent in such a strife, may earn indeed,
And for a time ensure, to his lov'd land
The sweets of liberty and equal laws;
But martyrs struggle for a brighter prize
And win it with more pain. Their blood is shed
In confirmation of the noblest claim,
Our claim to feed upon immortal truth,
To walk with God, to be divinely free,
To soar, and to anticipate the skies.
Yet few remember them. They liv'd unknown,
Till Persecution dragg'd them into fame,
And chas'd them up to Heav'n. Their ashes flew—
No marble tells us whither. With their names
No bard embalms and sanctifies his song:
And history, so warm on meaner themes,
Is cold on this. She execrates indeed
The tyranny, that doom'd them to the fire,
But gives the glorious suff'rers little praise.*

He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain,
That hellish foes, confed'rate for his harm,
Can wind around him, but he casts it off,
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor perhaps, compar'd
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers. His to' enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspir'd,
Can lift to Heav'n an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—"My Father made them all!"

* See Hume.

Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of int'rest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love,
That plann'd, and built, and still upholds, a world
So cloth'd with beauty for rebellious man?
Yes—ye may fill your garments, ye that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find
In feast, or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeach'd
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman. Free by birth
Of no mean city; plann'd or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in ev'ry state;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose ev'ry lay
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less:
For he has wings, that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine.
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. The' oppressor holds
His body bound, but knows not what a range
His spirit takes unconscious of a chain;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.

Acquaint thyself with God, if thou would'st taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,

Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before:
Thine eye shall be instructed; and thine heart
Made pure shall relish, with divine delight
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.
Brutes graze the mountain-top, with faces prone,
And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
It yields them; or, recumbent on its brow,
Ruminate heedless of the scene outspread
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
From inland regions to the distant main.
Man views it, and admires; but rests content
With what he views. The landscape has his praise,
But not its author. Unconcern'd who form'd
The Paradise he sees, he finds it such,
And, such well-pleas'd to find it, asks no more.
Not so the mind, that has been touch'd from Heav'n,
And in the school of sacred wisdom taught,
To read his wonders, in whose thought the World,
Fair as it is, existed ere it was.
Not for its own sake merely, but for his
Much more, who fashion'd it, he gives it praise;
Praise that from Earth resulting, as it ought,
To Earth's acknowledg'd sov'reign, finds at once
Its only just proprietor in Him.
The soul that sees him or receives sublim'd
New faculties, or learns at least to' employ
More worthily the pow'rs she own'd before,
Discerns in all things what, with stupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then she overlook'd,
A ray of heav'nly light, gilding all forms
Terrestrial in the vast and the minute;
The unambiguous footsteps of the God,
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.

Much conversant with Heav'n, she often holds
With those fair ministers of light to man,
That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp, [they
Sweet conference. Inquires what strains were
With which Heav'n rang, when ev'ry star, in haste
To gratulate the new-created Earth,
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy.—"Tell me, ye shining hosts,
"That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
"Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,
"If from your elevation, whence ye view
"Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
"And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet
"Have reach'd this nether world, ye spy a race
"Favour'd as ours; transgressors from the womb,
"And hasting to a grave yet doom'd to rise,
"And to possess a brighter Heav'n than yours?
"As one, who, long detain'd on foreign shores,
"Pants to return, and when he sees afar
"His country's weather-bleach'd and batter'd rocks
"From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
"Radiant with joy towards the happy land;
"So I with animated hopes behold,
"And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
"That shows like beacons in the blue abyss,
"Ordain'd to guide the' embodied spirit home
"From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
"Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires,
"That give assurance of their own success,
"And that, infus'd from Heav'n, must thither tend."

So reads her nature, whom the lamp of truth
Illuminates. Thy lamp, mysterious Word!
Which whoso sees no longer wanders lost,

With intellects bemaz'd in endless doubt,
But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built
With means, that were not till by thee employ'd,
Worlds, that hadst never been hadst thou in strength
Been less, or less benevolent than strong.
They are thy witnesses, who speak thy pow'r
And goodness infinite, but speak in ears
That hear not, or receive not their report.
In vain thy creatures testify of thee,
Till thou proclaim thyself. Theirs is indeed
A teaching voice; but 'tis the praise of thine,
That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,
And with the boon gives talents for its use.
Till thou art heard, imaginations vain
Possess the heart, and fables false as Hell;
Yet deem'd oracular, lure down to death
The uninform'd and heedless souls of men.
We give to chance, blind chance, ourselves as blind,
The glory of thy work; which yet appears
Perfect and unimpeachable of blame,
Challenging human scrutiny, and prov'd
Then skilful most when most severely judg'd.
But chance is not; or is not where thou reign'st.
Thy providence forbids that fickle pow'r
(If pow'r she be, that works but to confound)
To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.
Yet thus we dote, refusing while we can
Instruction, and inventing to ourselves
Gods such as guilt makes welcome; gods that sleep,
Or disregard our follies, or that sit
Amus'd spectators of this bustling stage.
Thee we reject, unable to abide
Thy purity, till pure as thou art pure,
Made such by thee, we love thee for that cause

For which we shunn'd and hated thee before.
Then we are free. Then liberty, like day,
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from Heav'n
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
A voice is heard, that mortal ears hear not,
Till thou hast touch'd them; 'tis the voice of song,
A loud Hosanna sent from all thy works;
Which he that hears it with a shout repeats,
And adds his rapture to the gen'ral praise.
In that blest moment Nature, throwing wide
Her veil opaque, discloses with a smile
The author of her beauties, who, retir'd
Behind his own creation, works unseen
By the impure, and hears his pow'r denied.
Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest, eternal Word!
From thee departing they are lost, and rove
At random without honour, hope, or peace.
From thee is all that sooths the life of man,
His high endeavour, and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But O thou bounteous giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown!
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor;
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

THE TASK.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

Bells at a distance.—Their effect.—A fine noon in winter.—A sheltered walk.—Meditation better than books.—Our familiarity with the course of nature makes it appear less wonderful than it is.—The transformation that spring effects in a shrubbery described.—A mistake concerning the course of nature corrected.—God maintains it by an unremitted act.—The amusements fashionable at this hour of the day reproved.—Animals happy, a delightful sight.—Origin of cruelty to animals.—That it is a great crime proved from Scripture.—That proof illustrated by a tale.—A line drawn between the lawful and unlawful destruction of them.—Their good and useful properties insisted on.—Apology for the encomiums bestowed by the author on animals.—Instances of man's extravagant praise of man.—The groans of the creation shall have an end.—A view taken of the restoration of all things.—An invocation and an invitation of Him who shall bring it to pass.—The retired man vindicated from the charge of uselessness.—Conclusion.

THE TASK.

BOOK VI.

THE WINTER WALK AT NOON.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitch'd the ear is pleas'd
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.
How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on!
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where Mem'ry slept. Wherever I have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains.
Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,
That in a few short moments I retrace
(As in a map the voyager his course)
The windings of my way through many years.
Short as in retrospect the journey seems,
It seem'd not always short; the rugged path,
And prospect oft so dreary and forlorn,
Mov'd many a sigh at its disheart'ning length;
Yet feeling present evils, while the past

Faintly impress the mind, or not at all,
How readily we wish time spent revok'd,
That we might try the ground again, where once
(Through inexperience, as we now perceive)
We miss'd that happiness we might have found!
Some friend is gone, perhaps his son's best friend,
A father, whose authority, in show
When most severe, and must'ring all its force,
Was but the graver countenance of love;
Whose favour, like the clouds of spring, might low'r,
And utter now and then an awful voice,
But had a blessing in its darkest frown,
Threat'ning at once and nourishing the plant.
We lov'd, but not enough, the gentle hand
That rear'd us. At a thoughtless age, allur'd
By ev'ry gilded folly, we renounc'd
His shelt'ring side, and wilfully forewent
That converse, which we now in vain regret.
How gladly would the man recall to life
The boy's neglected sire! a mother too,
That softer friend, perhaps more gladly still,
Might he demand them at the gates of death.
Sorrow has, since they went, subdu'd and tam'd
The playful humour; he could now endure,
(Himself grown sober in the vale of tears)
And feel a parent's presence no restraint.
But not to understand a treasure's worth,
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the World the wilderness it is.
The few that pray at all pray oft amiss,
And, seeking grace to improve the prize they hold,
Would urge a wiser suit than asking more.

The night was winter in his roughest mood;
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale;
And through the trees I view the' embattled tow'r,
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.
The roof, though movable through all its length
As the wind sways it, has yet well suffic'd,
And, intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half suppress'd
Pleas'd with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,
That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his books.
Knowledge and Wisdom, far from being one,
Have ofttimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;

Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which Wisdom builds,
Till smooth'd, and squar'd, and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems to' enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learn'd so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
By which the magic art of shrewder wits
Holds an unthinking multitude enthrall'd.
Some to the fascination of a name
Surrender judgment hood-wink'd. Some the style
Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
Of error leads them, by a tune entranc'd.
While sloth seduces more, too weak to bear
The' insupportable fatigue of thought,
And swallowing therefore without pause or choice
The total grist unsifted, husks and all.
But trees and rivulets, whose rapid course
Defies the check of winter, haunts of deer,
And sheep-walks populous with bleating lambs,
And lanes, in which the primrose ere her time
Peeps through the moss, that clothes the hawthorn root,
Deceive no student. Wisdom there, and truth,
Not shy, as in the World, and to be won
By slow solicitation, seize at once
The roving thought, and fix it on themselves.

What prodigies can pow'r divine perform
More grand that it produces year by year,
And all in sight of inattentive man?
Familiar with the' effect we slight the cause,
And in the constancy of nature's course,

The regular return of genial months,
And renovation of a faded world,
See nought to wonder at. Should God again,
As once in Gibeon, interrupt the race
Of the undeviating and punctual sun,
How would the World admire! but speaks it less
An agency divine, to make him know
His moment when to sink, and when to rise,
Age after age, than to arrest his course?
All we behold is miracle; but, seen
So duly, all is miracle in vain.
Where now the vital energy, that mov'd,
While summer was, the pure and subtle lymph
Through the' imperceptible meand'ring veins
Of leaf and flow'r? It sleeps; and the' icy touch
Of unprolific winter has impress'd
A cold stagnation on the' intestine tide.
But let the months go round, a few short months,
And all shall be restor'd. These naked shoots,
Barren as lances, among which the wind
Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,
Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
And more aspiring, and with ampler spread,
Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost.
Then each, in its peculiar honours clad,
Shall publish even to the distant eye
Its family and tribe. Laburnum, rich
In streaming gold; syringa, iv'ry pure;
The scentless and the scented rose; this red,
And of an humbler growth, the other* tall,
And throwing up into the darkest gloom

* The Guelder-rose.

Of neighb'ring cypress, or more sable yew,
Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf,
That the wind severs from the broken wave;
The lilac, various in array, now white,
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
With purple spikes pyramidal, as if
Studious of ornament, yet unresolv'd
Which hue she most approv'd, she chose them all;
Copious of flow'rs the woodbine, pale and wan,
But well compensating her sickly looks
With never-cloying odours, early and late;
Hypericum all bloom, so thick a swarm
Of flow'rs, like flies clothing her slender rods,
That scarce a leaf appears; mezereon too,
Though leafless, well attir'd, and thick beset
With blushing wreaths, investing ev'ry spray;
Althæa with the purple eye; the broom,
Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloy'd,
Her blossoms; and luxuriant above all
The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,
The deep dark green of whose unvarnish'd leaf
Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more
The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars.—
These have been, and these shall be in their day;
And all this uniform uncolour'd scene
Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,
And flush into variety again.
From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
Is Nature's progress, when she lectures man
In heav'nly truth; evincing, as she makes
The grand transition, that there lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
The beauties of the wilderness are his,
That makes so gay the solitary place,

Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms,
That cultivation glories in, are his.
He sets the bright procession on its way,
And marshals all the order of the year;
He marks the bounds, which Winter may not pass,
And blunts his pointed fury; in its case,
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germe,
Uninjur'd, with inimitable art;
And, ere one flow'ry season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.

Some say that in the origin of things,
When all creation started into birth,
The infant elements receiv'd a law,
From which they swerve not since. That under force
Of that controlling ordinance they move,
And need not his immediate hand, who first
Prescrib'd their course to regulate it now.
Thus dream they, and contrive to save a God
The' incumbrance of his own concerns, and spare
The great artificer of all that moves
The stress of a continual act, the pain
Of unremitted vigilance and care,
As too laborious and severe a task.
So man, the moth, is not afraid, it seems,
To span omnipotence, and measure might,
That knows no measure, by the scanty rule
And standard of his own, that is to-day,
And is not ere to-morrow's sun go down.
But how should matter occupy a charge,
Dull as it is, and satisfy a law
So vast in its demands, unless impell'd
To ceaseless service by a ceaseless force,

And under pressure of some conscious cause?
The Lord of all, himself through all diffus'd,
Sustains, and is the life of all that lives.
Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. He feeds the secret fire,
By which the mighty process is maintain'd,
Who sleeps not, is not weary; in whose sight
Slow circling ages are as transient days;
Whose work is without labour; whose designs
No flaw deforms, no difficulty thwarts:
And whose beneficence no charge exhausts.
Him blind antiquity profan'd, not serv'd,
With self-taught rites, and under various names,
Female and male, Pomona, Pales, Pan,
And Flora, and Vertumnus; peopling Earth
With tutelary goddesses and gods,
That were not; and commending as they would
To each some province, garden, field, or grove.
But all are under one. One spirit—His,
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows,
Rules universal nature. Not a flow'r
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak or stain,
Of his unrivall'd pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes,
In grains as countless as the seaside sands,
The forms, with which he sprinkles all the Earth.
Happy who walks with him! whom what he finds
Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flow'r
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade, that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.
His presence, who made all so fair, perceiv'd

Makes all still fairer. As with him no scene
Is dreary, so with him all seasons please.
Though winter had been none, had man been true,
And Earth be punish'd for its tenant's sake,
Yet not in vengeance ; as this smiling sky,
So soon succeding such an angry night,
And these dissolving snows, and this clear stream
Recov'ring fast its liquid music prove.

Who then, that has a mind well strung and tun'd
To contemplation, and within his reach
A scene so friendly to his fav'rite task,
Would waste attention at the checker'd board,
His host of wooden warriors to and fro
Marching and countermarching, with an eye
As fix'd as marble, with a forehead ridg'd
And furrow'd into storms, and with a hand
Trembling as if eternity were hung
In balance on his conduct of a pin?
Nor envies he aught more their idle sport,
Who pant with application misapplied
To trivial toys, and, pushing iv'ry balls
Across a velvet level, feel a joy
Akin to rapture, when the bauble finds
Its destin'd goal, of difficult access.
Nor deems he wiser him, who gives his noon
To miss, the mercer's plague, from shop to shop
Wand'ring, and litt'ring with unfolded silks
The polish'd counter, and approving none,
Or promising with smiles to call again.
Nor him, who by his vanity seduc'd,
And sooth'd into a dream that he discerns
The diff'rence of a Guido from a daub,
Frequents the crowded auction: station'd there

As duly as the Langford of the show,
With glass at eye, and catalogue in hand,
And tongue accomplish'd in the fulsome cant
And pedantry, that coxcombs learn with ease;
Oft as the price-deciding hammer falls,
He notes it in his book, then raps his box,
Swears 'tis a bargain, rails at his hard fate,
That he has let it pass—but never bids.

Here unmolested, through whatever sign
The sun proceeds, I wander. Neither mist,
Nor freezing sky nor sultry, checking me,
Nor stranger intermeddling with my joy.
Ev'n in the spring and playtime of the year,
That calls the' unwonted villager abroad
With all her little ones, a sportive train,
To gather kingcups in the yellow mead,
And prink their hair with daisies, or to pick
A cheap but wholesome sallad from the brook,
These shades are all my own. The tim'rous hare,
Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,
Scarce shuns me; and the stockdove unalarm'd
Sits cooing in the pine tree, nor suspends
His long love-ditty for my near approach.
Drawn from his refuge in some lonely elm,
That age or injury has hallow'd deep,
Where on his bed of wool and matted leaves,
He has outslept the winter, ventures forth,
To frisk awhile, and bask in the warm sun,
The squirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play:
He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,
Ascends the neighb'ring beech; there whisks his
brush,
And perks his ears, and stamps, and cries aloud,

With all the prettiness of feign'd alarm,
And anger insignificantly fierce.

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
For human fellowship, as being void
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendship both, that is not pleas'd
With sight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happiness augment his own.
The bounding fawn that darts along the glade
When none pursues, through mere delight of heart,
And spirits buoyant with excess of glee:
The horse as wanton, and almost as fleet,
That skims the spacious meadow at full speed,
Then stops, and snorts, and, throwing high his heels,
Starts to the voluntary race again;
The very kine, that gambol at high noon,
The total herd receiving first from one,
That leads the dance, a summons to be gay,
Though wild their strange vagaries, and uncouth
Their efforts, yet resolv'd with one consent,
To give such act and utt'rance as they may
To ecstacy too big to be suppress'd—
These, and a thousand images of bliss,
With which kind Nature graces ev'ry scene,
Where cruel man defeats not her design,
Impart to the benevolent, who wish
All that are capable of pleasure pleas'd,
A far superior happiness to theirs,
The comfort of a reasonable joy.

Man scarce had ris'n, obedient to his call,
Who form'd him from the dust, his future grave,
When he was crown'd as never king was since.

God set the diadem upon his head,
And angel choirs attended. Wond'ring stood
The new-made monarch, while before him pass'd,
All happy, and all perfect in their kind,
The creatures, summon'd from their various haunts,
To see their sov'reign, and confess his sway.
Vast was his empire, absolute his pow'r,
Or bounded only by a law, whose force
'Twas his sublimest privilege to feel
And own, the law of universal love.
He rul'd with meekness, they obey'd with joy;
No cruel purpose lurk'd within his heart,
And no distrust of his intent in theirs.
So Eden was a scene of harmless sport,
Where kindness on his part who rul'd the whole,
Begat a tranquil confidence in all,
And fear as yet was not, nor cause for fear.
But sin marr'd all; and the revolt of man,
That source of evils not exhausted yet,
Was punish'd with revolt of his from him.
Garden of God, how terrible the change
Thy groves and lawns then witness'd! Ev'ry hear
Each animal, of ev'ry name, conceiv'd
A jealousy and an instinctive fear,
And, conscious of some danger, either fled
Precipitate the loath'd abode of man,
Or growl'd defiance in such angry sort,
As taught him too to tremble in his turn.
Thus harmony and family accord
Were driv'n from Paradise; and in that hour
The seeds of cruelty, that since have swell'd
To such gigantic and enormous growth,
Were sown in human nature's fruitful soil.
Hence date the persecution and the pain,

That man inflicts on all inferior kinds,
Regardless of their plaints. To make him sport,
To gratify the frenzy of his wrath,
Or his base gluttony, are causes good
And just in his account, why bird and beast
Should suffer torture, and the streams be dyed
With blood of their inhabitants impal'd.
Earth groans beneath the burden of a war
Wag'd with defenceless innocence, while he,
Not satisfied to prey on all around,
Adds tenfold bitterness of death by pangs
Needless, and first torments ere he devours.
Now happiest they, that occupy the scenes
The most remote from his abhorr'd resort,
Whom once, as delegate of God on Earth,
They fear'd, and as his perfect image lov'd.
The wilderness is theirs, with all its caves,
Its hollow glens, its thickets, and its plains,
Unvisited by man. There they are free,
And howl and roar as likes them, uncontroll'd;
Nor ask his leave to slumber or to play.
Wo to the tyrant, if he dare intrude
Within the confines of their wild domain:
The lion tells him—I am monarch here—
And, if he spare him, spares him on the terms
Of royal mercy, and through gen'rous scorn,
To rend a victim trembling at his foot.
In measure, as by force of instinct drawn,
Or by necessity constrain'd, they live
Dependent upon man; those in his fields,
These at his crib, and some beneath his roof.
They prove too often at how dear a rate
He sells protection.—Witness at his foot
The spaniel dying for some venial fault

Under dissection of the knotted scourge;
Witness the patient ox, with stripes and yells
Driv'n to the slaughter, goaded, as he runs,
To madness; while the savage at his heels
Laughs at the frantic suff'rer's fury, spent
Upon the guiltless passenger o'erthrown.
He too is witness, noblest of the train
That wait on man, the flight-performing horse;
With unsuspecting readiness he takes
His murd'rer on his back, and, push'd all day
With bleeding sides and flanks, that heave for life,
To the far distant goal, arrives and dies:
So little mercy shows who needs so much!
Does law, so jealous in the cause of man,
Denounce no doom on the delinquent? None.
He lives, and o'er his brimming beaker boasts
(As if barbarity were high desert)
The' inglorious feat, and clamorous in praise
Of the poor brute, seems wisely to suppose
The honours of his matchless horse his own.
But many a crime, deem'd innocent on Earth,
Is register'd in Heav'n; and these no doubt
Have each their record, with a curse annex'd.
Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,
But God will never. When he charg'd the Jew
To' assist his foe's down-fall'n beast to rise;
And when the bush-exploring boy, that seiz'd
The young, to let the parent bird go free;
Prov'd he not plainly, that his meaner works
Are yet his care, and have an int'rest all,
All, in the universal Father's love?
On Noah, and in him on all mankind,
The charter was conferr'd, by which we hold
The flesh of animals in fee, and claim

O'er all we feed on pow'r of life and death.
But read the instrument, and mark it well:
The' oppression of a tyrannous control
Can find no warrant there. Feed then, and yield
Thanks for thy food. Carnivorous, through sin,
Feed on the slain, but spare the living brute!

The Governor of all, himself to all
So bountiful, in whose attentive ear
The unfledg'd raven and the lion's whelp
Plead not in vain for pity on the pangs
Of hunger unassuag'd, has interpos'd,
Not seldom, his avenging arm, to smite
The' injurious trampler upon Nature's law,
That claims forbearance even for a brute.
He hates the hardness of a Balaam's heart;
And, prophet as he was, he might not strike
The blameless animal, without rebuke,
On which he rode. Her opportune offence
Sav'd him, or the' unrelenting seer had died.
He sees that human equity is slack
To interfere, though in so just a cause;
And makes the task his own. Inspiring dumb
And helpless victims with a sense so keen
Of inj'ry, with such knowledge of their strength,
And such sagacity to take revenge,
That oft the beast has seem'd to judge the man.
An ancient, not a legendary tale,
By one of sound intelligence rehears'd,
(If such who plead for Providence may seem
In modern eyes) shall make the doctrine clear.

Where England, stretch'd towards the setting sun,
Narrow and long, o'erlooks the western wave,

Dwelt young Misagathus; a scorner he
Of God and goodness, atheist in ostent,
Vicious in act, in temper savage-fierce.
He journey'd; and his chance was, as he went,
To join a trav'ller of far different note.
Evander, fam'd for piety, for years
Deserving honour, but for wisdom more.
Fame had not left the venerable man
A stranger to the manners of the youth,
Whose face too was familiar to his view.
Their way was on the margin of the land,
O'er the green summit of the rocks, whose base
Beats back the roaring surge, scarce heard so high.
The charity, that warm'd his heart, was mov'd
At sight of the man-monster. With a smile
Gentle, and affable, and full of grace,
As fearful of offending whom he wish'd
Much to persuade, he plied his ear with truths
Not harshly thunder'd forth, or rudely press'd,
But, like his purpose, gracious, kind, and sweet.
" And dost thou dream," the' impenetrable man
Exclaim'd, " that me the lullabies of age,
" And fantasies of dotards such as thou,
" Can cheat, or move a moment's fear in me?
" Mark now the proof I give thee, that the brave
" Need no such aids, as superstition lends,
" To steel their hearts against the dread of death."
He spoke, and to the precipice at hand
Push'd with a madman's fury. Fancy shrinks,
And the blood thrills and curdles, at the thought
Of such a gulf as he design'd his grave.
But, though the felon on his back could dare
The dreadful leap, more rational, his steed
Declin'd the death, and wheeling swiftly round,

Or e'er his hoof had press'd the crumbling verge,
Baffled his rider, sav'd against his will.
The frenzy of the brain may be redress'd
By med'cine well applied, but without grace
The heart's insanity admits no cure.
Enrag'd the more, by what might have reform'd
His horrible intent, again he sought
Destruction, with a zeal to be destroy'd,
With sounding whip, and rowels dyed in blood.
But still in vain. The Providence, that meant
A longer date to the far nobler beast,
Spar'd yet again the' ignoble for his sake.
And now, his prowess prov'd, and his sincere
Incurable obduracy evinc'd,
His rage grew cool ; and, pleas'd perhaps to' have earn'd
So cheaply the renown of that attempt,
With looks of some complacence he resum'd
His road, deriding much the blank amaze
Of good Evander, still where he was left
Fix'd motionless, and petrified with dread.
So on they far'd. Discourse on other themes
Ensuing seem'd to' obliterate the past;
And tamer far for so much fury shown,
(As is the course of rash and fiery men)
The rude companion smil'd, as if transform'd.
But 'twas a transient calm. A storm was near,
An unsuspected storm. His hour was come.
The impious challenger of Pow'r divine
Was now to learn, that Heav'n, though slow to wrath,
Is never with impunity defied.
His horse, as he had caught his master's mood,
Snorting, and starting into sudden rage,

Unbidden, and not now to be controll'd,
Rush'd to the cliff, and, having reach'd it, stood.
At once the shock unseated him: he flew
Sheer o'er the craggy barrier; and immers'd
Deep in the flood, found, when he sought it not,
The death he had deserv'd, and died alone.
So God wrought double justice; made the fool
The victim of his own tremendous choice,
And taught a brute the way to safe revenge.

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man,
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail,
That crawls at ev'ning in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will tread aside, and let thee reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charg'd perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, the' alcove,
The chamber, or refectory, may die:
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so when, held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field:
There they are privileg'd; and he that hunts
Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,
Disturbs the' economy of Nature's realm,
Who, when she form'd, design'd them an abode.
The sum is this. If man's convenience, health,
Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims

Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are all—the meanest things that are,
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in his sov'reign wisdom made them all.
Ye therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons,
To love it too. The springtime of our years
Is soon dishonour'd and defil'd in most
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand,
To check them. But alas! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, most dev'lish of them all.
Mercy to him, that shows it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which Heav'n moves in pard'ning guilty man;
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn.

Distinguish'd much by reason, and still more
By our capacity of Grace divine,
From creatures, that exist but for our sake,
Which, having serv'd us, perish, we are held
Accountable; and God some future day
Will reckon with us roundly for the' abuse
Of what he deems no mean or trivial trust.
Superior as we are, they yet depend
Not more on human help than we on theirs.
Their strength, or speed, or vigilance, were giv'n
In aid of our defects. In some are found
Such teachable and apprehensive parts,
That man's attainments in his own concerns,
Match'd with the' expertness of the brutes in theirs,
Are ofttimes vanquish'd and thrown far behind.

Some show that nice sagacity of smell,
And read with such discernment, in the port
And figure of the man, his secret aim,
That oft we owe our safety to a skill
We could not teach, and must despair to learn.
But learn we might, if not too proud to stoop
To quadruped instructors, many a good
And useful quality, and virtue too,
Rarely exemplified among ourselves.
Attachment never to be wean'd, or chang'd
By any change of fortune; proof alike
Against unkindness, absence, and neglect;
Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat
Can move or warp; and gratitude for small
And trivial favours, lasting as the life,
And glist'ning even in the dying eye.

Man praises man. Desert in arts and arms
Wins public honour; and ten thousand sit
Patiently present at a sacred song,
Commemoration mad; content to hear
(O wonderful effect of music's power!)
Messiah's eulogy for Handel's sake.
But less, methinks, than sacrilege might serve—
(For was it less? what heathen would have dar'd
To strip Jove's statue of his oaken wreath,
And hang it up in honour of a man?)
Much less might serve, when all that we design
Is but to gratify an itching ear,
And give the day to a musician's praise.
Remember Handel? Who, that was not born
Deaf as the dead to harmony, forgets,
Or can, the more than Homer of his age?
Yes—we remember him; and while we praise

A talent so divine, remember too
That His most holy book, from whom it came,
Was never meant, was never us'd before,
To buckram out the mem'ry of a man.
But hush;—the muse perhaps is too severe;
And with a gravity beyond the size
And measure of the' offence, rebukes a deed
Less impious than absurd, and owing more
To want of judgment than to wrong design.
So in the chapel of old Ely House,
When wand'ring Charles, who meant to be the third,
Had fled from William, and the news was fresh,
The simple clerk, but loyal, did announce,
And eke did rear right merrily, two staves,
Sung to the praise and glory of King George!
—Man praises man; and Garrick's mem'ry next,
When time hath somewhat mellow'd it, and made
The idol of our worship while he liv'd
The God of our idolatry once more,
Shall have its altar; and the World shall go
In pilgrimage to bow before his shrine.
The theatre too small shall suffocate
Its squeez'd contents, and more than it admits
Shall sigh at their exclusion, and return
Ungratified: for there some noble lord
Shall stuff his shoulders with king Richard's bunch,
Or wrap himself in Hamlet's inky cloak,
And strut, and storm, and straddle, stamp and stare,
To show the world how Garrick did not act.
For Garrick was a worshipper himself;
He drew the liturgy, and fram'd the rites
And solemn ceremonial of the day,
And call'd the World to worship on the banks

Of Avon, fam'd in song. Ah, pleasant proof
That piety has still in human hearts
Some place, a spark or two not yet extinct.
The mulb'rry-tree was hung with blooming wreaths;
The mulb'rry-tree stood centre of the dance;
The mulb'rry-tree was hymn'd with dulcet airs;
And from his touchwood trunk the mulb'rry-tree
Supplied such relics as devotion holds
Still sacred, and preserves with pious care.
So 'twas a hallow'd time: decorum reign'd,
And mirth without offence. No few return'd,
Doubtless, much edified, and all refresh'd.
—Man praises man. The rabble all alive
From tippling benches, cellars, stalls, and styes,
Swarm in the streets. The statesman of the day,
A pompous and slow-moving pageant, comes.
Some shout him, and some hang upon his ear,
To gaze in's eyes, and bless him. Maidens wave
Their kerchiefs, and old women weep for joy:
While others, not so satisfied, unhorse
The gilded equipage, and turning loose
His steeds, usurp a place they well deserve.
Why? what has charm'd them? Hath he sav'd the state?
No. Doth he purpose its salvation? No.
Enchanting novelty, that moon at full,
That finds out ev'ry crevice of the head,
That is not sound and perfect, hath in theirs
Wrought this disturbance. But the wane is near,
And his own cattle must suffice him soon.
Thus idly do we waste the breath of praise,
And dedicate a tribute, in its use
And just direction sacred, to a thing
Doom'd to the dust, or lodg'd already there.

Encomium in old time was poets' work;
But poets, having lavishly long since
Exhausted all materials of the art,
The task now falls into the public hand;
And I, contented with an humble theme,
Have pour'd my stream of panegyric down
The vale of Nature, where it creeps, and winds
Among her lovely works with a secure
And unambitious course, reflecting clear,
If not the virtues, yet the worth, of brutes.
And I am recompens'd, and deem the toils
Of poetry not lost, if verse of mine
May stand between an animal and wo,
And teach one tyrant pity for his drudge.

The groans of Nature in this nether world,
Which Heav'n has heard for ages, have an end.
Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,
Whose fire was kindled at the prophets' lamp,
The time of rest, the promis'd sabbath, comes.
Six thousand years of sorrow have well nigh
Fulfill'd their tardy and disastrous course
Over a sinful world; and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things
Is merely as the working of a sea
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest:
For He, whose car the winds are, and the clouds
The dust, that waits upon his sultry march,
When sin hath mov'd him, and his wrath is hot,
Shall visit Earth in mercy; shall descend
Propitious in his chariot pav'd with love;
And what his storms have blasted and defac'd
For man's revolt shall with a smile repair.

Sweet is the harp of prophecy ; too sweet
Not to be wrong'd by a mere mortal touch :
Nor can the wonders it records be sung
To meaner music, and not suffer loss.
But when a poet, or when one like me,
Happy to rove among poetic flow'rs,
Though poor in skill to rear them, lights at last
On some fair theme, some theme divinely fair,
Such is the impulse and the spur he feels,
To give it praise proportion'd to its worth,
That not to' attempt it, arduous as he deems
The labour, were a task more arduous still.

O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
Scenes of accomplish'd bliss ! which who can see,
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
His soul refresh'd with foretaste of the joy ?
Rivers of gladness water all the Earth,
And clothe all climes with beauty ; the reproach
Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field
Laughs with abundance ; and the land, once lean,
Or fertile only in its own disgrace,
Exults to see its thistly curse repeal'd.
The various seasons woven into one,
And that one season an eternal spring,
The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,
For there is none to covet, all are full.
The lion, and the libbard, and the bear
Graze with the fearless flocks ; all bask at noon
Together, or all gambol in the shade
Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.
Antipathies are none. No foe to man
Lurks in the serpent now : the mother sees,
And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand
Stretch'd forth to dally with the crested worm,

To stroke his azure neck, or to receive
The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.
All creatures worship man, and all mankind
One Lord, one Father. Error has no place.
That creeping pestilence is driv'n away:
The breath of Heav'n has chas'd it. In the heart
No passion touches a discordant string,
But all is harmony and love. Disease
Is not: the pure and uncontaminate blood
Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age:
One song employs all nations; and all cry,
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!"
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy;
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round.
Behold the measure of the promise fill'd;
See Salem built, the labour of a God!
Bright as a sun the sacred city shines;
All kingdoms and all princes of the Earth
Flock to that light; the glory of all lands
Flows into her; unbounded is her joy,
And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,
Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there*:
The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,
And Saba's spicy groves, pay tribute there.
Praise is in all her gates: upon her walls,
And in her streets, and in her spacious courts,
Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there
Kneels with the native of the farthest west;

* Nebaioth and Kedar, the sons of Ishmael, and progenitors of the Arabs, in the prophetic scripture here alluded to, may be reasonably considered as representatives of the Gentiles at large.

And Æthiopia spreads abroad the hand,
And worships. Her report has travell'd forth
Into all lands. From ev'ry clime they come
To see thy beauty and to share thy joy,
O Sion! an assembly such as Earth
Saw never, such as Heav'n stoops down to see.

Thus Heav'nward all things tend. For all were once
Perfect, and all must be at length restor'd.
So God has greatly purpos'd; who would else
In his dishonour'd works himself endure
Dishonour, and be wrong'd without redress.
Haste then and wheel away a shatter'd world,
Ye slow-revolving seasons! we would see
(A sight to which our eyes are strangers yet)
A world, that does not dread and hate his laws,
And suffer for its crime; would learn how fair
The creature is, that God pronounces good,
How pleasant in itself what pleases him.
Here ev'ry drop of honey hides a sting;
Worms wind themselves into our sweetest flow'rs;
And ev'n the joy, that haply some poor heart
Derives from Heav'n, pure as the fountain is,
Is sullied in the stream, taking a taint
From touch of human lips, at best impure.
O for a world in principle as chaste
As this is gross and selfish! over which
Custom and prejudice shall bear no sway,
That govern all things here, should'ring aside
The meek and modest Truth, and forcing her,
To seek a refuge from the tongue of Strife
In nooks obscure, far from the ways of men;
Where violence shall never lift the sword,

Nor Cunning justify the proud man's wrong,
Leaving the poor no remedy but tears:
Where he, that fills an office, shall esteem
The' occasion it presents of doing good
More than the perquisite: where Law shall speak
Seldom, and never but as Wisdom prompts
And Equity: not jealous more to guard
A worthless form, than to decide aright.
Where Fashion shall not sanctify abuse,
Nor smooth Good-breeding (supplemental grace)
With lean performance ape the work of Love!

Come then, and, added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one, the crown of all the Earth,
Thou who alone art worthy! It was thine
By ancient covenant, ere Nature's birth;
And thou hast made it thine by purchase since,
And overpaid its value with thy blood.
Thy saints proclaim thee king; and in their hearts
Thy title is engraven with a pen
Dipp'd in the fountain of eternal love.
Thy saints proclaim thee king; and thy delay
Gives courage to their foes, who, could they see
The dawn of thy last advent, long-desir'd,
Would creep into the bowels of the hills,
And flee for safety to the falling rocks.
The very spirit of the world is tir'd
Of its own taunting question, ask'd so long,
"Where is the promise of your Lord's approach?"
The infidel has shot his bolts away,
Till, his exhausted quiver yielding none,
He gleans the blunted shafts, that have recoil'd,
And aims them at the shield of Truth again.
The veil is rent, rent too by priestly hands,

That hides divinity from mortal eyes;
And all the mysteries to faith propos'd,
Insulted and traduc'd, are cast aside,
As useless to the moles and to the bats.
They now are deem'd the faithful, and are prais'd,
Who, constant only in rejecting thee,
Deny thy Godhead with a martyr's zeal,
And quit their office for their error's sake.
Blind, and in love with darkness! yet ev'n these
Worthy, compar'd with sycophants, who knee
Thy name adoring, and then preach thee man!
So fares thy church. But how thy church may fare,
The world takes little thought. Who will may preach,
And what they will. All pastors are alike
To wand'ring sheep, resolv'd to follow none.
Two gods divide them all—Pleasure and Gain:
For these they live, they sacrifice to these,
And in their service wage perpetual war [hearts,
With Conscience and with thee. Lust in their
And mischief in their hands, they roam the Earth,
To prey upon each other; stubborn, fierce,
High-minded, foaming out their own disgrace.
Thy prophets speak of such; and, noting down
The features of the last degen'rate times,
Exhibit ev'ry lineament of these,
Come then, and, added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one, as radiant as the rest,
Due to thy last and most effectual work,
Thy word fulfill'd, the conquest of a world!

He is the happy man, whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleas'd with it, and, were he free to choose,

Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home.
The World o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects, more illustrious in her view;
And, occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the World.
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;
He seeks not hers, for he has prov'd them vain.
He cannot skim the ground like summer birds
Pursuing gilded flies; and such he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore in contemplation is his bliss,
Whose pow'r is such, that whom she lifts from Earth
She makes familiar with a Heav'n unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be reveal'd.
Not slothful he, though seeming unemploy'd,
And censur'd oft as useless. Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least, is longest on the wing.
Ask him, indeed, what trophies he has rais'd,
Or what achievements of immortal fame
He purposes, and he shall answer—None.
His warfare is within. There unfatigu'd
His fervent spirit labours. There he fights,
And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,
And never with'ring wreaths, compar'd with which
The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.
Perhaps the self-approving haughty world,
That as she sweeps him with her whistling silks

Scarce deigns to notice him, or if she see,
Deems him a cipher in the works of God,
Receives advantage from his noiseless hours,
Of which she little dreams. Perhaps she owes
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring
And plenteous harvest, to the pray'r he makes,
When Isaac like, the solitary saint
Walks forth to meditate at eventide,
And think on her, who thinks not for herself.
Forgive him then, thou bustler in concerns
Of little worth, an idler in the best,
If, author of no mischief and some good,
He seek his proper happiness by means,
That may advance, but cannot hinder, thine.
Nor, though he tread the secret path of life,
Engage no notice, and enjoy much ease,
Account him an encumbrance on the state,
Receiving benefits, and rend'ring none.
His sphere though humble, if that humble sphere
Shine with his fair example, and though small
His influence, if that influence all be spent
In soothing sorrow, and in quenching strife,
In aiding helpless indigence, in works,
From which at least a grateful few derive
Some taste of comfort in a world of woe;
Then let the supercilious great confess
He serves his country, recompenses well
The state, beneath the shadow of whose vine
He sits secure, and in the scale of life
Holds no ignoble, though a slighted, place.
The man, whose virtues are more felt than seen,
Must drop indeed the hope of public praise;
But he may boast, what few that win it can,
That, if his country stand not by his skill,

At least his follies have not wrought her fall.
Polite Refinement offers him in vain
Her golden tube, through which a sensual World
Draws gross impurity, and likes it well,
The neat conveyance hiding all the' offence.
Not that he peevishly rejects a mode,
Because that World adopts it. If it bear
The stamp and clear impression of good sense,
And be not costly more than of true worth,
He puts it on, and for decorum sake
Can wear it e'en as gracefully as she.
She judges of refinement by the eye,
He by the test of conscience, and a heart
Not soon deceiv'd; aware that what is base
No polish can make sterling; and that vice,
Though well perfum'd and elegantly dress'd,
Like an unburied carcass trick'd with flow'rs,
Is but a garnish'd nuisance, fitter far
For cleanly riddance, than for fair attire.
So life glides smoothly and by stealth away,
More golden than that age of fabled gold
Renown'd in ancient song; not vex'd with care
Or stain'd with guilt, beneficent, approv'd
Of God and man, and peaceful in its end.
So glide my life away! and so at last,
My share of duties decently fulfill'd,
May some disease, not tardy to perform
Its destin'd office, yet with gentle stroke,
Dismiss me weary to a safe retreat,
Beneath the turf, that I have often trod.
It shall not grieve me then, that once, when call'd
To dress a Sofa with the flow'rs of verse,
I play'd awhile, obedient to the fair,
With that light task; but soon, to please her more,

Whom flow'rs alone I knew would little please,
Let fall the' unfinish'd wreath, and rov'd for fruit;
Rov'd far, and gather'd much; some harsh, 'tis true,
Pick'd from the thorns and briars of reproof,
But wholesome, well-digested; grateful some
To palates, that can taste immortal truth;
Insipid else, and sure to be despis'd.
But all is in his hand, whose praise I seek.
In vain the poet sings, and the World hears,
If he regard not, though divine the theme.
'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime
And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
To charm his ear, whose eye is on the heart;
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
Whose approbation—prosper even mine.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

JOSEPH HILL, Esq.

Dear Joseph—five and twenty years ago—
Alas how time escapes!—'tis even so—
With frequent intercourse, and always sweet,
And always friendly, we were wont to cheat
A tedious hour—and now we never meet!
As some grave gentleman in Terence says,
('Twas therefore much the same in ancient days)
Good lack, we know not what to-morrow brings—
Strange fluctuation of all human things!
True. Changes will befall, and friends may part,
But distance only cannot change the heart:
And, were I call'd to prove the' assertion true,
One proof should serve—a reference to you.

Whence comes it then, that in the wane of life,
Though nothing have occurr'd to kindle strife,
We find the friends we fancied we had won,
Though num'rous once, reduc'd to few or none?
Can gold grow worthless, that has stood the touch?
No; gold they seem'd, but they were never such.

Horatio's servant once, with bow and cringe,
Swinging the parlour-door upon its hinge,
Dreading a negative, and overaw'd
Lest he should trespass, begg'd to go abroad.
Go, fellow!—whither?—turning short about—
Nay. Stay at home—you're always going out.
'Tis but a step, sir, just at the street's end.—
For what?—An please you, sir, to see a friend.—
A friend! Horatio cried, and seem'd to start—
Yea marry shalt thou, and with all my heart.—
And fetch my cloak; for, though the night be raw,
I'll see him too—the first I ever saw.

I knew the man, and knew his nature mild,
And was his plaything often when a child;
But somewhat at that moment pinch'd him close,
Else he was seldom bitter or morose.
Perhaps his confidence just then betray'd,
His grief might prompt him with the speech he made;
Perhaps 'twas mere good humour gave it birth,
The harmless play of pleasantry and mirth.
Howe'er it was, his language, in my mind,
Bespoke at least a man that knew mankind.

But not to moralize too much, and strain,
To prove an evil, of which all complain,
(I hate long arguments verbosely spun)
One story more, dear Hill, and I have done.
Once on a time an emp'ror, a wise man,
No matter where, in China or Japan,
Decreed, that whosoever should offend
Against the well-known duties of a friend,
Convicted once, should ever after wear
But half a coat, and show his bosom bare.

The punishment importing this, no doubt,
That all was nought within, and all found out.

O happy Britain! we have not to fear
Such hard and arbitrary measures here;
Else, could a law, like that which I relate,
Once have the sanction of our triple state,
Some few, that I have known in days of old,
Would run most dreadful risk of catching cold;
While you, my friend, whatever wind should blow,
Might traverse England safely to and fro,
An honest man, close button'd to the chin,
Broad-cloth without, and a warm heart within.

TIROCINIUM:

OR,

A REVIEW OF SCHOOLS.

Κεφαλαιον δη παιδειας ορθη τροφη.—*Plato.*
Αρχη πολιτειας απασης νεων τροφα.—*Diog. Laert.*

TO THE

REV. WILLIAM CAWTHORNE UNWIN,

RECTOR OF STOCK IN ESSEX,

THE TUTOR OF HIS TWO SONS,

THE FOLLOWING

POEM,

RECOMMENDING PRIVATE TUITION,

IN PREFERENCE TO

AN EDUCATION AT SCHOOL,

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

WILLIAM COWPER.

Olney, Nov. 6, 1784.

TIROCINIUM.

It is not from his form, in which we trace
Strength join'd with beauty, dignity with grace,
That man, the master of this globe, derives
His right of empire over all that lives.
That form indeed, the' associate of a mind
Vast in its powers, ethereal in its kind,
That form, the labour of almighty skill,
Fram'd for the service of a free-born will,
Asserts precedence, and bespeaks control,
But borrows all its grandeur from the soul.
Her's is the state, the splendour, and the throne,
An intellectual kingdom, all her own.
For her the Mem'ry fills her ample page
With truths pour'd down from every distant age;
For her amasses an unbounded store,
The wisdom of great nations, now no more;
Though laden, not encumber'd with her spoil;
Laborious, yet unconscious of her toil;
When copiously supplied, then most enlarg'd;
Still to be fed, and not to be surcharg'd.
For her the Fancy, roving unconfin'd,
The present muse of ev'ry pensive mind,
Works magic wonders, adds a brighter hue
To Nature's scenes than Nature ever knew.
At her command winds rise, and waters roar,
Again she lays them slumb'ring on the shore;

With flow'r and fruit the wilderness supplies,
Or bids the rock in ruder pomp arise.
For her the Judgment, umpire in the strife,
That Grace and Nature have to wage through life,
Quick-sighted arbiter of good and ill,
Appointed sage preceptor to the Will,
Condemns, approves, and with a faithful voice
Guides the decision of a doubtful choice.

Why did the fiat of a God give birth
To yon fair Sun, and his attendant Earth?
And, when descending he resigns the skies,
Why takes the gentler Moon her turn to rise,
Whom Ocean feels through all his countless waves,
And owns her pow'r on ev'ry shore he laves?
Why do the seasons still enrich the year,
Fruitful and young as in their first career?
Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees,
Rock'd in the cradle of the western breeze;
Summer in haste the thriving charge receives
Beneath the shade of her expanded leaves,
Till Autumn's fiercer heats and plenteous dews
Dye them at last in all their glowing hues.—
'Twere wild profusion all, and bootless waste,
Pow'r misemploy'd, munificence misplac'd,
Had not its author dignified the plan,
And crown'd it with the majesty of man.
Thus form'd, thus plac'd, intelligent, and taught,
Look where he will, the wonders God has wrought,
The wildest scorner of his Maker's laws
Finds in a sober moment time to pause,
To press the' important question on his heart,
"Why form'd at all, and wherefore as thou art?"

If man be what he seems, this hour a slave,
The next mere dust and ashes in the grave;
Endu'd with reason only to descry
His crimes and follies with an aching eye;
With passions, just that he may prove, with pain,
The force he spends against their fury vain;
And if, soon after having burnt, by turns,
With ev'ry lust, with which frail Nature burns,
His being end, where death dissolves the bond,
The tomb take all, and all be blank beyond;
Then he, of all that Nature has brought forth,
Stands self-impeach'd the creature of least worth,
And useless while he lives and when he dies,
Brings into doubt the wisdom of the skies.

Truths, that the learn'd pursue with eager thought,
Are not important always as dear bought,
Proving at last, though told in pompous strains,
A childish waste of philosophic pains;
But truths, on which depends our main concern,
That 'tis our shame and mis'ry not to learn,
Shine by the side of ev'ry path we tread
With such a lustre, he that runs may read.
'Tis true, that if to trifle life away
Down to the sunset of their latest day,
Then perish on futurity's wide shore
Like fleeting exhalations, found no more,
Were all that Heav'n requir'd of humankind,
And all the plan their destiny design'd,
What none could rev'rence all might justly blame,
And man would breathe but for his Maker's shame,
But reason heard, and nature well perus'd,
At once the dreaming mind is disabus'd.

If all we find possessing earth, sea, air,
Reflect his attributes, who plac'd them there,
Fulfil the purpose, and appear design'd
Proofs of the wisdom of the' all-seeing mind.
'Tis plain the creature, whom he chose to' invest
With kingship and dominion o'er the rest,
Receiv'd his nobler nature, and was made
Fit for the pow'r in which he stands array'd;
That first, or last, hereafter, if not here,
He too might make his Author's wisdom clear,
Praise him on Earth, or, obstinately dumb,
Suffer his justice in a world to come.
This once believ'd, 'twere logic misapplied,
To prove a consequence by none denied,
That we are bound to cast the minds of youth
Betimes into the mould of heav'nly truth,
That taught of God they may indeed be wise,
Nor ignorantly wand'ring miss the skies.

In early days the conscience has in most
A quickness, which in later life is lost:
Preserv'd from guilt by salutary fears,
Or guilty soon relenting into tears.
Too careless often, as our years proceed,
What friends we sort with, or what books we read,
Our parents yet exert a prudent care,
To feed our infant minds with proper fare;
And wisely store the nurs'ry by degrees
With wholesome learning, yet acquir'd with ease.
Neatly secur'd from being soil'd or torn
Beneath a pane of thin translucent horn,
A book (to please us at a tender age
'Tis call'd a book, though but a single page)

Presents the pray'r the Saviour deign'd to teach,
Which children use, and parsons—when they preach.
Lisping our syllables, we scramble next
Through moral narrative, or sacred text;
And learn with wonder how this world began,
Who made, who marr'd, and who has ransom'd, man
Points, which, unless the Scripture made them plain,
The wisest heads might agitate in vain.
O thou, whom borne on fancy's eager wing
Back to the season of life's happy spring,
I pleas'd remember, and, while mem'ry yet
Holds fast her office here, can ne'er forget;
Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail;
Whose hum'rous vein, strong sense, and simple style,
May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile;
Witty, and well employ'd, and like thy Lord,
Speaking in parables his slighted word;
I name thee not, lest so despis'd a name
Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame;
Yet ev'n in transitory life's late day,
That mingles all my brown with sober grey,
Revere the man, whose PILGRIM marks the road,
And guides the PROGRESS of the soul to God.
'Twere well with most, if books, that could engage
Their childhood, pleas'd them at a riper age;
The man, approving what had charm'd the boy,
Would die at last in comfort, peace, and joy;
And not with curses on his heart, who stole
The gem of truth from his unguarded soul.
The stamp of artless piety impress'd
By kind tuition on his yielding breast,

The youth now bearded, and yet pert and raw,
Regards with scorn, tho' once receiv'd with awe;
And, warp'd into the labyrinth of lies,
That babblers, call'd philosophers, devise,
Blasphemes his creed, as founded on a plan
Replete with dreams, unworthy of a man.
Touch but his nature in its ailing part,
Assert the native evil of his heart,
His pride resents the charge, although the proof*
Rise in his forehead, and seem rank enough:
Point to the cure, describe a Saviour's cross
As God's expedient to retrieve his loss,
The young apostate sickens at the view,
And hates it with the malice of a Jew.

How weak the barrier of mere Nature proves,
Oppos'd against the pleasures Nature loves!
While self-betray'd, and wilfully undone,
She longs to yield, no sooner woo'd than won.
Try now the merits of this blest exchange
Of modest truth for wit's eccentric range.
Time was, he clos'd as he began the day
With decent duty, not asham'd to pray:
The practice was a bond upon his heart,
A pledge he gave for a consistent part;
Nor could he dare presumptuously displease
A pow'r, confess'd so lately on his knees.
But now farewell all legendary tales,
The shadows fly, philosophy prevails;
Pray'r to the winds, and caution to the waves:
Religion makes the free by nature slaves.

* See 2 Chron. ch. xxvi. ver. 19.

Priests have invented, and the World admir'd
What knavish priests promulgate as inspir'd;
Till Reason, now no longer overaw'd,
Resumes her pow'rs, and spurns the clumsy fraud;
And, common sense diffusing real day,
The meteor of the Gospel dies away.
Such rhapsodies our shrewd discerning youth
Learn from expert inquirers after truth;
Whose only care, might truth presume to speak,
Is not to find what they profess to seek.
And thus, well-tutor'd only while we share
A mother's lectures and a nurse's care;
And taught at schools much mythologic stuff,*
But sound religion sparingly enough;
Our early notices of truth, disgrac'd,
Soon lose their credit, and are all effac'd.

Would you your son should be a sot or dunce,
Lascivious, headstrong, or all these at once;
That in good time the stripling's finish'd taste
For loose expense, and fashionable waste,
Should prove your ruin, and his own at last;
Train him in public with a mob of boys,
Childish in mischief only and in noise,
Else of a mannish growth, and five in ten
In infidelity and lewdness men.
There shall he learn, ere sixteen winters old,
That authors are most useful pawn'd or sold;

* The author begs leave to explain.—Sensible that, without such knowledge, neither the ancient poets nor historians can be tasted, or indeed understood, he does not mean to censure the pains that are taken to instruct a schoolboy in the religion of the Heathen, but merely that neglect of Christian culture which leaves him shamefully ignorant of his own.

That pedantry is all that schools impart,
But taverns teach the knowledge of the heart;
There waiter Dick, with Bacchanalian lays,
Shall win his heart, and have his drunken praise,
His counsellor and bosom-friend shall prove,
And some street-pacing harlot his first love.
Schools, unless discipline were doubly strong,
Detain their adolescent charge too long;
The management of tyroes of eighteen
Is difficult, their punishment obscene.
The stout tall captain, whose superior size
The minor heroes view with envious eyes,
Becomes their pattern, upon whom they fix
Their whole attention, and ape all his tricks.
His pride, that scorns to' obey or to submit,
With them is courage; his effront'ry wit.
His wild excursions, window-breaking feats,
Robb'ry of gardens, quarrels in the streets,
His hairbreadth 'scapes, and all his daring schemes,
Transport them, and are made their fav'rite themes,
In little bosoms such achievements strike
A kindred spark; they burn to do the like.
Thus, half-accomplish'd ere he yet begin
To show the peeping down upon his chin;
And, as maturity of years comes on,
Made just the' adept that you design'd your son;
To' ensure the perseverance of his course,
And give your monstrous project all its force,
Send him to college. If he there be tam'd,
Or in one article of vice reclaim'd,
Where no regard of ord'nances is shown
Or look'd for now, the fault must be his own.

Some sneaking virtue lurks in him, no doubt,
Where neither strumpets' charms, nor drinking-bout,
Nor gambling practices, can find it out.
Such youths of spirit, and that spirit too,
Ye nurs'ries of our boys, we owe to you:
Though from ourselves the mischief more proceeds,
For public schools 'tis public folly feeds.
The slaves of custom and establish'd mode,
With packhorse constancy we keep the road,
Crooked or straight, through quags or thorny dells,
True to the jingling of our leader's bells.
To follow foolish precedents, and wink
With both our eyes, is easier than to think:
And such an age as ours baulks no expense,
Except of caution, and of common-sense;
Else sure notorious fact, and proof so plain,
Would turn our steps into a wiser train.
I blame not those, who with what care they can,
O'erwatch the num'rous and unruly clan;
Or, if I blame, 'tis only that they dare
Promise a work, of which they must despair.
Have ye, ye sage intendants of the whole,
A ubiquarian presence and control,
Elisha's eye, that, when Gehazi stray'd,
Went with him, and saw all the game he play'd?
Yes—ye are conscious; and on all the shelves
Your pupil strike upon, have struck yourselves.
Or if, by nature sober, ye had then,
Boys as ye were, the gravity of men;
Ye knew at least, by constant proofs address'd
To ears and eyes, the vices of the rest.
But ye connive at what ye cannot cure,
And evils, not to be endur'd, endure,

Lest pow'r exerted, but without success,
Should make the little ye retain still less.
Ye once were justly fam'd for bringing forth
Undoubted scholarship and genuine worth;
And in the firmament of fame still shines
A glory, bright as that of all the signs,
Of poets rais'd by you, and statesmen, and divines.
Peace to them all! those brilliant times are fled,
And no such lights are kindling in their stead.
Our striplings shine indeed, but with such rays,
As set the midnight riot in a blaze;
And seem, if judg'd by their expressive looks,
Deeper in none than in their surgeons' books.

Say muse, (for, education made the song,
No muse can hesitate, or linger long)
What causes move us, knowing as we must,
That these *ménageries* all fail their trust,
To send our sons to scout and scamper there,
While colts and puppies cost us so much care?

Be it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
We love the playplace of our early days;
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone,
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
The very name we carv'd subsisting still;
The bench on which we sat while deep employ'd,
Tho' mangled, hack'd, and hew'd, not yet destroy'd;
The little ones, unbutton'd, glowing hot,
Playing our games, and on the very spot;
As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw;

To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
Or drive it devious witb a dext'rous pat;
The pleasing spectacle at once excites
Such recollection of our own delights,
That, viewing it, we seem almost to' obtain
Our innocent sweet simple years again.
This fond attachment to the well-known place,
Whence first we started into life's long race,
Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
We feel it ev'n in age, and at our latest day.
Hark! how the sire of chits, whose future share
Of classic food begins to be his care,
With his own likeness plac'd on either knee,
Indulges all a father's heart-felt glee;
And tells them, as he strokes their silver locks,
That tbey must soon learn Latin, and to box;
Then turning, he regales his list'ning wife
With all the' adventures of his early life;
His skill in coachmanship, or driving chaise,
In bilking tavern bills, and spouting plays;
What shifts he us'd, detected in a scrape,
How he was flogg'd, or had the luck to' escape;
What sums he lost at play, and how he sold
Watch, seals, and all—till all his pranks are told.
Retracing thus his *frolics*, ('tis a name
That palliates deeds of folly and of shame)
He gives the local bias all its sway;
Resolves that where he play'd his sons shall play,
And destines their bright genius to be shown
Just in the scene, where he display'd his own.
The meek and bashful boy will soon be taught,
To be as bold and forward as he ought;
The rude will scuffle through with ease enough,
Great schools suit best the sturdy and the rough.

Ah happy designation, prudent choice,
The' event is sure; expect it; and rejoice!
Soon see your wish fulfill'd in either child,
The pert made perter, and the tame made wild.

The great indeed, by titles, riches, birth,
Excus'd the' encumbrance of more solid worth,
Are best dispos'd of where with most success
They may acquire that confident address,
Those habits of profuse and lewd expense,
That scorn of all delights but those of sense,
Which, though in plain plebeians we condemn,
With so much reason all expect from them.
But families of less illustrious fame,
Whose chief distinction is their spotless name,
Whose heirs, their honours none, their income small,
Must shine by true desert, or not at all,
What dream they of, that with so little care
They risk their hopes, their dearest treasure, there?
They dream of little Charles or William grac'd
With wig prolix, down flowing to his waist;
They see the' attentive crowds his talents draw,
They hear him speak—the oracle of law.
The father, who designs his babe a priest,
Dreams him episcopally such at least;
And, while the playful jockey scours the room
Briskly, astride upon the parlour broom,
In fancy sees him more superbly ride
In coach with purple lin'd, and mitres on its side.
Events improbable and strange as these,
Which only a parental eye foresees,
A public school shall bring to pass with ease.
But how? resides such virtue in that air,
As must create an appetite for pray'r?

And will it breathe into him all the zeal,
That candidates for such a prize should feel,
To take the lead and be the foremost still
In all true worth and literary skill?
"Ah blind to bright futurity, untaught
"The knowledge of the World, and dull of thought,
"Church-ladders are not always mounted best
"By learned clerks, and Latinists profess'd.
"The' exalted prize demands an upward look,
"Not to be found by poring on a book.
"Small skill in Latin, and still less in Greek,
"Is more than adequate to all I seek.
"Let erudition grace him, or not grace,
"I give the bauble but the second place;
"His wealth, fame, honours, all that I intend,
"Subsist and centre in one point—a friend.
"A friend, whate'er he studies or neglects,
"Shall give him consequence, heal all defects.
"His intercourse with peers and sons of peers—
"There dawns the splendour of his future years:
"In that bright quarter his propitious skies
"Shall blush betimes, and there his glory rise.
"*Your Lordship*, and *Your Grace!* what school can teach
"A rhet'ric equal to those parts of speech?
"What need of Homer's verse, or Tully's prose,
"Sweet interjections! if he learn but those?
"Let rev'rend churls his ignorance rebuke,
"Who starve upon a dog's-ear'd Pentateuch,
"The parson knows enough, who knows a duke."
Egregious purpose! worthily begun
In barb'rous prostitution of your son;
P'ress'd on *his* part by means, that would disgrace
A scriv'ner's clerk, or footman out of place,

And ending, if at last its end be gain'd,
In sacrilege, in God's own house profan'd.
It may succeed; and, if his sins should call
For more than common punishment, it shall;
The wretch shall rise, and be the thing on Earth
Least qualified in honour, learning, worth,
To occupy a sacred, awful post,
In which the best and worthiest tremble most.
The *royal letters* are a thing of course,
A king, that would, might recommend his horse;
And deans, no doubt, and chapters, with one voice,
As bound in duty, would confirm the choice.
Behold your bishop! well he plays his part,
Christian in name, and infidel in heart,
Ghostly in office, earthly in his plan,
A slave at court, elsewhere a lady's man.
Dumb as a senator, and as a priest
A piece of mere church-furniture at best;
To live estrang'd from God his total scope,
And his end sure, without one glimpse of hope.
But fair although and feasible it seem,
Depend not much upon your golden dream;
For Providence, that seems concern'd to' exempt
The hallow'd bench from absolute contempt,
In spite of all the wrigglers into place,
Still keeps a seat or two for worth and grace;
And therefore 'tis, that, though the sight be rare,
We sometimes see a Lowth or Bagot there.
Besides, school-friendships are not always found,
Though fair in promise, permanent and sound,
The most disint'rested and virtuous minds,
In early years connected, time unbinds,
New situations give a diff'rent cast
Of habit, inclination, temper, taste;

And he, that seem'd our counterpart at first,
Soon shows the strong similitude revers'd.
Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
And make mistakes for manhood to reform.
Boys are at best but pretty buds unblown,
Whose scent and hues are rather guess'd than known;
Each dreams that each is just what he appears,
But learns his error in maturer years,
When disposition, like a sail unfurl'd,
Shows all its rents and patches to the World.
If, therefore, ev'n when honest in design,
A boyish friendship may so soon decline,
'Twere wiser sure to' inspire a little heart
With just abhorrence of so mean a part,
Than set your son to work at a vile trade
For wages so unlikely to be paid.

Our public hives of puerile resort,
That are of chief and most approv'd report,
To such base hopes, in many a sordid soul,
Owe their repute in part, but not the whole.
A principle, whose proud pretensions pass
Unquestion'd, though the jewel be but glass—
That with a world, not often overnice,
Ranks as a virtue, and is yet a vice;
Or rather a gross compound, justly tried,
Of envy, hatred, jealousy, and pride—
Contributes most perhaps to' enhance their fame;
And emulation is its specious name.
Boys, once on fire with that contentious zeal,
Feel all the rage that female rivals feel;

The prize of beauty in a woman's eyes
Not brighter than in theirs the scholar's prize.
The spirit of that competition burns
With all varieties of ill by turns;
Each vainly magnifies his own success,
Resents his fellow's, wishes it were less,
Exults in his miscarriage, if he fail,
Deems his reward too great, if he prevail,
And labours to surpass him day and night,
Less for improvement than to tickle spite.
The spur is pow'rful, and I grant its force;
It pricks the genius forward in its course,
Allows short time for play, and none for sloth;
And, felt alike by each, advances both:
But judge, where so much evil intervenes,
The end, though plausible, not worth the means.
Weigh, for a moment, classical desert
Against a heart deprav'd and temper hurt;
Hurt too perhaps for life; for early wrong,
Done to the nobler part, affects it long;
And you are staunch indeed in learning's cause,
If you can crown a discipline, that draws
Such mischiefs after it, with much applause.

Connexion form'd for int'rest, and endear'd
By selfish views, thus censur'd and cashier'd;
And emulation, as engend'ring hate,
Doom'd to a no less ignominious fate:
The props of such proud seminaries fall,
The Jachin and the Boaz of them all.
Great schools rejected then, as those that swell
Beyond a size that can be manag'd well,
Shall royal institutions miss the bays,
And small academies win all the praise?

Force not my drift beyond its just intent,
I praise a school as Pope a government;
So take my judgment in his language dress'd,
"Whate'er is best administer'd is best."
Few boys are born with talents that excel,
But all are capable of living well;
Then ask not, Whether limited or large?
But, watch they strictly, or neglect their charge?
If anxious only, that their boys may *learn*,
While *morals* languish, a despis'd concern,
The great and small deserve one common blame,
Diff'rent in size, but in effect the same.
Much zeal in virtue's cause all teachers boast,
Though motives of mere lucre sway the most;
Therefore in towns and cities they abound,
For there the game they seek is easiest found;
Though there, in spite of all that care can do,
Traps to catch youth are most abundant too.
If shrewd, and of a well constructed brain,
Keen in pursuit, and vig'rous to retain,
Your son come forth a prodigy of skill;
As, wheresoever taught, so form'd, he will;
The pedagogue, with self-complacent air,
Claims more than half the praise as his due share.
But if, with all his genius, he betray,
Not more intelligent than loose and gay,
Such vicious habits, as disgrace his name,
Threaten his health, his fortune, and his fame;
Though want of due restraint alone have bred
The symptoms, that you see with so much dread;
Unenvied there, he may sustain alone
The whole reproach, the fault was all his own.

O 'tis a sight to be with joy perus'd,
By all whom sentiment has not abus'd;

New-fangled sentiment, the boasted grace
Of those, who never feel in the right place;
A sight surpass'd by none that we can show,
Though Vestris on one leg still shine below;
A father blest with an ingenuous son,
Father, and friend, and tutor, all in one.
How!—turn again to tales long since forgot,
Æsop, and Phædrus, and the rest?—Why not?
He will not blush, that has a father's heart,
To take in childish plays a childish part;
But bends his sturdy back to any toy,
That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy;
Then why resign into a stranger's hand
A task as much within your own command,
That God and nature, and your int'rest too,
Seem with one voice to delegate to you?
Why hire a lodging in a house unknown
For one, whose tend'rest thoughts all hover round
your own?
This second weaning, needless as it is,
How does it lac'rate both your heart and his!
The' indented stick, that loses day by day
Notch after notch, till all are smooth'd away,
Bears witness, long ere his dismission come,
With what intense desire he wants his home.
But though the joys he hopes beneath your roof
Bid fair enough to answer in the proof,
Harmless, and safe, and nat'ral, as they are,
A disappointment waits him even there.
Arriv'd, he feels an unexpected change,
He blushes, hangs his head, is shy and strange,
No longer takes, as once, with fearless ease,
His fav'rite stand between his father's knees,
But seeks the corner of some distant seat,
And eyes the door, and watches a retreat,

And, least familiar where he should be most,
Feels all his happiest privileges lost.
Alas, poor boy!—the natural effect
Of love by absence chill'd into respect.
Say, what accomplishments, at school acquir'd,
Brings he, to sweeten fruits so undesir'd?
Thou well deserv'st an alienated son,
Unless thy conscious heart acknowledge—none;
None that, in thy domestic snug recess,
He had not made his own with more address,
Though some perhaps, that shock thy feeling mind,
And better never learn'd, or left behind.
Add too, that, thus estrang'd, thou canst obtain
By no kind arts his confidence again:
That here begins with most that long complaint
Of filial frankness lost, and love grown faint,
Which, oft neglected, in life's waning years
A parent pours into regardless ears.

Like caterpillars, dangling under trees
By slender threads, and swinging in the breeze,
Which filthily bewray and sore disgrace
The boughs, in which are bred the' unseemly race;
While every worm industriously weaves
And winds his web about the rivell'd leaves;
So numerous are the follies, that annoy
The mind and heart of ev'ry sprightly boy;
Imaginations noxious and perverse,
Which admonition can alone disperse.
The' encroaching nuisance asks a faithful hand,
Patient, affectionate, of high command,
To check the procreation of a breed
Sure to exhaust the plant, on which they feed.

'Tis not enough, that Greek or Roman page,
At stated hours, his freakish thoughts engage;
Ev'n in his pastimes he requires a friend,
To warn, and teach him safely to unbend;
O'er all his pleasures gently to preside,
Watch his emotions, and control their tide;
And levying thus, and with an easy sway,
A tax of profit from his very play,
To' impress a value, not to be eras'd,
On moments squander'd else, and running all to waste.
And seems it nothing in a father's eye,
That unimprov'd those many moments fly?
And is he well content his son should find
No nourishment to feed his growing mind,
But conjugated verbs, and nouns declin'd?
For such is all the mental food purvey'd
By public hackneys in the schooling trade;
Who feed a pupil's intellect with store
Of syntax truly, but with little more;
Dismiss their cares, when they dismiss their flock,
Machines themselves, and govern'd by a clock.
Perhaps a father, blest with any brains,
Would deem it no abuse, or waste of pains,
To' improve this diet, at no great expense,
With sav'ry truth and wholesome common sense;
To lead his son for prospects of delight,
To some not steep, though philosophic, height,
Thence to exhibit to his wond'ring eyes
Yon circling worlds, their distance and their size,
The moons of Jove, and Saturn's belted ball,
And the harmonious order of them all;
To show him in an insect or a flow'r
Such microscopic proof of skill and pow'r,

As, hid from ages past, God now displays,
To combat atheists with in modern days;
To spread the earth before him and commend,
With designation of the finger's end,
Its various parts to his attentive note,
Thus bringing home to him the most remote;
To teach his heart to glow with gen'rous flame,
Caught from the deeds of men of ancient fame:
And, more than all, with commendation due,
To set some living worthy in his view,
Whose fair example may at once inspire
A wish to copy, what he must admire.
Such knowledge gain'd betimes, and which appears,
Though solid, not too weighty for his years,
Sweet in itself, and not forbidding sport,
When health demands it, of athletic sort, [been,
Would make him—what some lovely boys have
And more than one perhaps that I have seen—
An evidence and reprehension both
Of the mere schoolboy's lean and tardy growth.

Art thou a man professionally tied,
With all thy faculties elsewhere applied,
Too busy to intend a meaner care,
Than how to' enrich thyself, and next thine heir;
Or art thou (as though rich, perhaps thou art)
But poor in knowledge, having none to' impart:—
Behold that figure neat, though plainly clad;
His sprightly mingled with a shade of sad;
Not of a nimble tongue, though now and then
Heard to articulate like other men;
No jester, and yet lively in discourse,
His phrase well chosen, clear, and full of force;
And his address, if not quite French in ease,
Not English stiff, but frank and form'd to please;

Low in the World, because he scorns its arts;
A man of letters, manners, morals, parts;
Unpatroniz'd, and therefore little known;
Wise for himself and his few friends alone.—
In him thy well-appointed proxy see,
Arm'd for a work too difficult for thee;
Prepar'd by taste, by learning, and true worth,
To form thy son, to strike his genius forth;
Beneath thy roof, beneath thine eye, to prove
The force of discipline, when back'd by love;
To double all thy pleasure in thy child,
His mind inform'd, his morals undefil'd.
Safe under such a wing, the boy shall show
No spots contracted among grooms below,
Nor taint his speech with meannesses, design'd
By footman Tom for witty and refin'd.
There in his commerce with the liv'ried herd,
Lurks the contagion chiefly to be fear'd;
For since (so fashion dictates) all, who claim
A higher than a mere plebeian fame,
Find it expedient, come what mischief may,
To entertain a thief or two in pay,
(And they that can afford the' expense of more,
Some half a dozen, and some half a score)
Great cause occurs, to save him from a band
So sure to spoil him, and so near at hand;
A point secur'd, if once he be supplied
With some such Mentor always at his side.
Are such men rare? perhaps they would abound,
Were occupation easier to be found,
Were education, else so sure to fail,
conducted on a manageable scale,
And schools. that have outliv'd all just esteem,
Exchang'd for the secure domestic scheme.—

But, having found him, be thou duke or earl,
Show thou hast sense enough to prize the pearl,
And, as thou wouldst the' advancement of thine heir
In all good faculties beneath his care,
Respect, as is but rational and just,
A man deem'd worthy of so dear a trust.
Despis'd by thee, what more can he expect
From youthful folly than the same neglect;
A flat and fatal negative obtains
That instant upon all his future pains;
His lessons tire, his mild rebukes offend,
And all the' instructions of thy son's best friend
Are a stream chok'd, or tickling to no end.
Doom him not then to solitary meals;
But recollect, that he has sense, and feels;
And that, possessor of a soul refin'd,
An upright heart, and cultivated mind,
His post not mean, his talents not unknown,
He deems it hard to vegetate alone.
And, if admitted at thy board he sit,
Account him no just mark for idle wit;
Offend not him, whom modesty restrains
From repartee, with jokes that he disdains;
Much less transfix his feelings with an oath;
Nor frown, unless he vanish with the cloth.—
And, trust me, his utility may reach
To more than he is hir'd or bound to teach;
Much trash unutter'd, and some ills undone,
Through rev'rence of the censor of thy son.

But, if thy table be indeed unclean,
Foul with excess, and with discourse obscene,
And thou a wretch, whom, foll'wing her old plan,
The World accounts an honourable man,

Because forsooth thy courage has been tried
And stood the test, perhaps on the wrong side;
Though thou hadst never grace enough to prove,
That any thing but vice could win thy love;
Or hast thou a polite, card-playing wife,
Chain'd to the routs that she frequents for life;
Who, just when industry begins to snore,
Flies, wing'd with joy, to some coach-crowded door;
And thrice in ev'ry winter throngs thine own
With half the chariots and sedans in town,
Thyself meanwhile e'en shifting as thou may'st;
Not very sober though, nor very chaste;
Or is thine house, though less superb thy rank,
If not a scene of pleasure, a mere blank,
And thou at best, and in thy sob'rest mood,
A trifler vain, and empty of all good;
Though mercy for thyself thou canst have none,
Hear Nature plead, show mercy to thy son.
Sav'd from his home, where ev'ry day brings forth
Some mischief fatal to his future worth,
Find him a better in a distant spot,
Within some pious pastor's humble cot,
Where vile example (yours I chiefly mean,
The most seducing, and the oft'nest seen)
May never more be stamp'd upon his breast,
Not yet perhaps incurably impress'd,
Where early rest makes early rising sure,
Disease or comes not, or finds easy cure,
Prevented much by diet neat and plain;
Or, if it enter, soon starv'd out again:
Where all the' attention of his faithful host,
Discreetly limited to two at most,
May raise such fruits, as shall reward his care,
And not at last evaporate in air:

Where, stillness aiding study, and his mind
Serene, and to his duties much inclin'd,
Not occupied in day-dreams, as at home,
Of pleasures past, or follies yet to come,
His virtuous toil may terminate at last
In settled habit and decided taste.
But whom do I advise? the fashion-led,
The' incorrigibly wrong, the deaf, and dead,
Whom care and cool deliberation suit
Not better much than spectacles a brute;
Who, if their sons some slight tuition share,
Deem it of no great moment whose, or where;
Too proud to' adopt the thoughts of one unknown,
And much too gay to' have any of their own.
But courage, man! methought the muse replied,
Mankind are various, and the World is wide:
The ostrich, silliest of the feather'd kind,
And form'd of God without a parent's mind,
Commits her eggs, incautious, to the dust,
Forgetful that the foot may crush the trust;
And, while on public nurs'ries they rely,
Not knowing, and too oft not caring, why,
Irrational in what they thus prefer,
No few, that would seem wise, resemble her.
But all are not alike. Thy warning voice
May here and there prevent erroneous choice;
And some perhaps, who, busy as they are,
Yet make their progeny their dearest care,
(Whose hearts will ache, once told what ills may reach
Their offspring, left upon so wild a beach)
Will need no stress of argument to' enforce
The' expedience of a less advent'rous course:

The rest will slight thy counsel, or condemn;
But *they* have human feelings—turn to *them.*

To you then, tenants of life's middle state,
Securely plac'd between the small and great,
Whose character, yet undebauch'd, retains
Two thirds of all the virtue that remains,
Who, wise yourselves, desire your son should learn
Your wisdom and your ways—to you I turn.
Look round you on a World perversely blind;
See what contempt is fall'n on humankind;
See wealth abus'd, and dignities misplac'd,
Great titles, offices and trusts disgrac'd,
Long lines of ancestry, renown'd of old,
Their noble qualities all quench'd and cold;
See Bedlam's closeted and hand-cuff'd charge
Surpass'd in frenzy by the mad at large;
See great commanders making war a trade,
Great lawyers, lawyers without study made;
Churchmen, in whose esteem their blest employ
Is odious, and their wages all their joy,
Who, far enough from furnishing their shelves
With Gospel lore, turn infidels themselves;
See womanhood despis'd, and manhood sham'd
With infamy too nauseous to be nam'd,
Fops at all corners, ladylike in mien,
Civeted fellows, smelt ere they are seen,
Else coarse and rude in manners, and their tongue
On fire with curses, and with nonsense hung,
Now flush'd with drunk'nness, now with whoredom pale,
Their breath a sample of last night's regale;
See volunteers in all the vilest arts,
Men well endow'd, of honourable parts,

Design'd by Nature wise, but self-made fools;
All these, and more like these, were bred at schools.
And if it chance, as sometimes chance it will,
That though school-bred the boy be virtuous still;
Such rare exceptions, shining in the dark,
Prove, rather than impeach the just remark:
As here and there a twinkling star descried
Serves but to show how black is all beside.
Now look on him, whose very voice in tone
Just echoes thine, whose features are thine own,
And stroke his polish'd cheek of purest red,
And lay thine hand upon his flaxen head,
And say, My boy, the' unwelcome hour is come,
When thou, transplanted from thy genial home,
Must find a colder soil and bleaker air,
And trust for safety to a stranger's care;
What character, what turn thou wilt assume
From constant converse with I know not whom;
Who there will court thy friendship, with what views,
And, artless as thou art, whom thou wilt choose;
Though much depends on what thy choice shall be,
Is all chance-medley, and unknown to me.
Canst thou, the tear just trembling on thy lids,
And while the dreadful risk foreseen forbids;
Free too, and under no constraining force,
Unless the sway of custom warp thy course;
Lay such a stake upon the losing side,
Merely to gratify so blind a guide?
Thou canst not! Nature, pulling at thine heart,
Condemns the' unfatherly the' imprudent part.
Thou wouldst not, deaf to Nature's tend'rest plea,
Turn him adrift upon a rolling sea,

Nor say, *Go thither*, conscious that there lay
A brood of asps, or quicksands in his way;
Then, only govern'd by the selfsame rule
Of nat'ral pity, send him not to school.
No—guard him better. Is he not thine own,
Thyself in miniature, thy flesh, thy bone?
And hop'st thou not ('tis ev'ry father's hope)
That, since thy strength must with thy years elope,
And thou wilt need some comfort, to assuage
Health's last farewell, a staff of thine old age,
That then, in recompense of all thy cares,
Thy child shall show respect to thy grey hairs,
Befriend thee, of all other friends bereft,
And give thy life its only cordial left?
Aware then how much danger intervenes,
To compass that good end, forecast the means.
His heart, now passive, yields to thy command;
Secure it thine, its key is in thine hand.
If thou desert thy charge, and throw it wide,
Nor heed what guests there enter and abide,
Complain not if attachments lewd and base
Supplant thee in it, and usurp thy place.
But, if thou guard its sacred chambers sure
From vicious inmates and delights impure,
Either his gratitude shall hold him fast,
And keep him warm and filial to the last;
Or if he prove unkind (as who can say
But, being man, and therefore frail, he may?)
One comfort yet shall cheer thine aged heart,
Howe'er he slight thee, thou hast done thy part.

Oh barb'rous! wouldst thou with a Gothic hand
Pull down the schools—what!—all the schools in' the' land;

Or throw them up to liv'ry-nags and grooms,
Or turn them into shops and auction rooms?
A captious question, sir, (and yours is one)
Deserves an answer similar, or none.
Wouldst thou, possessor of a flock, employ
(Appris'd that he is such) a careless boy,
And feed him well, and give him handsome pay,
Merely to sleep, and let them run astray?
Survey our schools and colleges, and see
A sight not much unlike my simile.
From education, as the leading cause,
The public character its colour draws;
Thence the prevailing manners take their cast,
Extravagant or sober, loose or chaste.
And, though I would not advertise them yet,
Nor write on each—*This building to be let,*
Unless the World were all prepar'd to' embrace
A plan well worthy to supply their place;
Yet, backward as they are, and long have been,
To cultivate and keep the MORALS clean,
(Forgive the crime) I wish them, I confess,
Or better manag'd, or encourag'd less.

TO THE REVEREND MR. NEWTON.

AN INVITATION INTO THE COUNTRY.

I.

The swallows in their torpid state
  Compose their useless wing,
And bees in hives as idly wait
  The call of early Spring.

II.

The keenest frost that binds the stream,
  The wildest wind that blows,
Are neither felt nor fear'd by them,
  Secure of their repose.

III.

But man, all feeling and awake,
  The gloomy scene surveys;
With present ills his heart must ache,
  And pant for brighter days.

IV.

Old Winter, halting o'er the mead,
  Bids me and Mary mourn;
But lovely Spring peeps o'er his head,
  And whispers your return.

V.

Then April, with her sister May,
  Shall chase him from the bow'rs,
And weave fresh garlands ev'ry day,
  To crown the smiling hours.

VI.

And, if a tear, that speaks regret
  Of happier times, appear,
A glimpse of joy, that we have met,
  Shall shine and dry the tear.

CATHARINA.

ADDRESSED TO MISS STAPLETON,

(NOW MRS. COURTNEY)

She came—she is gone—we have met—
  And meet perhaps never again;
The sun of that moment is set,
  And seems to have risen in vain.
Catharina has fled like a dream—
  (So vanishes pleasure, alas!)
But has left a regret and esteem,
  That will not so suddenly pass.

The last ev'ning ramble we made,
  Catharina, Maria, and I,
Our progress was often delay'd
  By the nightingale warbling nigh.
We paus'd under many a tree,
  And much she was charm'd with a tone
Less sweet to Maria and me,
  Who so lately had witness'd her own.

My numbers that day she had sung,
  And gave them a grace so divine,
As only her musical tongue
  Could infuse into numbers of mine.

The longer I heard, I esteem'd
  The work of my fancy the more,
An ev'n to myself never seem'd
  So tuneful a poet before.

Though the pleasures of London exceed
  In number the days of the year,
Catharina, did nothing impede,
  Would feel herself happier here;
For the close woven arches of limes
  On the banks of our river, I know,
Are sweeter to her many times
  Than aught that the city can show.

So it is, when the mind is endu'd
  With a well-judging taste from above,
Then, whether embellish'd or rude,
  'Tis nature alone that we love.
The achievements of art may amuse,
  May even our wonder excite,
But groves, hills, and valleys, diffuse
  A lasting, a sacred delight.

Since then in the rural recess
  Catharina alone can rejoice,
May it still be her lot to possess
  The scene of her sensible choice!
To inhabit a mansion remote
  From the clatter of street-pacing steeds,
And by Philomel's annual note
  To measure the life that she leads.

With her book, and her voice, and her lyre,
  To wing all her moments at home;

And with scenes that new raptures inspire,
  As oft as it suits her to roam;
She will have just the life she prefers,
  With little to hope or to fear,
And ours would be pleasant as hers,
  Might we view her enjoying it here.

THE

MORALIZER CORRECTED.

A TALE.

A HERMIT (or if 'chance you hold
That title now too trite and old)
A man, once young, who liv'd retir'd
As hermit could have well desir'd,
His hours of study clos'd at last,
And finish'd his concise repast,
Stoppled his cruise, replac'd his book
Within its customary nook,
And, staff in hand, set forth to share
The sober cordial of sweet air,
Like Isaac, with a mind applied
To serious thought at ev'ningtide.
Autumnal rains had made it chill,
And from the trees, that fring'd his hill,
Shades slanting at the close of day
Chill'd more his else delightful way,
Distant a little mile he spied
A western bank's still sunny side,
And right toward the favour'd place
Proceeding with his nimblest pace,

In hope to bask a little yet,
Just reach'd it when the sun was set.

Your hermit, young and jovial sirs!
Learns something from whate'er occurs—
And hence, he said, my mind computes
The real worth of man's pursuits.
His object chosen, wealth or fame,
Or other sublunary game,
Imagination to his view
Presents it deck'd with ev'ry hue,
That can seduce him not to spare
His powers of best exertion there,
But youth, health, vigour to expend
On so desirable an end.
Ere long approach life's ev'ning shades,
The glow, that fancy gave it, fades;
And earn'd too late, it wants the grace,
That first engag'd him in the chase.

True, answer'd an angelic guide,
Attendant at the senior's side—
But whether all the time it cost,
To urge the fruitless chase be lost,
Must be decided by the worth
Of that, which call'd his ardour forth.
Trifles pursu'd, whate'er the' event,
Must cause him shame or discontent
A vicious object still is worse,
Successful there he wins a curse;
But he, whom ev'n in life's last stage
Endeavours laudable engage,
Is paid, at least in peace of mind,
And sense of having well design'd;

And if, ere he attain his end,
His sun precipitate descend,
A brighter prize than that he meant
Shall recompense his mere intent.
No virtuous wish can bear a date
Either too early or too late.

THE

FAITHFUL BIRD.

The green-house is my summer seat;
My shrubs displac'd from that retreat
    Enjoy'd the open air;
Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song,
Had been their mutual solace long,
    Liv'd happy pris'ners there.

They sang, as blithe as finches sing,
That flutter loose on golden wing,
    And frolic where they list;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
But that delight they never knew,
    And therefore never miss'd.

But nature works in ev'ry breast,
With force not easily suppress'd;
    And Dick felt some desires,
That, after many an effort vain,
Instructed him at length to gain
    A pass between his wires.

The open windows seem'd to' invite
The freeman to a farewell flight;
  But Tom was still confin'd;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too gen'rous and sincere,
  To leave his friend behind.

So settling on his cage, by play,
And chirp, and kiss, he seem'd to say,
  You must not live alone—
Nor would he quit that chosen stand,
Till I, with slow and cautious hand,
  Return'd him to his own.

Oh ye, who never taste the joys
Of Friendship, satisfied with noise,
  Fandango, ball, and rout!
Blush, when I tell you how a bird,
A prison with a friend preferr'd
  To liberty without.

THE NEEDLESS ALARM.

A TALE.

There is a field, through which I often pass,
Thick overspread with moss and silky grass,
Adjoining close to Kilwick's echoing wood,
Where oft the bitch-fox hides her hapless brood,
Reserv'd to solace many a neigb'ring squire,
That he may follow them through brake and brier,
Contusion hazarding of neck, or spine,
Which rural gentlemen call sport divine.
A narrow brook, by rushy banks conceal'd,
Runs in a bottom, and divides the field;
Oaks intersperse it, that had once a head,
But now wear crests of oven-wood instead;
And where the land slopes to its wat'ry bourn,
Wide yawns a gulf beside a ragged thorn;
Bricks line the sides, but shiver'd long ago,
And horrid brambles intertwine below;
A hollow scoop'd, I judge, in ancient time,
For baking earth, or burning rock to lime.

Nor yet the hawthorn bore her berries red,
With which the fieldfare, wintry guest, is fed;
Nor Autumn yet had brush'd from ev'ry spray,
With her chill hand, the mellow leaves away;

But corn was hous'd, and beans were in the stack,
Now therefore issu'd forth the spotted pack,
With tails high mounted, ears hung low, and throats,
With a whole gamut fill'd of heav'nly notes,
For which, alas! my destiny severe,
Though ears she gave me two, gave me no ear.

The Sun, accomplishing his early march,
His lamp now planted on Heav'ns topmost arch,
When, exercise and air my only aim,
And heedless whither, to that field I came,
Ere yet with ruthless joy the happy hound
Told hill and dale that Reynard's track was found,
Or with the high-rais'd horn's melodious clang
All Kilwick* and all Dinglederry* rang.

Sheep graz'd the field; some with soft bosom press'd
The herb as soft, while nibbling stray'd the rest;
Nor noise was heard but of the hasty brook,
Struggling, detain'd in many a petty nook.
All seem'd so peaceful, that, from them convey'd,
To me their peace by kind contagion spread.

But when the huntsman, with distended cheek,
'Gan make his instrument of music speak,
And from within the wood that crash was heard,
Though not a hound from whom it burst appear'd,
The sheep recumbent, and the sheep that graz'd,
All huddling into phalanx, stood and gaz'd,

* Two woods belonging to John Throckmorton, Esq.

Admiring, terrified, the novel strain,
Then cours'd the field around, and cours'd it round again;
But, recollecting with a sudden thought,
That flight in circles urg'd advanc'd them nought,
They gather'd close around the old pit's brink,
And thought again—but knew not what to think.

The man to solitude accustom'd long,
Perceives in ev'ry thing that lives a tongue;
Not animals alone, but shrubs and trees,
Have speech for him, and understood with ease;
After long drought, when rains abundant fall,
He hears the herbs and flow'rs rejoicing all;
Knows what the freshness of their hue implies,
How glad they catch the largess of the skies;
But, with precision nicer still, the mind
He scans of ev'ry locomotive kind;
Birds of all feather, beasts of ev'ry name,
That serve mankind, or shun them, wild or tame;
The looks and gestures of their griefs and fears
Have all articulation in his ears;
He spells them true by intuition's light,
And needs no glossary to set him right.

This truth premis'd was needful as a text,
To win due credence to what follows next.

Awhile they mus'd; surveying ev'ry face,
Thou hadst suppos'd them of superior race;
Their periwigs of wool, and fears combin'd,
Stamp'd on each countenance such marks of mind,
That sage they seem'd, as lawyers o'er a doubt,
Which, puzzling long, at last they puzzle out;

Or academic tutors, teaching youths,
Sure ne'er to want them, mathematic truths;
When thus a mutton statelier than the rest,
A ram, the ewes and wethers sad address'd.

Friends! we have liv'd too long. I never heard
Sounds such as these, so worthy to be fear'd.
Could I believe, that winds for ages pent
In Earth's dark womb have found at last a vent,
And from their prisonhouse below arise,
With all these hideous howlings to the skies,
I could be much compos'd, nor should appear,
For such a cause, to feel the slightest fear.
Yourselves have seen, what time the thunders roll'd
All night, me resting quiet in the fold.
Or heard we that tremendous bray alone,
I could expound the melancholy tone;
Should deem it by our old companion made,
The ass; for he, we know, has lately stray'd,
And being lost perhaps, and wand'ring wide,
Might be suppos'd to clamour for a guide.
But ah! those dreadful yells what soul can hear,
That owns a carcass, and not quake for fear?
Dæmons produce them doubtless, brazen-claw'd
And fang'd with brass the dæmons are abroad;
I hold it therefore wisest and most fit,
That, life to save, we leap into the pit.

Him answer'd then his loving mate and true,
But more discreet than he, a Cambrian ewe.

How? leap into the pit our life to save?
To save our life leap all into the grave?

For can we find it less? Contemplate first
The depth how awful! falling there, we burst:
Or should the brambles, interpos'd, our fall
In part abate, that happiness were small;
For with a race like theirs no chance I see
Of peace or ease to creatures clad as we.
Meantime, noise kills not. Be it Dapple's bray,
Or be it not, or be it whose it may,
And rush those other sounds, that seem by tongues
Of dæmons utter'd, from whatever lungs,
Sounds are but sounds, and, till the cause appear,
We have at least commodious standing here.
Come fiend, come fury, giant, monster, blast
From Earth or Hell, we can but plunge at last.

While thus she spake, I fainter heard the peals,
For Reynard, close attended at his heels
By panting dog, tir'd man, and spatter'd horse,
Through mere good fortune, took a diff'rent course.
The flock grew calm again, and I, the road
Foll'wing, that led me to my own abode,
Much wonder'd that the silly sheep had found
Such cause of terror in an empty sound,
So sweet to huntsman, gentleman, and hound.

MORAL.

Beware of desp'rate steps. The darkest day,
Live till to morrow, will have pass'd away.

BOADICEA.

AN ODE.

I.

When the British warrior queen,
  Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
  Counsel of her country's gods,

II.

Sage beneath the spreading oak
  Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Ev'ry burning word he spoke
  Full of rage, and full of grief.

III.

Princess! if our aged eyes
  Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
  All the terrors of our tongues.

IV.

Rome shall perish—write that word
  In the blood that she has spilt;

Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
  Deep in the ruin as in guilt.

V.

Rome, for empire far renown'd,
  Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
  Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

VI.

Other Romans shall arise,
  Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
  Harmony the path to fame.

VII.

Then the progeny that springs
  From the forest of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
  Shall a wider world command.

VIII.

Regions Cæsar never knew
  Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
  None invincible as they.

IX.

Such the bard's prophetic words,
  Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
  Of his sweet but awful lyre.

X.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow:
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died;
Dying hurl'd them at the foe.

XI.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heav'n awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you.

HEROISM.

There was a time when Ætna's silent fire
Slept unperceiv'd, the mountain yet entire;
When, conscious of no danger from below,
She tower'd a cloudeapt pyramid of snow.
No thunders shook with deep intestine sound
The blooming groves, that girdled her around.
Her unctuous olives, and her purple vines
(Unfelt the fury of those bursting mines)
The peasant's hopes, and not in vain, assur'd,
In peace upon her sloping sides matur'd.
When on a day, like that of the last doom,
A conflagration lab'ring in her womb,
She teem'd and heav'd with an infernal birth,
That shook the circling seas and solid earth.
Dark and voluminous the vapours rise,
And hang their horrors in their neighb'ring skies,
While through the stygian veil, that blots the day,
In dazzling streaks the vivid lightnings play.
But oh! what muse, and in what pow'rs of song
Can trace the torrent as it burns along?
Havoc and devastation in the van,
It marches o'er the prostrate works of man,
Vines, olives, herbage, forests disappear,
And all the charms of a Sicilian year.

Revolving seasons, fruitless as they pass,
See it an uninform'd and idle mass;

Without a soil to' invite the tiller's care,
Or blade, that might redeem it from despair.
Yet time at length (what will not time achieve ?)
Clothes it with earth, and bids the produce live.
Once more the spiry myrtle crowns the glade,
And ruminating flocks enjoy the shade.
O bliss precarious, and unsafe retreats,
O charming Paradise of shortliv'd sweets!
The self-same gale, that wafts the fragrance round,
Brings to the distant ear a sullen sound:
Again the mountain feels the' imprison'd foe,
Again pours ruin on the vale below.
Ten thousand swains the wasted scene deplore,
That only future ages can restore.

Ye monarchs, whom the lure of honour draws,
Who write in blood the merits of your cause,
Who strike the blow, then plead your own defence,
Glory your aim, but justice your pretence;
Behold in Ætna's emblematic fires
The mischiefs your ambitious pride inspires!

Fast by the stream, that bounds your just domain,
And tells you where ye have a right to reign,
A nation dwells, not envious of your throne,
Studious of peace, their neighbours', and their own.
Ill-fated race! how deeply must they rue
Their only crime, vicinity to you!
The trumpet sounds, your legions swarm abroad,
Through the ripe harvest lies their destin'd road;
At ev'ry step beneath their feet they tread
The life of multitudes, a nation's bread!
Earth seems a garden in its loveliest dress
Before them, and behind a wilderness.

Famine, and Pestilence, her first-born son,
Attend to finish what the sword begun;
And echoing praises, such as fiends might earn,
And Folly pays, resound at your return.
A calm succeeds—but Plenty, with her train
Of heart-felt joys, succeeds not soon again,
And years of pining indigence must show
What scourges are the gods that rule below.

Yet man, laborious man, by slow degrees,
(Such is his thirst of opulence and ease)
Plies all the sinews of industrious toil,
Gleans up the refuse of the gen'ral spoil,
Rebuilds the tow'rs, that smok'd upon the plain,
And the sun gilds the shining spires again.

Increasing commerce and reviving art
Renew the quarrel on the conq'ror's part;
And the sad lesson must be learn'd once more
That wealth within is ruin at the door.
What are ye, monarchs, laurell'd heroes, say,
But Ætnas of the suff'ring world ye sway?
Sweet Nature, stripp'd of her embroider'd robe,
Deplores the wasted regions of her globe;
And stands a witness at Truth's awful bar,
To prove you there destroyers as ye are.

O place me in some Heav'n-protected isle,
Where Peace, and Equity, and Freedom smile;
Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,
No crested warrior dips his plume in blood;
Where Pow'r secures what Industry has won;
Where to succeed is not to be undone;
A land, that distant tyrants hate in vain,
In Britain's isle, beneath a George's reign!

On the receipt of my Mother's Picture out of Norfolk, the gift of my cousin Ann Bodham.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solac'd me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorr'wing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?

Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore.
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, griev'd themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,
And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd.
By expectation ev'ry day beguil'd,
Dupe of *to-morrow*, even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry floor;
And where the gard'ner Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'Tis now become a hist'ry little known,
That once we call'd the past'ral house our own.
Shortliv'd possession! but the record fair,
That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effac'd
A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.

Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd:
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interpos'd too often makes;
All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in Heav'n, though little notic'd here.

Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissu'd flow'rs,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile)
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(the storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)

Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"*
And thy lov'd consort on the dang'rous tide
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams op'ning wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course.
Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the Earth;
But higher far my proud pretentions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time unrevok'd has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done,
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to' have liv'd my childhood o'er again;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself remov'd, thy pow'r to sooth me left.

* Garth.

FRIENDSHIP.

What virtue, or what mental grace,
But men unqualified and base
  Will boast it their possession?
Profusion apes the noble part
Of liberality of heart,
  And dulness of discretion.

If every polish'd gem we find
Illuminating heart or mind,
  Provoke to imitation;
No wonder friendship does the same
That jewel of the purest flame,
  Or rather constellation.

No knave but boldly will pretend
The requisites that form a friend,
  A real and a sound one;
Nor any fool, he would deceive,
But prove as ready to believe,
  And dream that he had found one.

Candid, and generous, and just,
Boys care but little whom they trust,
  An error soon corrected—
For who but learns in riper years,
That man, when smoothest he appears,
  Is most to be suspected?

But here again a danger lies,
Lest, having misapplied our eyes,
  And taken trash for treasure,
We should unwarily conclude
Friendship a false ideal good,
  A mere Utopian pleasure.

An acquisition rather rare
Is yet no subject of despair;
  Nor is it wise complaining,
If either on forbidden ground,
Or where it was not to be found,
  We sought without attaining.

No friendship will abide the test,
That stands on sordid interest,
  Or mean self-love erected;
Nor such as may awhile subsist,
Between the sot and sensualist,
  For vicious ends connected.

Who seek a friend should come dispos'd,
To' exhibit in full bloom disclos'd
  The graces and the beauties,
That form the character he seeks,
For 'tis a union, that bespeaks
  Reciprocated duties.

Mutual attention is implied,
And equal truth on either side,
  And constantly supported;
'Tis senseless arrogance to' accuse
Another of sinister views,
  Our own as much distorted.

But will sincerity suffice ?
It is indeed above all price,
  And must be made the basis ;
But ev'ry virtue of the soul,
Must constitute the charming whole,
  All shining in their places.

A fretful temper will divide
The closest knot that may be tied,
  By ceaseless sharp corrosion ;
A temper passionate and fierce
May suddenly your joys disperse
  At one immense explosion.

  In vain the talkative unite
In hopes of permanent delight—
  The secret just committed,
Forgetting its important weight,
They drop through mere desire to prate,
  And by themselves outwitted.

How bright soe'er the prospect seems,
All thoughts of friendship are but dreams,
  If envy chance to creep in ;
An envious man, if you succeed,
May prove a dang'rous foe indeed,
  But not a friend worth keeping.

As envy pines at good possess'd,
So jealousy looks forth distress'd
  On good, that seems approaching ;
And, if success his steps attend,
Discerns a rival in a friend,
  And hates him for encroaching.

Hence authors of illustrious name,
Unless belied by common fame,
  Are sadly prone to quarrel,
To deem the wit a friend displays
A tax upon their own just praise,
  And pluck each other's laurel.

A man renown'd for repartee
Will seldom scruple to make free
  With friendship's finest feeling,
Will thrust a dagger at your breast,
And say he wounded you in jest,
  By way of balm for healing.

Whoever keeps an open ear
For tattlers will be sure to hear
  The trumpet of contention;
Aspersion is the babbler's trade,
To listen is to lend him aid,
  And rush into dissension.

A friendship, that in frequent fits
Of controversial rage emits
  The sparks of disputation,
Like hand in hand insurance plates,
Most unavoidably creates
  The thought of conflagration.

Some fickle creatures boast a soul
True as a needle to the pole,
  Their humour yet so various—
They manifest their whole life through
The needle's deviations too,
  Their love is so precarious.

The great and small but rarely meet
On terms of amity complete,
  Plebeians must surrender,
And yield so much to noble folk,
It is combining fire with smoke,
  Obscurity with splendour.

Some are so placid and serene
(As Irish bogs are always green)
  They sleep secure from waking;
And are indeed a bog, that bears
Your unparticipated cares
  Unmov'd and without quaking.

Courtier and patriot cannot mix
Their het'rogeneous politics
  Without an effervescence,
Like that of salts with lemon juice,
Which does not yet like that produce
  A friendly coalescence.

Religion should extinguish strife,
And make a calm of human life;
  But friends that chance to differ
On points, which God has left at large,
How freely will they meet and charge!
  No combatants are stiffer.

To prove at last my main intent
Needs no expense of argument,
  No cutting and contriving—
Seeking a real friend we seem
To adopt the chymist's golden dream,
  With still less hope of thriving.

Sometimes the fault is all our own,
Some blemish in due time made known
  By trespass or omission;
Sometimes occasion brings to light
Our friend's defect long hid from sight,
  And even from suspicion.

Then judge yourself, and prove your man
As circumspectly as you can,
  And, having made election,
Beware no negligence of yours,
Such as a friend but ill endures,
  Enfeeble his affection.

That secrets are a sacred trust,
That friends should be sincere and just,
  That constancy befits them,
Are observations on the case,
That savour much of common place,
  And all the world admits them.

But 'tis not timber, lead, and stone,
An architect requires alone,
  To finish a fine building—
The palace were but half complete,
If he could possibly forget
  The carving and the gilding.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
  How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend, that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed,
  To pardon or to bear it.

As similarity of mind,
Or something not to be defin'd,
  First fixes our attention;
So manners decent and polite,
The same we practis'd at first sight;
  Must save it from declension.

Some act upon this prudent plan,
"Say little, and hear all you can."
  Safe policy, but hateful—
So barren sands imbibe the show'r,
But render neither fruit nor flow'r,
  Unpleasant and ungrateful.

The man I trust, if shy to me,
Shall find me as reserv'd as he,
  No subterfuge or pleading
Shall win my confidence again,
I will by no means entertain
  A spy on my proceeding.

These samples—for alas! at last
These are but samples, and a taste
  Of evils yet unmention'd—
May prove the task a task indeed,
In which 'tis much if we succeed,
  However well-intention'd.

Pursue the search, and you will find
Good sense and knowledge of mankind
  To be at least expedient,
And, after summing all the rest,
Religion ruling in the breast
  A principal ingredient.

The noblest Friendship ever shown
The Saviour's history makes known,
  Though some have turn'd and turn'd it;
And, whether being craz'd or blind,
Or seeking with a biass'd mind,
  Have not, it seems, discern'd it.

O Friendship! if my soul forego
Thy dear delights while here below;
  To mortify and grieve me,
May I myself at last appear
Unworthy, base, and insincere,
  Or may my friend deceive me!

On a mischievous Bull, which the Owner of him sold at the Author's instance.

Go—Thou art all unfit to share
  The pleasures of this place
With such as its old tenants are,
  Creatures of gentler race.

The squirrel here his hoard provides,
  Aware of wintry storms,
And wood-peckers explore the sides
  Of rugged oaks for worms.

The sheep here smooths the knotted thorn
  With frictions of her fleece;
And here I wander eve and morn,
  Like her, a friend to peace.

Ah!—I could pity thee exil'd
  From this secure retreat—
I would not lose it to be styl'd
  The happiest of the great.

But thou canst taste no calm delight;
  Thy pleasure is to show
Thy magnanimity in fight,
  Thy prowess—therefore go—

I care not whether east or north,
  So I no more may find thee;
The angry muse thus sings thee forth,
  And claps the gate behind thee,

ANNUS MEMORABILIS, 1789.

Written in Commemoration of his Majesty's happy Recovery.

I RANSACK'D, for a theme of song,
Much ancient chronicle, and long ;
I read of bright embattled fields,
Of trophied helmets, spears, and shields,
Of chiefs, whose single arm could boast
Prowess to dissipate a host ;
Through tomes of fable and of dream
I sought an eligible theme,
But none I found, or found them shar'd
Already by some happier bard.

To modern times, with Truth to guide
My busy search, I next applied ;
Here cities won, and fleets dispers'd,
Urg'd loud a claim to be rehears'd,
Deeds of unperishing renown,
Our father's triumphs and our own.

Thus, as the bee, from bank to bow'r,
Assiduous sips at ev'ry flow'r,
But rests on none, till that be found,
Where most nectareous sweets abound,
So I, from theme to theme display'd
In many a page historic stray'd,

Siege after siege, fight after fight,
Contemplating with small delight,
(For feats of sanguinary hue
Not always glitter in my view;)
Till, settling on the current year,
I found the far-sought treasure near.
A theme for poetry divine,
A theme to' ennoble even mine,
In memorable eighty-nine.

The spring of eighty-nine shall be
An æra cherish'd long by me,
Which joyful I will oft record,
And thankful at my frugal board;
For then the clouds of eighty-eight,
That threaten'd England's trembling state
With loss of what she least could spare,
Her sov'reign's tutelary care,
One breath of Heav'n, that cried—Restore!
Chas'd, never to assemble more:
And for the richest crown on Earth,
If valu'd by its wearer's worth,
The symbol of a righteous reign
Sat fast on George's brows again.

Then peace and joy again possess'd
Our Queen's long-agitated breast;
Such joy and peace as can be known
By suff'rers like herself alone,
Who losing, or supposing lost
The good on Earth they valu'd most,
For that dear sorrow's sake forego
Ill hope of happiness below,
Then suddenly regain the prize,
And flash thanksgivings to the skies!

O Queen of Albion, queen of isles!
Since all thy tears were chang'd to smiles,
The eyes, that never saw thee, shine
With joy not unallied to thine,
Transports not chargeable with art
Illume the land's remotest part,
And strangers to the air of courts,
Both in their toils and at their sports,
The happiness of answer'd pray'rs,
That gilds thy features, show in theirs.

If they, who on thy state attend,
Awe-struck, before thy presence bend,
'Tis but the natural effect,
Of grandeur that ensures respect;
But she is something more than Queen,
Who is belov'd where never seen.

HYMN,

FOR THE USE OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AT OLNEY.

HEAR, Lord, the song of praise and pray'r,
  In Heav'n, thy dwelling place,
From infants made the public care,
  And taught to seek thy face.

Thanks for thy word, and for thy day,
  And grant us, we implore,
Never to waste in sinful play
  Thy holy sabbaths more.

Thanks that we hear,—but O impart
  To each desires sincere,
That we may listen with our heart,
  And learn as well as hear.

For if vain thoughts the minds engage
  Of older far than we,
What hope, that, at our heedless age,
  Our minds should e'er be free ?

Much hope, if thou our spirits take
  Under thy gracious sway,
Who canst the wisest wiser make,
  And babes as wise as they.

Wisdom and bliss thy word bestows,
  A sun that ne'er declines,
And be thy mercies show'r'd on *those*
  Who plac'd us where it shines.

STANZAS

*Subjoined to the Yearly Bill of Mortality of the Parish of All-Saints, Northampton,**
Anno Domini 1787.

Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres. HORACE.

Pale Death with equal foot strikes wide the door
Of royal halls, and hovels of the poor.

While thirteen moons saw smoothly run
The Nen's barge-laden wave,
All these, life's rambling journey done,
Have found their home, the grave.

Was man (frail always) made more frail
Than in foregoing years?
Did famine or did plague prevail,
That so much death appears?

No; these were vig'rous as their sires,
Nor plague nor famine came;
This annual tribute Death requires,
And never waves his claim.

Like crowded forest-trees we stand,
And some are mark'd to fall;
The axe will smite at God's command,
And soon shall smite us all.

* Composed for John Cox, parish clerk of Northampton.

Green as the bay-tree, ever green,
  With its new foliage on,
The gay, the thoughtless, have I seen,
  I pass'd—and they were gone.

Read, ye that run, the awful truth,
  With which I charge my page;
A worm is in the bud of youth,
  And at the root of age.

No present health can health insure
  For yet an hour to come;
No medicine, though it oft can cure,
  Can always baulk the tomb.

And O! that humble as my lot,
  And scorn'd as is my strain,
These truths, though known, too much forgot,
  I may not teach in vain.

So prays your clerk with all his heart,
  And ere he quits the pen,
Begs *you* for once to take *his* part,
  And answer all—Amen!

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1788.

Quod adest, memento
Componere æquus. Cætera fluminis
Ritu feruntur. HORACE.

Improve the present hour, for all beside
Is a mere feather on a torrent's tide.

Could I, from Heav'n inspir'd, as sure presage
To whom the rising year shall prove his last,
As I can number in my punctual page,
And item down the victims of the past;

How each would trembling wait the mournful sheet,
On which the press might stamp him next to die;
And, reading here his sentence, how replete
With anxious meaning, Heav'nward turn his eye!

Time then would seem more precious than the joys,
In which he sports away the treasure now;
And pray'r more seasonable than the noise
Of drunkards, or the music-drawing bow.

Then doubtless many a trifler, on the brink
Of this world's hazardous and headlong shore,
Forc'd to a pause, would feel it good to think,
Told that his setting sun must rise no more.

Ah self-deceiv'd! Could I prophetic say
Who next is fated, and who next to fall,
The rest might then seem privileg'd to play;
But, naming *none*, the Voice now speaks to ALL.

Observe the dappled foresters, how light
They bound and airy o'er the sunny glade—
One falls—the rest, wide-scatter'd with affright,
Vanish at once into the darkest shade.

Had we their wisdom, should we, often warn'd,
Still need repeated warnings, and at last,
A thousand awful admonitions scorn'd,
Die self-accus'd of life run all to waste?

Sad waste! for which no after-thrift atones.
The grave admits no cure for guilt or sin;
Dew-drops may deck the turf, that hides the bones,
But tears of godly grief ne'er flow within.

Learn then ye living! by the mouths be taught
Of all these sepulchres, instructors true,
That, soon or late, death also is your lot,
And the next op'ning grave may yawn for you.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1789.

—*Placidaque ibi demum morte quievit.* VIRG.
There calm at length he breath'd his soul away.

" O MOST delightful hour by man
" Experienc'd here below,
" The hour that terminates his span,
" His folly and his wo!

" Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
" Again life's dreary waste,
" To see again my day o'erspread
" With all the gloomy past.

" My home henceforth is in the skies,
" Earth, seas, and sun adieu!
" All Heav'n unfolded to my eyes,
" I have no sight for you."

So spake Aspasio, firm possess'd
Of faith's supporting rod,
Then breath'd his soul into its rest,
The bosom of his God.

He was a man among the few
Sincere on virtue's side;
And all his strength from Scripture drew,
To hourly use applied.

That rule he priz'd, by that he fear'd,
  He hated, hop'd, and lov'd;
Nor ever frown'd, or sad appear'd,
  But when his heart had rov'd.

For he was frail, as thou or I,
  And evil felt within:
But, when he felt it, heav'd a sigh,
  And loath'd the thought of sin.

Such liv'd Aspasio; and at last
  Call'd up from Earth to Heav'n,
The gulf of death triumphant pass'd,
  By gales of blessing driv'n.

His joys be *mine*, each Reader cries,
  When my last hour arrives:
They shall be yours, my Verse replies,
  Such only be your lives.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1790.

Ne commonentem recta sperne. BUCHANAN.

Despise not my good counsel.

He who sits from day to day,
  Where the prison'd lark is hung,
Heedless of his loudest lay,
  Hardly knows that he has sung.

Where the watchman in his round
  Nightly lifts his voice on high,
None, accustom'd to the sound,
  Wakes the sooner for his cry.

So your verse-man I, and clerk,
  Yearly in my song proclaim
Death at hand—yourselves his mark—
  And the foe's unerring aim.

Duly at my time I come,
  Publishing to all aloud—
Soon the grave must be your home,
  And your only suit, a shroud.

But the monitory strain,
  Oft repeated in your ears,

Seems to sound too much in vain,
  Wins no notice, wakes no fears.

Can a truth, by all confess'd
  Of such magnitude and weight,
Grow, by being oft impress'd,
  Trivial as a parrot's prate?

Pleasure's call attention wins,
  Hear it often as we may;
New as ever seem our sins,
  Though committed ev'ry day.

Death and Judgment, Heav'n and Hell—
  These alone, so often heard,
No more move us than the bell,
  When some stranger is interr'd.

O then, ere the turf or tomb
  Cover us from ev'ry eye,
Spirit of instruction come,
  Make us learn, that we must die.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1792.

Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari!
VIRG.

Happy the mortal who has trac'd effects
To their first cause, cast fear beneath his feet,
And Death, and roaring Hell's voracious fires!

THANKLESS for favours from on high,
Man thinks he fades too soon;
Though 'tis his privilege to die,
Would he improve the boon.

But he, not wise enough to scan
His blest concerns aright,
Would gladly stretch life's little span
To ages, if he might.

To ages in a world of pain,
To ages, where he goes
Gall'd by affliction's heavy chain,
And hopeless of repose.

Strange fondness of the human heart,
Enamour'd of its harm!

Strange world, that costs it so much smart,
  And still has pow'r to charm.

Whence has the world her magic pow'r?
  Why deem we death a foe?
Recoil from weary life's best hour,
  And covet longer wo?

The cause is Conscience—Conscience oft
  Her tale of guilt renews:
Her voice is terrible though soft,
  And dread of death ensues.

Then anxious to be longer spar'd,
  Man mourns his fleeting breath:
All evils then seem light, compar'd
  With the approach of Death.

'Tis judgment shakes him; there's the fear
  That prompts the wish to stay:
He has incurr'd a long arrear,
  And must despair to pay.

Pay!—follow Christ, and all is paid;
  His death your peace ensures;
Think on the grave where *he* was laid,
  And calm descend to *yours*.

ON A SIMILAR OCCASION,

FOR THE YEAR 1793.

De sacris autem hæc sit una sententia, ut conserventur.
CIC. de Leg.

But let us all concur in this one sentiment, that things sacred be inviolate.

He lives, who lives to God alone,
And all are dead beside;
For other source than God is none
Whence life can be supplied.

To live to God is to requite
His love as best we may:
To make his precepts our delight,
His promises our stay.

But life, within a narrow ring
Of giddy joys compris'd,
Is falsely nam'd, and no such thing,
But rather death disguis'd.

Can life in them deserve the name,
Who only live to prove
For what poor toys they can disclaim
An endless life above?

Who, much diseas'd, yet nothing feel;
  Much menac'd, nothing dread;
Have wounds, which only God can heal,
  Yet never ask his aid?

Who deem his house a useless place,
  Faith, want of common sense;
And ardour in the Christian race,
  A hypocrite's pretence?

Who trample order; and the day,
  Which God asserts his own,
Dishonour with unhallow'd play,
  And worship chance alone?

If scorn of God's commands, impress'd
  On word and deed, imply
The better part of man unbless'd
  With life that cannot die;

Such want it, and that want, uncur'd
  Till man resigns his breath,
Speaks him a criminal, assur'd
  Of everlasting death.

Sad period to a pleasant course!
  Yet so will God repay
Sabbaths profan'd without remorse,
  And mercy cast away.

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE TOMB OF MR. HAMILTON.

PAUSE here, and think: a monitory rhyme
Demands one moment of thy fleeting time.

Consult life's silent clock, thy bounding vein;
Seems it to say—"Health here has long to reign?"
Hast thou the vigour of thy youth? an eye
That beams delight? a heart untaught to sigh?
Yet fear. Youth, ofttimes healthful and at ease,
Anticipates a day it never sees;
And many a tomb, like HAMILTON's aloud
Exclaims, "Prepare thee for an early shroud."

EPITAPH ON A HARE.

Here lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
  Nor swifter greyhound follow,
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
  Nor ear heard huntsman's hallo'.

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
  Who, nurs'd with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confin'd,
  Was still a wild Jack-hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
  His pittance ev'ry night,
He did it with a jealous look,
  And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
  And milk, and oats, and straw;
Thistles, or lettuces instead,
  With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regal'd,
  On pippins' russet peel,
And, when his juicy salads fail'd
  Slic'd carrot pleas'd him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
  Whereon he lov'd to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
  And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at ev'ning hours,
  For then he lost his fear,
But most before approaching show'rs,
  Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round-rolling moons
  He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
  And ev'ry night at play.

I kept him for his humour's sake,
  For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts, that made it ache,
  And force me to a smile.

But now beneath his walnut shade
  He finds his long last home,
And waits, in snug concealment laid,
  Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, still more aged, feels the shocks,
  From which no care can save,
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
  Must soon partake his grave.

EPITAPHIUM ALTERUM.

Hic etiam jacet,
Qui totum novennium vixit,
Puss.
Siste paulisper,
Qui præteriturus es,
Et tecum sic reputa—
Hunc neque canis venaticus,
Nec plumbum missile,
Nec laqueus,
Nec imbres nimii,
Confecêre:
Tamen mortuus est—
Et moriar ego.

ROBERT LLOYD.

BORN 1733—DIED 1764.

ROBERT LLOYD was the son of one of the masters of Westminster school. He studied at Cambridge, and was for some time usher at Westminster, but forsook that employment for the life of an author and the habits of a man of pleasure. His first publication that attracted any notice was the Actor, the reputation of which stimulated Churchill to his Rosciad. He contributed to several periodical works; but was unable by his literary efforts to support the dissipated life which he led with Coleman, Thornton, and other gay associates. His debts brought him to the Fleet, and those companions left him to moralize on the instability of convivial friendships. Churchill however adhered to him, and gave him pecuniary relief, to prevent him from starving in prison. During his confinement he published a volume of his poems; wrote a comic opera, The Capricious Lovers, and took a share in translating the Contes Moraux of Marmontel. When the death of Churchill was announced to him, he exclaimed, "Poor Charles! I shall follow him soon," fell into despondency, and died within a few weeks. Churchill's sister, to whom he was attached, died of a broken heart for his loss.

SELECT POEMS.

CHIT-CHAT,

AN IMITATION OF THEOCRITUS.

IDYLL. XV. Ενδοι Πραξινοα, &c.

Mrs. B. Is Mistress Scott at home, my dear?
Serv. Ma'am, is it you? I'm glad you're here.
My missess, though resolv'd to wait,
Is quite unpatient—'tis so late.
She fancied you would not come down,
—But pray walk in, ma'am—Mrs. Brown.
Mrs. S. Your servant, madam. Well, I swear
I'd giv'n you over.—Child, a chair.
Pray, ma'am, be seated.
Mrs. B. Lard! my dear,
I vow I'm almost dead with fear.
There is such scrouging and such squeeging,
The folks are all so disobliging;
And then the waggons, carts and drays
So clog up all these narrow ways,
What with the bustle and the throng,
I wonder how I got along.
Besides the walk is so immense—
Not that I grudge a coach expense,
But then it jumbles me to death,
—And I was always short of breath.

How can you live so far, my dear?
It's quite a journey to come here.
Mrs. S. Lard! ma'am, I left it all to him;
Husbands, you know, will have their whim.
He took this house.—This house! this den.—
See but the temper of some men.
And I, forsooth, am hither hurl'd,
To live quite out of all the world.
Husband, indeed!
Mrs. B. Hist! lower, pray,
The child hears every word you say.
See how he looks—
Mrs. S. Jacky, come here,
There's a good boy; look up, my dear.
'Twas not papa we talk'd about.
—Surely he cannot find it out.
Mrs. B. See how the urchin holds his hands.
Upon my life he understands.
—There's a sweet child, come, kiss me, come.
Will Jacky have a sugar-plum?
Mrs. S. This person, madam, (call him so,
And then the child will never know)
From house to house would ramble out,
And every night a drunken bout.
For at a tavern he will spend
His twenty shillings with a friend.
Your rabbits fricasseed and chicken,
With curious choice of dainty picking,
Each night got ready at the Crown,
With port and punch to wash 'em down,
Would scarcely serve this belly-glutton,
Whilst we must starve on mutton, mutton.
Mrs. B. My good man, too—Lord bless us! wives
Are born to lead unhappy lives,

Although his profits bring him clear
Almost two hundred pounds a year,
Keeps me of cash so short and bare,
That I have not a gown to wear;
Except my robe and yellow sack,
And this old lutestring on my back.
—But we've no time, my dear, to waste.
Come, where's your cardinal, make haste.
The king, God bless his majesty, I say,
Goes to the house of lords to-day,
In a fine painted coach and eight,
And rides along in all his state.
And then the queen—
Mrs. S. Ay, ay, you know,
Great folks can always make a show.
But tell me, do—I've never seen
Her present majesty, the queen.
Mrs. B. Lard! we've no time for talking now,
Hark!—one—two—three—'tis twelve I vow.
Mrs. S. Kitty, my things,—I'll soon have done,
It's time enough, you know, at one.
—Why, girl! see how the creature stands!
Some water here to wash my hands.
—Be quick—why sure the gipsy sleeps!
—Look how the drawling daudle creeps.
That basin there—why don't you pour?
Go on, I say—stop, stop—no more—
Lud! I could beat the hussy down,
She's pour'd it all upon my gown.
—Bring me my ruffles—canst not mind?
And pin my handkerchief behind.
Sure thou hast awkwardness enough,
Go—fetch my gloves, and fan, and muff.

—Well, heav'n be prais'd—this work is done,
I'm ready now, my dear—let's run.
Girl,—put that bottle on the shelf,
And bring me back the key yourself.
Mrs. B. That clouded silk becomes you much,
I wonder how you meet with such,
But you've a charming taste in dress.
What might it cost you, madam?
Mrs. S. Guess.
Mrs. B. Oh! that's impossible—for I
Am in the world the worst to buy.
Mrs. S. I never love to bargain hard,
Five shillings, as I think, a yard.
—I was afraid it should be gone—
'Twas what I'd set my heart upon.
Mrs. B. Indeed you bargain'd with success,
For it's a most delightful dress.
Besides it fits you to a hair,
And then 'tis slop'd with such an air.
Mrs. S. I'm glad you think so,—Kitty, here,
Bring me my cardinal, my dear.
Jacky, my love, nay don't you cry,
Take you abroad! indeed not I;
For all the bugaboes to fright ye—
Besides the naughty horse will bite ye—
With such a mob about the street,
Bless me, they'll tread you under feet.
Whine as you please, I'll have no blame,
You'd better blubber than be lame.
Kitty, I say, here, take the boy,
And fetch him down the last new toy,
Make him as merry as you can,
——There, go to Kitty—there's a man.
Call in the dog, and shut the door.
Now, ma'am.

Mrs. B. Oh Lard!
Mrs. S. Pray go before.
Mrs. B. I can't indeed, now.
Mrs. S. Madam, pray.
Mrs. B. Well then, for once, I'll lead the way.
Mrs. S. Lard! what an uproar! what a throng!
How shall we do to get along?
What will become of us?—look here,
Here's all the king's horse-guards, my dear.
Let us cross over—haste, be quick,
—Pray, sir, take care—your horse will kick.
He'll kill his rider—he's so wild.
—I'm glad I did not bring the child.
Mrs. B. Don't be afraid, my dear, come on,
Why don't you see the guards are gone?
Mrs. S. Well I begin to draw my breath;
But I was almost scar'd to death;
For where a horse rears up and capers,
It always puts me in the vapours.
For as I live,—nay, don't you laugh,
I'd rather see a toad by half,
They kick and prance, and look so bold,
It makes my very blood run cold.
But let's go forward—come, be quick,
The crowd again grows vastly thick.
Mrs. B. Come you from Palace-yard, old dame?
Old Woman. Troth, do I, my young ladies, why?
Mrs. B. Was it much crowded when you came?
Mrs. S. And is his majesty gone by?
Mrs. B. Can we get in, old lady, pray,
To see him robe himself to-day?
Mrs. S. Can you direct us, dame?
Old Woman. Endeavour.
Troy could not stand a siege forever.

By frequent trying, Troy was won,
All things, by trying, may be done.
Mrs. B. Go thy ways, Proverbs—well, she's gone;
Shall we turn back, or venture on?
Look how the folks press on before,
And throng impatient at the door.
Mrs. S. Perdigious! I can hardly stand.
Lord bless me, Mrs. Brown, your hand;
And you, my dear, take hold of hers,
For we must stick as close as burrs,
Or in this racket, noise and pother,
We certainly shall lose each other.
——Good God! my cardinal and sack
Are almost torn from off my back.
Lard, I shall faint—O lud—my breast—
I'm crush'd to atoms, I protest.
God bless me—I have dropt my fan,
——Pray did you see it, honest man?
Man. I, madam! no,—indeed, I fear
You'll meet with some misfortune here.
—Stand back, I say—pray, sir, forbear—
Why dont you see the ladies there?
Put yourselves under my direction,
Ladies, I'll be your safe protection.
Mrs. S. You're very kind, sir; truly few
Are half so complaisant as you.
We shall be glad at any day
This obligation to repay,
And you'll be always sure to meet
A welcome, sir, in—Lard the street
Bears such a name, I can't tell how
To tell him where I live, I vow.
—Mercy! what's all this noise and stir?
Pray is the king a coming, sir?

Man. No—don't you hear the people shout?
'Tis Mr. Pitt, just *going out.*
Mrs. B. Ay, there he goes, pray heav'n bless him!
Well may the people all caress him.
—Lord how my husband us'd to sit,
And drink success to honest Pitt,
And happy o'er his evening cheer,
Cry, "you shall pledge this toast, my dear."
Man. Hist—silence—dont you hear the drumming?
Now, ladies, now, the king's a coming.
There, don't you see the guards approach?
Mrs. B. Which is the king?
Mrs. S. Which is the coach?
Scotchman. Which is the Noble earl of Bute?
Geud-faith, I'll *gi* him a salute.
For he's the *Laird of aw our clan,*
Troth, he's a *bonny muckle man.*
Man. Here comes the coach, so very slow
As if it ne'er was made to go,
In all the gingerbread of state,
And staggering under its own weight.
Mrs. S. Upon my word, its monstrous fine!
Would half the gold upon't were mine!
How gaudy all the gilding shows!
It puts one's eyes out as it goes.
What a rich glare of various hues,
What shining yellows, scarlets, blues!
It must have cost a heavy price;
'Tis like a mountain drawn by mice.
Mrs. B. So painted, gilded and so large,
Bless me! 'tis like my lord mayor's barge.

And so it is—look how it reels!
'Tis nothing else—a barge on wheels.
Man. Large! it can't pass St. James's gate,
So big the coach, the arch so strait,
It might be made to rumble through
And pass as other coaches do.
Could they a *body*-coachman get
So most preposterously fit,
Who'd undertake (and no rare thing)
Without a *head* to drive the king.
Mrs. S. Lard! what are those two ugly things
There—with their hands upon the springs,
Filthy, as ever eyes beheld,
With naked breasts, and faces swell'd?
What could the saucy maker mean,
To put such things to fright the queen?
Man. Oh! they are gods, ma'am, which you see,
Of the Marine Society,
Tritons, which in the ocean dwell,
And only rise to blow their shell.
Mrs. S. Gods, d'ye call those filthy men?
Why don't they go to sea again?
Pray, tell me, sir, you understand,
What do these Tritons do on land?
Mrs. B. And what are they? those hindmost things,
Men, fish, and birds, with flesh, scales, wings?
Man. Oh, they are gods too, like the others,
All of one family and brothers,
Creatures, which seldom come a-shore,
Nor seen about the king before.
For show, they wear the yellow hue,
Their proper colour is true-blue.

Mrs. S. Lord bless us! what's this noise about?
Lord, what a tumult and a rout!
How the folks hollow, hiss, and hoot!
Well—Heav'n preserve the Earl of Bute!
I cannot stay, indeed, not I,
If there's a riot I shall die.
Let's make for any house we can,
Do—give us shelter, honest man.

Mrs. B. I wonder'd where you was, my dear,
I thought I should have died with fear.
This noise and racketing and hurry
Has put my nerves in such a flurry!
I could not think where you was got,
I thought I'd lost you, Mrs. Scot;
Where's Mrs. Tape, and Mr. Grin
Lard, I'm so glad we're all got in.

ROBERT FERGUSSON.

BORN 1750.—DIED 1774.

THIS unfortunate young man, who died in a madhouse at the age of twenty-four, left some pieces of considerable humour and originality in the Scottish dialect. Burns, who took the hint of his Cotter's Saturday Night from Fergusson's Farmer's Ingle, seems to have esteemed him with an exaggerated partiality, which can only be accounted for by his having perused him in his youth. On his first visit to Edinburgh, Burns traced out the grave of Fergusson, and placed a monument over it at his own expense, inscribed with verses of appropriate feeling.

Fergusson was born at Edinburgh, where his father held the office of accountant to the British Linen-hall. He was educated partly at the high-school of Edinburgh, and partly at the grammar-school of Dundee, after which a bursary, or exhibition, was obtained for him at the university of St. Andrew's, where he soon distinguished himself as a youth of promising genius. His eccentricity was, unfortunately, of equal growth with his talents; and on one occasion, having taken part in an affray among the students, that broke out at the distribution of the prizes, he was selected as one of the leaders, and expelled from college; but was received back again upon promises of future good behaviour. On leaving college he found himself

destitute, by the death of his father, and after a fruitless attempt to obtain support from an uncle at Aberdeen, he returned on foot to his mother's house at Edinburgh, half dead with the fatigue of the journey, which brought on an illness that had nearly proved fatal to his delicate frame. On his recovery he was received as a clerk in the commissary clerk's office, where he did not continue long, but exchanged it for the same situation in the office of the sheriff clerk, and there he remained as long as his health and habits admitted of any application to business. Had he possessed ordinary prudence he might have lived by the drudgery of copying papers; but the appearance of some of his poems having gained him a flattering notice, he was drawn into dissipated company, and became a wit, a songster, a mimic, and a free liver; and finally, after fits of penitence and religious despondency, went mad. When committed to the receptacle of the insane, a consciousness of his dreadful fate seemed to come over him. At the moment of his entrance, he uttered a wild cry of despair, which was re-echoed by a shout from all the inmates of the dismal mansion, and left an impression of inexpressible horror on the friends who had the task of attending him. His mother, being in extreme poverty, had no other mode of disposing of him. A remittance, which she received a few days after, from a more fortunate son, who was abroad, would have enabled her to support the expense of affording him attendance in her own house; but the aid did not arrive till the poor maniac had expired.

SELECT POEMS.

THE FARMER'S INGLE.

Et multo imprimis hilarans convivia Baccho,
Ante focum, si frigus erit. VIRG. Buc.

WHAN gloamin grey out owre the welkin keeks;[1]
Whan Batie ca's his owsen[2] to the byre;
Whan Thrasher John, sair dung,[3] his barn-door steeks,[4]
An' lusty lasses at the dightin'[5] tire;
What bangs[6] fu' leal the e'enin's coming cauld,
An' gars snaw-tappit Winter freeze in vain:
Gars[7] dowie mortals look baith blithe an' bauld,
Nor fley'd[8] wi' a' the poortith o' the plain?
Begin, my Muse! and chaunt in hamely strain.

Frae the big stack, weel winnow't on the hill,
Wi' divots theekit[9] frae the weet an' drift;
Sods, peats, and heathery turfs the chimley[10] fill.
An' gar their thickening smeek[11] salute the lift.

1 Peeps. 2 Oxen. 3 Fatigued. 4 Shuts. 5 Cleansing. 6 *What bangs fu' leal*—what shuts out most comfortably. 7 Makes. 8 Frightened. 9 Thatched with turf. 10 Chimney. 11 Smoke.

The gudeman, new come hame, is blithe to find,
  Whan he out owre the hallan[1] flings his een,
That ilka turn is handled to his mind;
  That a' his housie looks sae cosh[2] an' clean;
  For cleanly house loes he, though e'er sae mean.

Weel kens the gudewife, that the pleughs require
  A heartsome meltith,[3] an' refreshin' synd[4]
O' nappy liquor, owre a bleazin' fire:
  Sair wark an' poortith downa[5] weel be join'd.
Wi' butter'd bannocks now the girdle[6] reeks;
  I' the far nook the bowie[7] briskly reams;
The readied kail[8] stands by the chimley cheeks,
  An' haud the riggin' het wi weleome streams,
  Whilk than the daintiest kitchen[9] nicer seems.

Frae this, lat gentler gabs[10] a lesson lear,
  Wad they to labouring lend an eident[11] hand,
They'd rax fell strang upo' the simplest fare,
  Nor find their stamacks ever at a stand.
Fu' hale an' healthy wad they pass the day;
  At night, in ealmest slumbers dose fu' sound;
Nor doctor need their weary life to spae,[12]
  Nor drogs their noddle and their sense confound,
  Till death slip sleely on, an' gie the hindmost
    wound.

On sicken food has mony a doughty deed
  By Caledonia's aneestors been done;

1 The inner wall of a cottage. 2 Comfortable. 3 Meal. 4 Drink. 5 Should not. 6 A flat iron for toasting cakes. 7 Beer-barrel. 8 Broth with greens. 9 *Kitchen* here means what is eat with bread; there is no English word for it; *obsonium* is the Latin. 10 Palates. 11 Assiduous. 12 Foretell.

By this did mony a wight fu' weirlike bleed
  In brulzies[1] frac the dawn to set o' sun.
'Twas this that braced their gardies[2] stiff an' strang;
  That bent the deadly yew in ancient days;
Laid Denmark's daring sons on yird[3] alang;
  Gar'd Scotish thristles bang the Roman bays:
  For near our crest their heads they dought na raise.

The couthy cracks[4] begin whan supper's owre;
  The cheering bicker[5] gars them glibly gash[6]
O' Simmer's showery blinks, an' Winter's sour,
  Whase floods did erst their mailin's produce hash.[7]
'Bout kirk an' market eke their tales gae on;
  How Jock woo'd Jenny here to be his bride;
An' there, how Marion, for a bastard son,
  Upo' the cotty-stool was forced to ride;
  The waefu' scauld o' our Mess John to bide.

The fient a cheep[8] 's amang the bairnies now;
  For a' their anger's wi' their hunger gane:
Ay maun the childer, wi' a fastin' mou,
  Grumble an' greet, an' mak an unco maen.[9]
In rangles[10] round, before the ingle's low,
  Frae gudame's[11] mouth auld warld tales they hear,
O' warlocks loupin round the wirrikow:[12]

1 In contests. 2 Arms. 3 Earth. 4 Pleasant talk. 5 The cup. 6 Chat. 7 Destroy the produce of their farms. 8 Not a whimper. 9 Moan. 10 Circles. 11 Grandame. 12 Scare-crow.

O' ghaists, that win[1] in glen an kirkyard drear,
Whilk touzles a' their tap, an' gars them shake
wi' fear!

For weel she trows, that fiends an' fairies be
Sent frae the deil to fleetch[2] us to our ill;
That ky hae tint[3] their milk wi' evil ee;
An' corn been scowder'd[4] on the glowin' kiln.
O mock nae this, my friends! but rather mourn,
Ye in life's brawest spring wi' reason clear;
Wi' eild[5] our idle fancies a' return,
And dim our dolefu' days wi' bairnly[6] fear;
The mind's ay cradled whan the grave is near.

Yet Thrift, industrious, bides her latest days,
Though Age her sair-dow'd front wi' runcles
wave;
Yet frae the russet lap the spindle plays;
Her e'enin stent[7] reels she as weel's the lave.[8]
On some feast-day, the wee things buskit braw,
Shall heese her heart up wi' a silent joy,
Fu' cadgie that her head was up an' saw
Her ain spun cleedin' on a darlin' oy;[9]
Careless though death shou'd mak the feast her
foy.[10]

In its auld lerroch[11] yet the deas[12] remains,
Where the gudeman aft streeks[13] him at his ease;
A warm and canny lean for weary banes
O' labourers doylt upo' the wintry leas.

1 Abide. 2 Entice. 3 Lost. 4 Scorched. 5 Age. 6 Childish. 7 Task. 8 The rest. 9 Grandchild. 10 Her farewell entertainment. 11 Corner. 12 Bench. 13 Stretches.

Round him will baudrins[1] an' the collie come,
  To wag their tail, and cast a thankfu' ee,
To him wha kindly flings them mony a crum
  O' kebbuck[2] whang'd, an' dainty fadge[3] to prie;[4]
  This a' the boon they crave, an' a' the fee.

Frae him the lads their mornin' counsel tak;
  What stacks he wants to thrash, what rigs to till;
How big a birn[5] maun lie on bassie's[6] back,
  For meal an' mu'ter[7] to the thirlin' mill.
Niest, the gudewife her hirelin' damsels bids
  Glowr through the byre, an' see the hawkies[8] bound;
Tak tent, case Crummy tak her wonted tids,[9]
  An' ca' the laiglen's[10] treasure on the ground;
  Whilk spills a kebbuck nice, or yellow pound.

Then a' the house for sleep begin to green,[11]
  Their joins to slack frae industry a while;
The leaden god fa's heavy on their een,
  An' hafflins steeks them frae their daily toil:
The cruizy,[12] too, can only blink and bleer;
  The restit ingle's done the maist it dow;
Tacksman an' cottar eke to bed maun steer,
  Upo' the cod[13] to clear their drumly pow,[14]
  Till wauken'd by the dawnin's ruddy glow.

Peace to the husbandman, an' a' his tribe,
  Whase care fells a' our wants frae year to year!
Lang may his sock[15] and cou'ter turn the gleyb,[16]
  An' banks o' corn hend down wi' laded ear!

1 The cat. 2 Young cheese. 3 Loaf. 4 To taste. 5 Burthen. 6 The horse. 7 The miller's perquisite. 8 Cows. 9 Fits. 10 The milk-pail. 11 To long. 12 The lamp. 13 Pillow. 14 Thick heads. 15 Ploughshare. 16 Soil.

May Scotia's simmers ay look gay an' green;
  Her yellow ha'rsts frae scowry blasts decreed!
May a' her tenants sit fu' snug an' bien,[1]
  Frae the hard grip o' ails, and poortith freed;
  An' a lang lasting train o' peacefu' hours succeed!

1 Comfortable.

—— RICHARDSON,

OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

ODE TO A SINGING BIRD.

O Thou that glad'st my lonesome hours,
With many a wildly warbled song,
When Melancholy round me low'rs,
And drives her sullen storms along;
When fell Adversity prepares
To lead her delegated train,
Pale Sickness, Want, Remorse, and Pain,
With all her host of carking cares—
The fiends ordain'd to tame the human soul,
And give the humbled heart to sympathy's control;

Sweet soother of my mis'ry, say,
Why dost thou clap thy joyous wing?
Why dost thou pour that artless lay?
How canst thou, little prisoner, sing?
Hast thou not cause to grieve
That man, unpitying man! has rent
From thee the boon which Nature meant
Thou should'st, as well as he, receive—
The pow'r to woo thy partner in the grove,
To build where instinct points, where chance directs to rove?

Perchance, unconscious of thy fate,
And to the woes of bondage blind,
Thou never long'st to join thy mate,
Nor wishest to be unconfin'd;
Then how relentless he,
And fit for every foul offence,
Who could bereave such innocence
Of life's best blessing, Liberty!
Who lur'd thee, guileful, to his treacherous snare,
To live a tuneful slave, and dissipate his care!

But why for thee this fond complaint?
Above thy master thou art blest:
Art thou not free?—Yes: calm Content
With olive sceptre sways thy breast:
Then deign with me to live;
The falcon with insatiate maw,
With hooked bill and griping claw,
Shall ne'er thy destiny contrive;
And every tabby foe shall mew in vain,
While pensively demure she hears thy melting strain.

Nor shall the fiend, fell Famine, dare
Thy wiry tenement assail;
These, these shall be my constant care,
The limpid fount, and temperate meal;
And when the blooming Spring
In chequer'd liv'ry robes the fields,
The fairest flow'rets Nature yields
To thee officious will I bring;
A garland rich thy dwelling shall entwine,
And Flora's freshest gifts, thrice happy bird, be thine!

From drear Oblivion's gloomy cave
The powerful Muse shall wrest thy name,
And bid thee live beyond the grave—
This meed she knows thy merits claim;
She knows thy liberal heart
Is ever ready to dispense
The tide of bland benevolence,
And melody's soft aid impart;
Is ready still to prompt the magic lay,
Which hushes all our griefs, and charms our pains away.

Erewhile when, brooding o'er my soul,
Frown'd the black demons of despair,
Did not thy voice that pow'r control,
And oft suppress the rising tear?
If fortune should be kind,
If e'er with affluence I'm blest,
I'll often seek some friend distrest,
And when the weeping wretch I find,
Then, tuneful moralist, I'll copy thee,
And solace all his woes with social sympathy.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

BORN 1723.—DIED 1780.

THE

LAWYER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE.

As, by some tyrant's stern command,
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemn'd to roam
An endless exile from his home;
Pensive he treads the destin'd way,
And dreads to go, nor dares to stay;
Till on some neighbouring mountain's brow
He stops, and turns his eyes below;
There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu:
So I, thus doom'd from thee to part,
Gay queen of Fancy, and of Art,
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
Oft stop, and often look behind.

Companion of my tender age,
Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,
How blithsome were we wont to rove
By verdant hill or shady grove,
Where fervent bees, with humming voice,
Around the honey'd oak rejoice,

And aged elms, with awful bend,
In long cathedral walks extend!
Lull'd by the lapse of gliding floods,
Cheer'd by the warbling of the woods,
How blest my days, my thoughts how free,
In sweet society with thee!
Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded roll'd along:
But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
These scenes must charm me now no more.
Lost to the fields, and torn from you,—
Farewell, a long, a last adieu.
Me wrangling courts, and stubborn law,
To smoke, and crowds, and cities draw:
There selfish faction rules the day,
And pride and avarice throng the way;
Diseases taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare;
Loose Revelry, and Riot bold
In frighted streets their orgies hold;
Or, where in silence all is drown'd,
Fell Murder walks his lonely round;
No room for peace, no room for you,
Adieu, celestial nymph, adieu!

Shakspeare no more, thy sylvan son,
Nor all the art of Addison,
Pope's heaven-strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
Nor Milton's mighty self must please:
Instead of these, a formal band
In furs, and coifs around me stand:
With sounds uncouth and accents dry,
That grate the soul of harmony,

Each pedant sage unlocks his store
Of mystic, dark, discordant lore;
And points with tottering hand the ways
That lead me to the thorny maze.

There, in a winding close retreat,
Is justice doom'd to fix her seat;
There, fenc'd by bulwarks of the law,
She keeps the wondering world in awe;
And there, from vulgar sight retir'd,
Like eastern queens, is more admir'd.

O let me pierce the secret shade
Where dwells the venerable maid!
There humbly mark, with reverent awe,
The guardian of Britannia's law;
Unfold with joy her sacred page,
The' united boast of many an age;
Where mix'd, yet uniform, appears
The wisdom of a thousand years.
In that pure spring, the bottom view,
Clear, deep, and regularly true;
And other doctrines thence imbibe
Than lurk within the sordid scribe;
Observe how parts with parts unite
In one harmonious rule of right;
See countless wheels distinctly tend
By various laws to one great end:
While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
Pervades, and regulates the whole.

Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
The visage wan, the poreblind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp at night,

The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling Hall,
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!
Thus, though my noon of life be past,
Yet let my setting sun, at last,
Find out the still, the rural cell,
Where sage Retirement loves to dwell!
There let me taste the homefelt bliss
Of innocence, and inward peace;
Untainted by the guilty bribe,
Uncurs'd amid the harpy tribe;
No orphan's cry to wound my ear;
My honour, and my conscience clear;
Thus may I calmly meet my end,
Thus to the grave in peace descend.

RICHARD JAGO.

BORN 1715—DIED 1781.

THE Rev. RICHARD JAGO was vicar of Snitterfield, near Stratford on Avon. Shenstone, who knew him at Oxford, where Jago was a sizer, used to visit him privately, it being thought beneath the dignity of a commoner to be intimate with a student of that rank, and continued his friendship for him through life.

SELECT POEMS.

THE BLACKBIRDS.

AN ELEGY.

The Sun had chas'd the mountain snow,
  His beams had pierc'd the stubborn soil,
The melting streams began to flow,
  And ploughmen urg'd their annual toil.

'Twas then, amidst the vocal throng,
  Whom Nature wak'd to mirth and love,
A blackbird rais'd his am'rous song,
  And thus it echo'd through the grove.

"O fairest of the feather'd train!
  For whom I sing, for whom I burn,
Attend with pity to my strain,
  And grant my love a kind return.

"For see, the wintry storms are flown,
  And zephyrs gently fan the air;
Let us the genial influence own,
  Let us the vernal pastime share.

"The raven plumes his jetty wing,
  To please his croaking paramour,
The larks responsive carols sing,
  And tell their passion as they soar:

"But does the raven's sable wing
  Excel the glossy jet of mine?
Or can the lark more sweetly sing,
  Than we, who strength with softness join?

"O let me then thy steps attend!
  I'll point new treasures to thy sight:
Whether the grove thy wish befriend,
  Or edge-rows green, or meadows bright.

"I'll guide thee to the clearest rill,
  Whose streams among the pebbles stray;
There will we sip, and sip our fill,
  Or on the flow'ry margin play.

"I'll lead thee to the thickest brake,
  Impervious to the schoolboy's eye;
For thee the plaster'd nest I'll make,
  And to thy downy bosom fly.

"When, prompted by a mother's care,
  Thy warmth shall form the' imprison'd young;
The pleasing task I'll gladly share,
  Or cheer thy labours with a song.

"To bring thee food I'll range the fields,
  And cull the best of ev'ry kind,
Whatever Nature's bounty yields,
  And love's assiduous care can find.

"And when my lovely mate would stray,
  To taste the summer sweets at large,
I'll wait at home the live-long day,
  And fondly tend our little charge.

"Then prove with me the sweets of love,
  With me divide the cares of life,
No bush shall boast in all the grove,
  A mate so fond, so bless'd a wife."

He ceas'd his song—the plumy dame
  Heard with delight the love-sick strain,
Nor long conceal'd the mutual flame,
  Nor long repress'd his am'rous pain.

He led her to the nuptial bow'r,
  And perch'd with triumph by her side;
What gilded roof could boast that hour
  A fonder mate, or happier bride?

Next morn he wak'd her with a song,
  "Behold," he said, "the new-born day,
The lark his matin-peal has rung,
  Arise, my love, and come away."

Together through the fields they stray'd,
  And to the murm'ring riv'let's side,
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd, and play'd
  With artless joy, and decent pride.

When, O! with grief my Muse relates
  What dire misfortune clos'd the tale,
Sent by an order from the Fates,
  A gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cried, "My dear,
  Haste, haste away, from danger fly;
Here, gunner, point thy thunder here,
  O spare my love, and let me die."

At him the gunner took his aim,
  Too sure the volley'd thunder flew!
O had he chose some other game,
  Or shot—as he was wont to do!

Divided pair! forgive the wrong,
  While I with tears your fate rehearse,
I'll join the widow's plaintive song,
  And save the lover in my verse.

THE GOLDFINCHES.

AN ELEGY.

TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

——— Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

To you, whose groves protect the feather'd choirs,
  Who lend their artless notes a willing ear,
To you, whom pity moves, and taste inspires,
  The Doric strain belongs, O Shenstone hear.

'Twas gentle spring, when all the plumy race,
  By Nature taught, in nuptial leagues combine,
A goldfinch joy'd to meet the warm embrace,
  And with her mate in love's delights to join.

All in a garden, on a currant bush,
  With wondrous art they built their airy seat;
In the next orchard liv'd a friendly thrush,
  Nor distant far a woodlark's soft retreat.

Here bless'd with ease, and in each other bless'd,
  With early songs they wak'd the neighb'ring groves,
Till time matur'd their joys, and crown'd their nest
  With infant pledges of their faithful loves.

And now what transport glow'd in either's eye?
  What equal fondness dealt the' allotted food?
What joy each other's likeness to descry,
  And future sonnets in the chirping brood!

But ah! what earthly happiness can last?
  How does the fairest purpose often fail?
A truant schoolboy's wantonness could blast
  Their flattering hopes, and leave them both to wail.

The most ungentle of his tribe was he,
  No gen'rous precept ever touch'd his heart,
With concord false, and hideous prosody,
  He scrawl'd his task, and blunder'd o'er his part.

On mischief bent, he mark'd, with rav'nous eyes,
  Where wrapp'd in down the callow songsters lay,
Then rushing, rudely seiz'd the glitt'ring prize,
  And bore it in his impious hands away!

But how shall I describe, in numbers rude,
  The pangs for poor Chrysomitris decreed,
When from her secret stand aghast she view'd
  The cruel spoiler perpetrate the deed?

"O grief of griefs!" with shrieking voice she cried,
  "What sight is this that I have liv'd to see!
O! that I had in youth's fair season died,
  From love's false joys and bitter sorrows free.

"Was it for this, alas! with weary bill,
Was it for this I pois'd the' unwieldy straw?
For this I bore the moss from yonder hill,
Nor shun'd the pond'rous stick along to draw?

"Was it for this I pick'd the wool with care,
Intent with nicer skill our work to crown?
For this, with pain, I bent the stubborn hair,
And lin'd our cradle with the thistle's down?

"Was it for this my freedom I resign'd,
And ceas'd to rove at large from plain to plain?
For this I sat at home whole days confin'd,
To bear the scorching heat, and pealing rain?

"Was it for this my watchful eyes grow dim?
For this the roses on my cheek turn pale?
Pale is my golden plumage, once so trim!
And all my wonted mirth and spirits fail!

"O plund'rer vile! O more than adders fell!
More murth'rous than the cat, with prudish face!
Fiercer than kites in whom the furies dwell,
And thievish as the cuckoo's pilf'ring race!

"May juicy plums for thee forbear to grow,
For thee no flow'r unveil its charming dies;
May birch-trees thrive to work thee sharper woe,
And list'ning starlings mock thy frantic cries."

Thus sang the mournful bird her piteous tale,
The piteous tale her mournful mate return'd,
Then side by side they sought the distant vale,
And there in secret sadness inly mourn'd.

THE SWALLOWS.

AN ELEGY.

PART I.

Ere yellow autumn from our plains retir'd,
And gave to wintry storms the varied year,
The swallow race with prescient gift inspir'd,
To southern climes prepar'd their course to steer.

On Damon's roof a large assembly sate,
His roof a refuge to the feather'd kind!
With serious look he mark'd the grave debate,
And to his Delia thus address'd his mind:

"Observe yon twitt'ring flock, my gentle maid!
Observe, and read the wondrous ways of Heav'n!
With us through summer's genial reign they stay'd,
And food and sunshine to their wants were giv'n.

"But now, by secret instinct taught, they know
The near approach of elemental strife,
Of blust'ring tempests, and of chilling snow,
With every pang and scourge of tender life.

"Thus warn'd they meditate a speedy flight,
For this ev'n now they prune their vig'rous wing,
For this each other to the toil excite,
And prove their strength in many a sportive ring.

"No sorrow loads their breast, or dims their eye,
To quit their wonted haunts, or native home,
Nor fear they launching on the boundless sky,
In search of future settlements to roam.

"They feel a pow'r, an impulse all divine,
  That warns them hence; they feel it, and obey;
To this direction all their cares resign,
  Unknown their destin'd stage, unmark'd their way.

"Peace to your flight! ye mild, domestic race!
  O! for your wings to travel with the Sun!
Health brace your nerves, and zephyrs aid your pace,
  Till your long voyage happily be done.

"See, Delia, on my roof your guests to-day,
  To-morrow on my roof your guests no more,
Ere yet 'tis night with haste they wing away,
  To-morrow lands them on some happier shore."

How just the moral in this scene convey'd!
  And what without a moral? would we read!
Then mark what Damon tells his gentle maid,
  And with his lesson register the deed.

So youthful joys fly like the summer's gale,
  So threats the winter of inclement age,
Life's busy plot a short, fantastic tale!
  And Nature's changeful scenes the shifting stage!

And does no friendly pow'r to man dispense
  The joyful tidings of some happier clime?
Find we no guide in gracious Providence
  Beyond the gloomy grave, and short-liv'd time?

Yes, yes, the sacred oracles we hear,
  That point the path to realms of endless joy,
That bid our trembling hearts no danger fear,
  Though clouds surround, and angry skies annoy.

Then let us wisely for our flight prepare,
  Nor count this stormy world our fix'd abode,
Obey the call, and trust our leader's care,
  To smooth the rough, and light the darksome road.

Moses, by grant divine, led Israel's host
  Through dreary paths to Jordan's fruitful side;
But we a loftier theme than theirs can boast,
  A better promise, and a nobler guide.

PART II.

At length the winter's howling blasts are o'er,
  Array'd in smiles the lovely spring returns,
Now fuel'd hearths attractive blaze no more,
  And every breast with inward fervour burns.

Again the daisies peep, the violets blow,
  Again the vocal tenants of the grove,
Forgot the patt'ring hail or driving snow,
  Renew the lay to melody and love.

"And see, my Delia, see o'er yonder stream,
  Where, on the bank, the lambs in gambols play,
Alike attracted by the sunny gleam,
  Again the swallows take their wonted way.

"Welcome, ye gentle tribe, your sports pursue,
  Welcome again to Delia and to me,
Your peaceful councils on my roof renew,
  And plan new settlements from danger free.

"Again I'll listen to your grave debates,
Again I'll hear your twitt'ring songs unfold
What policy directs your wand'ring states,
What bounds are settled, and what tribes enroll'd.

"Again I'll hear you tell of distant lands,
What insect nations rise from Egypt's mud,
What painted swarms subsist on Libya's sands,
What Ganges yields, and what the' Euphratean flood.

"Thrice happy race! whom Nature's call invites
To travel o'er her realms with active wing,
To taste her various stores, her best delights,
The summer's radiance, and the sweets of spring.

"While we are doom'd to bear the restless change
Of varying seasons, vapours dank and dry,
Forbid like you in milder climes to range,
When wintry storms usurp the low'ring sky.

"Yet know the period to your joys assign'd,
Know ruin hovers o'er this earthly ball,
As lofty tow'rs stoop prostrate to the wind,
Its secret props of adamant shall fall.

"But when yon radiant Sun shall shine no more,
The spirit, freed from sin's tyrannic sway,
On lighter pinions borne than yours, shall soar
To fairer realms, beneath a brighter ray.

"To plains ethereal, and celestial bow'rs,
Where wintry storms no rude access obtain,
Where blasts no lightning, and no tempest low'rs,
But ever-smiling spring and pleasure reign."

WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.

BORN 1715.—DIED 1785.

VARIETY.

A TALE FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

"Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te."

MAR.

I can't live with you, or without you.

A GENTLE maid, of rural breeding,
By nature first, and then by reading,
Was fill'd with all those soft sensations
Which we restrain in near relations,
Lest future husbands should be jealous,
And think their wives too fond of fellows.
  The morning sun beheld her rove
A nymph or goddess of the grove!
At eve she pac'd the dewy lawn,
And call'd each clown she saw, a fawn!
Then, scudding homeward, lock'd her door,
And turn'd some copious volume o'er.
For much she read; and chiefly those
Great authors, who in verse or prose,
Or something betwixt both, unwind
The secret springs which move the mind.

These much she read; and thought she knew
The human heart's minutest clue;
Yet shrewd observers still declare,
(To show how shrewd observers are)
Though plays, which breath'd heroic flame,
And novels, in profusion, came,
Imported fresh and fresh from France,
She only read the heart's romance.
  The world, no doubt, was well enough
To smooth the manners of the rough;
Might please the giddy and the vain,
Those tinsell'd slaves of folly's train:
But, for her part, the truest taste
She found, was in retirement plac'd,
Where, as in verse it sweetly flows,
"On every thorn instruction grows."
  Not that she wish'd to "be alone,"
As some affected prudes have done;
She knew it was decreed on high
We should "increase and multiply;"
And therefore, if kind fate would grant
Her fondest wish, her only want;
A cottage with the man she lov'd
Was what her gentle heart approv'd;
In some delightful solitude,
Where step profane might ne'er intrude;
But Hymen guard the sacred ground,
And virtuous Cupids hover round.
Not such as flutter on a fan
Round Crete's vile bull, or Leda's swan,
(Who scatter myrtles, scatter roses,
And hold their fingers to their noses,)
But simpering, mild, and innocent
As angels on a monument.

Fate heard her prayer; a lover came,
Who felt, like her, the' innoxious flame;
One who had trod, as well as she,
The flowery paths of poesy:
Had warm'd himself with Milton's heat,
Could every line of Pope repeat,
Or chant in Shenstone's tender strains,
"The lover's hopes, the lover's pains."
Attentive to the charmer's tongue,
With him she thought no evening long;
With him she saunter'd half the day:
And sometimes, in a laughing way,
Ran o'er the catalogue by rote
Of who might marry, and who not.
"Consider, sir, we're near relations—"
"I hope so in our inclinations.—"
In short, she look'd, she blush'd consent:
He grasp'd her hand, to church they went;
And every matron that was there,
With tongue so voluble and supple,
Said, for her part, she must declare,
She never saw a finer couple.
O halcyon days! 'twas nature's reign,
'Twas Tempe's vale, and Enna's plain,
The fields assum'd unusual bloom,
And ev'ry zephyr breath'd perfume.
The laughing sun with genial beams
Danc'd lightly on the' exulting streams;
And the pale regent of the night,
In dewy softness shed delight.
'Twas transport not to be exprest;
'Twas paradise!—but mark the rest.
Two smiling springs had wak'd the flow'rs
That paint the meads, or fringe the bow'rs,

(Ye lovers, lend your wondering ears,
Who count by months, and not by years)
Two smilings springs had chaplets wove
To crown their solitude, and love:
When lo! they find, they can't tell how,
Their walks are not so pleasant now.
The seasons sure were chang'd; the place
Had, somehow, got a different face.
Some blast had struck the cheerful scene;
The lawns, the woods were not so green.
The purling rill, which murmur'd by,
And once was liquid harmony,
Became a sluggish, reedy pool:
The days grew hot, the evenings cool.
The moon with all the starry reign
Were melancholy's silent train:
And then the tedious winter night—
They could not read by candlelight.
  Full oft, unknowing why they did,
They call'd in adventitious aid.
A faithful favourite dog ('twas thus
With Tobit, and Telemachus)
Amus'd their steps; and for a while
They view'd his gambols with a smile.
The kitten too was comical,
She play'd so oddly with her tail,
Or in the glass was pleas'd to find
Another cat, and peep'd behind.
  A courteous neighbour at the door
Was deem'd intrusive noise no more.
For rural visits, now and then,
Are right, as men must live with men.
Then cousin Jenny, fresh from town,
  A new recruit, a dear delight!

Made many a heavy hour go down,
  At morn, at noon, at eve, at night:
Sure they could hear her jokes for ever,
She was so sprightly, and so clever!
  Yet neighbours were not quite the thing;
What joy, alas! could converse bring
With awkward creatures bred at home—
The dog grew dull, or troublesome,
The cat had spoil'd the kitten's merit,
And, with her youth, had lost her spirit:
And jokes repeated o'er and o'er,
Had quite exhausted Jenny's store:
—"And then, my dear, I can't abide
This always sauntering side by side."—
"Enough, (he cries) the reason's plain:
For causes never rack your brain.
Our neighbours are like other folks,
Skip's playful tricks, and Jenny's jokes,
Are still delightful, still would please,
Were we, my dear, ourselves at ease.
Look round, with an impartial eye,
On yonder fields, on yonder sky;
The azure cope, the flowers below
With all their wonted colours glow.
The rill still murmurs; and the moon
Shines, as she did, a softer sun.
No change has made the seasons fail,
No comet brush'd us with his tail.
The scene's the same, the same the weather—
We live, my dear, too much together."
  Agreed. A rich old uncle dies,
And added wealth the means supplies.
With eager haste to town they flew,
Where all must please, for all was new.

But here, by strict poetic laws,
Description claims its proper pause.
The rosy morn had rais'd her head
From old Tithonus' saffron bed;
And embryo sunbeams from the east,
Half chok'd, were struggling through the mist,
When forth advanc'd the gilded chaise,
The village crowded round to gaze.
The pert postilion, now promoted
From driving plough, and neatly booted,
His jacket, cap, and baldric on,
(As greater folks than he have done)
Look'd round; and with a coxcomb air,
Smack'd loud his lash. The happy pair
Bow'd graceful, from a separate door,
And Jenny, from the stool before.
Roll swift, ye wheels! to willing eyes
New objects every moment rise.
Each carriage passing on the road,
From the broad waggon's pondrous load
To the light car, where mounted high
The giddy driver seems to fly,
Were themes for harmless satire fit,
And gave fresh force to Jenny's wit.
Whate'er occurr'd, 'twas all delightful,
No noise was harsh, no danger frightful.
The dash and splash through thick and thin,
The hair-breadth 'scapes, the bustling inn,
(Where well-bred landlords were so ready
To welcome in the 'squire and lady)
Dirt, dust, and sun, they bore with ease,
Determin'd to be pleas'd, and please.
Now nearer town, and all agog,
They know dear London by its fog.

Bridges they cross, through lanes they wind,
Leave Hounslow's dangerous heath behind,
Through Brentford win a passage free,
By roaring, Wilkes and liberty!
At Knightsbridge bless the shortening way,
(Where Bayes's troops in ambush lay)
O'er Piccadilly's pavement glide,
(With palaces to grace its side)
Till Bond-street, with its lamps a-blaze,
Concludes the journey of three days.
  Why should we paint, in tedious song,
How every day, and all day long,
They drove at first with curious haste
Through Lud's vast town: or, as they pass'd
Midst risings, fallings, and repairs
Of streets on streets, and squares on squares,
Describe how strong their wonder grew
At buildings—and at builders too.
  Scarce less astonishment arose
At architects more fair than those—
Who built as high, as widely spread
The' enormous loads that cloth'd their head.
For British dames new follies love,
And if they can't invent, improve.
Some with erect pagodas vie,
Some nod, like Pisa's tower, awry.
Medusa's snakes, with Pallas' crest,
Convolv'd, contorted, and compress'd;
With intermingling trees, and flow'rs,
And corn and grass, and shepherds' bow'rs,
Stage above stage the turrets run,
Like pendant groves of Babylon,
Till nodding from the topmost wall
Otranto's plumes envelope all!

While the black eyes, who own'd the hair,
Feed harmless on, in pastures fair,
Unconscious that their tails perfume,
In scented curls, the drawing-room.
  When night her murky pinions spread,
And sober folks retire to bed,
To every public place they flew,
Where Jenny told them who was who.
Money was always at command,
And tripp'd with pleasure hand and hand.
Money was equipage, was show,
Gallini's, Almack's, and Soho;
The *passe par tout* through every vein
Of dissipation's hydra reign.
  O London! thou prolific source,
Parent of vice, and folly's nurse;
Fruitful as Nile, thy copious springs
Spawn hourly births—and all with stings:
But happiest far the he or she,
  I know not which, that livelier dunce
Who first contriv'd the coterie,
  To crush domestic bliss at once.
Then grin'd, no doubt, amidst the dames,
As Nero fiddled to the flames.
  Of thee, Pantheon, let me speak
With reverence, though in numbers weak;
Thy beauties satire's frown beguile,
We spare the follies for the pile.
Flounc'd, furbelow'd, and trick'd for show,
With lamps above, and lamps below,
Thy charms even modern taste defied,
They could not spoil thee, though they tried.
  Ah, pity that time's hasty wings
Must sweep thee off with vulgar things!

Let architects of humbler name
On frail materials build their fame,
Their noblest works the world might want,
Wyat should build in adamant.
  But what are these to scenes which lie
Secreted from the vulgar eye,
And baffle all the powers of song?—
A brazen throat, an iron tongue;
(Which poets wish for, when at length
Their subject soars above their strength)
Would shun the task. Our humbler muse,
(Who only reads the public news,
And idly utters what she gleans
From chronicles and magazines)
Recoiling feels her feeble fires,
And blushing to her shades retires.
Alas! she knows not how to treat
The finer follies of the great,
Where ev'n, Democritus, thy sneer
Were vain as Heraclitus' tear.
  Suffice it, that by just degrees
They reach'd all heights, and rose with ease,
(For beauty wins its way, uncall'd,
And ready dupes are ne'er black-ball'd.)
Each gambling dame she knew, and he
Knew every shark of quality;
From the grave, cautious few, who live
On thoughtless youth, and living thrive,
To the light train who mimic France,
And the soft sons of Nonchalance.
While Jenny, now no more of use,
Excuse succeeding to excuse,
Grew piqued, and prudently withdrew
To shilling whist, and chicken lu.

Advanc'd to fashion's wavering head,
They now, where once they follow'd, led.
Devis'd new systems of delight,
A-bed all day, and up all night,
In different circles reign'd supreme,
Wives copied her, and husbands him;
Till so divinely life ran on,
So separate, so quite *bon-ton*,
That meeting in a public place,
They scarcely knew each other's face.
At last they met, by his desire,
A-te e-a-tete across the fire;
Look'd in each other's face awhile,
With half a tear, and half a smile.
The ruddy health, which wont to grace
With manly glow his rural face,
Now scarce retain'd its faintest streak,
So sallow was his leathern cheek;
She lank, and pale, and hollow-ey'd,
With rouge had striven in vain to hide
What once was beauty, and repair
The rapine of the midnight air.
Silence is eloquence, 'tis said:
Both wish'd to speak, both hung the head.
At length it burst.——"'Tis time, (he cries)
When tir'd of folly, to be wise.
Are you too tir'd?"—then check'd a groan:
She wept consent, and he went on.
"How delicate the married life!
You love your husband, I my wife.
Not ev'n satiety could tame,
Nor dissipation quench the flame.
"True to the bias of our kind,
'Tis happiness we wish to find.

In rural scenes retir'd we sought,
In vain the dear, delicious draught.
Though bless'd with love's indulgent store,
We found we wanted something more.
'Twas company, 'twas friends to share
The bliss we languish'd to declare.
'Twas social converse, change of scene,
To sooth the sullen hour of spleen?
Short absences to wake desire,
And sweet regrets to fan the fire.
"We left the lonesome place; and found,
In dissipation's giddy round,
A thousand novelties to wake
The springs of life, and not to break.
As, from the nest not wandering far,
In light excursions through the air,
The feather'd tenants of the grove
Around in mazy circles move,
(Sip the cool springs that murmuring flow,
Or taste the blossom on the bough:)
We sported freely with the rest;
And, still returning to the nest,
In easy mirth we chatter'd o'er
The trifles of the day before.
"Behold us now, dissolving quite
In the full ocean of delight;
In pleasures every hour employ,
Immers'd in all the world calls joy:
Our affluence easing the expense
Of splendour, and magnificence.
Our company, the' exalted set
Of all that's gay, and all that's great:
Nor happy yet!—and where's the wonder!—
We live, my dear, too much asunder."

The moral of my tale is this;
Variety's the soul of bliss!
But such variety alone
As makes our home the more our own.
As from the heart's impelling pow'r
The life-blood pours its genial store;
Though taking each a various way,
The active streams meandring play
Through every artery, every vein,
All to the heart return again;
From thence resume their new career,
But still return, and centre there:
So real happiness below
Must from the heart sincerely flow;
Nor, listening to the syren's song,
Must stray too far, or rest too long.
All human pleasures thither tend;
Must there begin, and there must end:
Must there recruit their languid force,
And gain fresh vigour from their source.

JOHN LOGAN.

BORN 1748.— DIED 1788.

JOHN LOGAN was the son of a farmer, in the parish of Fala, and county of Mid-Lothian, Scotland. He was educated for the church, at the university of Edinburgh. There he contracted an intimacy with Dr. Robertson, who was then a student of his own standing; and he was indebted to that eminent character for many friendly offices in the course of his life. After finishing his theological studies, he lived for some time in the family of Mr. Sinclair, of Ulbster, as tutor to the present Sir John Sinclair. In his twenty-fifth year, he was ordained one of the ministers of Leith; and had a principal share in the scheme for revising the psalmody of the Scottish church, under the authority of the general assembly. He contributed to this undertaking several scriptural translations, and paraphrases, of his own composition. About the same time, he delivered, during two successive seasons, in Edinburgh, Lectures on History, which were attended with so much approbation, that he was brought forward as a candidate for the professorship of history in the university; but, as the chair had been always filled by one of the members of the faculty of advocates, the choice fell upon another competitor, who possessed that qualification. When disappointed in this object, he published the substance of his lectures in a work, entitled "Elements of the Philosophy of History;" and, in a separate essay, "On the Manners of Asia."

His poems, which had hitherto been only circulated in MS. or printed in a desultory manner, were collected and published in 1781. The favourable reception which they met with, encouraged him to attempt the composition of a tragedy, and he chose the charter of Runnymede for his subject. This innocent drama was sent to the manager of Covent Garden, by whom it was accepted, and even put into rehearsal; but, on some groundless rumour of its containing dangerous political matter, the Lord Chamberlain thought fit to prohibit its representation. It was, however, acted on the Edinburgh boards, and afterwards published; though without exhibiting in its contents any thing calculated to agitate either poetical or political feelings.

In the mean time our author unhappily drew on himself the displeasure of his parishioners. His connexion with the stage was deemed improper in a clergyman. His literary pursuits interfered with his pastoral diligence; and, what was worse, he was constitutionally subject to fits of depression, from which he took refuge in inebriety. Whatever his irregularities were, (for they have been differently described,) he was obliged to compound for them, by resigning his flock, and retiring upon a small annuity. He came to London, where his principal literary employments were, furnishing articles for the English Review, and writing in vindication of Warren Hastings. He died at the age of forty, at his lodgings, in Marlborough-street. His Sermons, which were published two years after his death, have obtained considerable popularity.

His "Ode to the Cuckoo" is the most agreeable effusion of his fancy. Burke was so much pleased with it, that, when he came to Edinburgh, he made himself acquainted with its author. His claim to this piece has indeed been disputed by the relatives of Michael Bruce; and it is certain, that when Bruce's poems were sent to Logan, he published

them intermixed with his own, without any marks to discriminate the respective authors. He is farther accused of having refused to restore the MSS. But as the charge of stealing the Cuckoo from Bruce was not brought against Logan in his lifetime, it cannot, in charity, stand against his memory on the bare assertion of his accusers.

SELECT POEMS.

TO

THE CUCKOO.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
  Thou messenger of Spring!
Now heav'n repairs thy rural seat,
  And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
  Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
  Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
  I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
  From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
  To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
  And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
  Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
  Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
  Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
  No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
  We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
  Companions of the Spring!

THE LOVERS.

The Lovers, in the following Poem, were descended of houses that had been long at variance. The Lady is first introduced as leaving her father's house, and venturing out in the darkness of the night to meet with her Lover. They meet at the appointed hour. The rest of the dialogue passes in the chariot.

HARRIET.

'Tis midnight dark: 'tis silence deep;
My father's house is hush'd in sleep;
In dreams the lover meets his bride,
She sees her lover at her side;
The mourner's voice is now suppress'd,
Awhile the weary are at rest:
'Tis midnight dark; 'tis silence deep;
I only wake, and wake to weep.

The window's drawn, the ladder waits,
I spy no watchman at the gates:
No tread re-echoes through the hall,
No shadow moves along the wall.
I am alone. 'Tis dreary night;—
O come, thou partner of my flight;
Shield me from darkness, from alarms;
O take me trembling to thine arms!

The dog howls dismal in the heath,
The raven croaks the dirge of death;
Ah me! disaster's in the sound!
The terrors of the night are round;

A sad mischance my fears forebode,
The demon of the dark's abroad,
And lures, with apparition dire,
The night-struck man through flood and fire.

The owlet screams ill-boding sounds,
The spirit walks unholy rounds;
The wizard's hour eclipsing rolls;
The shades of hell usurp the poles;
The moon retires; the heaven departs—
From opening earth a spectre starts:
My spirit dies——Away my fears,
My love, my life, my lord appears!

HENRY.

I come, I come, my love! my life!
And nature's dearest name, my wife!
Long have I lov'd thee; long have sought;
And dangers brav'd and battles fought;
In this embrace our evils end:
From this our better days ascend;
The year of suffering now is o'er,
At last we meet to part no more!
My lovely bride! my consort, come!
The rapid chariot rolls thee home.

HARRIET.

I fear to go——I dare not stay.
Look back:——I dare not look that way.

HENRY.

No evil ever shall betide
My love, while I am at her side.

Lo! thy protector and thy friend;
The arms that fold thee will defend.

HARRIET.

Still beats my bosom with alarms:
I tremble while I'm in thy arms!
What will impassion'd lovers do?
What have I done—to follow you?
I leave a father torn with fears;
I leave a mother bath'd in tears;
A brother girding on his sword
Against my life, against my lord.

Now, without father, mother, friend,
On thee my future days depend;
Wilt thou, for ever true to love,
A father, mother, brother prove?
O Henry!—to thy arms I fall,
My friend! my husband! and my all!
Alas! what hazards may I run?
Shouldst thou forsake me—I'm undone.

HENRY.

My Harriet, dissipate thy fears,
And let a husband wipe thy tears;
For ever join'd our fates combine,
And I am yours, and you are mine.
The fires the firmament that rend,
On this devoted head descend,
If e'er in thought from thee I rove,
Or love thee less than now I love!
Although our fathers have been foes,
From hatred stronger love arose;

From adverse briars that threatening stood,
And threw a horror o'er the wood,
Two lovely roses met on high,
Transplanted to a better sky,
And, grafted in one stock, they grow,
In union spring, in beauty blow.

HARRIET.

My heart believes my love; but still
My boding mind presages ill:
For luckless ever was our love,
Dark as the sky that hung above.
While we embrac'd, we shook with fears,
And with our kisses mingled tears:
We met with murmurs and with sighs,
And parted still with watery eyes.
An unforeseen and fatal hand
Cross'd all the measures Love had plann'd;
Intrusion marr'd the tender hour,
A demon started in the bower:
If, like the past, the future run,
And my dark day is but begun,
What clouds may hang above my head!
What tears may I have yet to shed!

HENRY.

O do not wound that gentle breast;
Nor sink, with fancied ills oppress'd;
For softness, sweetness, all thou art,
And love is virtue in thy heart.
That bosom ne'er shall heave again
But to the poet's tender strain;
And never more these eyes o'erflow
But for a hapless lover's woe.

Long on the ocean tempest-tost,
At last we gain the happy coast;
And safe recount upon the shore
Our sufferings past, and dangers o'er:
Past scenes; the woes we wept erewhile
Will make our future minutes smile:
When sudden joy from sorrow springs,
How the heart thrills through all its strings!

HARRIET.

My father's castle springs to sight;
Ye towers that gave me to the light!
O hills! O vales! where I have play'd;
Ye woods that wrapt me in your shade!
O scenes I've often wander'd o'er!
O scenes I shall behold no more!
I take a long, last, lingering view:
Adieu! my native land adieu!
O father, mother, brother dear!
O names still utter'd with a tear!
Upon whose knees I've sat and smil'd,
Whose griefs my blandishments beguil'd;
Whom I forsake in sorrows old,
Whom I shall never more behold!
Farewell, my friends, a long farewell,
Till time shall toll the funeral knell!

HENRY.

Thy friends, thy father's house resign;
My friends, my house, my all is thine.
Awake, arise, my wedded wife,
To higher thoughts and happier life!
For thee the marriage feast is spread,
For thee the virgins deck the bed;

The star of Venus shines above,
And all thy future life is love.
They rise, the dear domestic hours!
The May of Love unfolds her flowers;
Youth, beauty, pleasure spread the feast,
And friendship sits a constant guest;
In cheerful peace the morn ascends,
In wine and love the evening ends;
At distance grandeur sheds a ray,
To gild the evening of our day.

Connubial love has dearer names,
And finer ties, and sweeter claims,
Than e'er unwedded hearts can feel,
Than wedded hearts can e'er reveal:
Pure, as the charities above,
Rise the sweet sympathies of love;
And closer cords than those of life
Unite the husband to the wife.
Like cherubs new-come from the skies,
Henries and Harriets round us rise;
And playing wanton in the hall,
With accent sweet their parents call;
To your fair images I run;
You clasp the husband in the son;
O how the mother's heart will bound!
O how the father's joy be crown'd!

ROBERT CRAGGS,

EARL NUGENT.

BORN 1709.—DIED 1788.

ROBERT CRAGGS was descended from the Nugents of Carlanstown, in the county of Westmeath, and was a younger son of Michael Nugent, by the daughter of Robert Lord Trimleston. In the year 1741, he was elected member of parliament for St. Mawes, in Cornwall; and, becoming attached to the party of the Prince of Wales, was appointed (in 1747) comptroller of his Royal Highness's household. On the death of the Prince he made his peace with the court, and was named successively a lord of the treasury, one of the vice-treasurers of Ireland, and a lord of trade. In 1767 he was created Viscount Nugent and Baron Clare. He was twice marrried. His second wife, with whom he acquired a large fortune, was sister and heiress to Secretary Craggs, the friend of Addison.

His political character was neither independent nor eminent, except for such honours as the court could bestow; but we are told, that in some instances he stood forth as an advocate for the interests of Ireland. His zeal for the manufactures of his native island induced him, on one occasion, to present the Queen with a new-year's gift of Irish grogram, accompanied with a copy of verses; and it was wickedly alleged, that her Majesty had re-

turned her thanks to the noble author for *both his pieces of stuff.*

A volume of his poems was published, anonymously, by Dodsley, in 1739. Lord Orford remarks, that "he was one of those men of parts, whose dawn was the brightest moment of a long life." He was first known by a very spirited ode on his conversion from popery; yet he relapsed to the faith which he had abjured. On the circumstance of his re-conversion it is uncharitable to lay much stress against his memory. There have been instances of it in men, whom either church would have been proud to appropriate. But it cannot be denied, that his poem on Faith formed, at a late period of his life, an anti-climax to the first promise of his literary talents; and though he possessed abilities, and turned them to his private account, he rose to no public confidence as a statesman.

SELECT POEMS.

ODE

TO WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

Remote from liberty and truth,
By fortune's crime, my early youth
  Drank error's poison'd springs,
Taught by dark creeds and mystic law,
Wrapt up in reverential awe,
  I bow'd to priests and kings.

Soon reason dawn'd, with troubled sight
I caught the glimpse of painful light,
  Afflicted and afraid,
Too weak it shone to mark my way,
Enough to tempt my steps to stray
  Along the dubious shade.

Restless I roam'd, when from afar
Lo, Hooker shines! the friendly star
  Sends forth a steady ray.
Thus cheer'd, and eager to pursue,
I mount, till glorious to my view,
  Locke spreads the realms of day.

Now warm'd with noble Sidney's page,
I pant with all the patriot's rage;
  Now wrapt in Plato's dream,
With More and Harrington around
I tread fair Freedom's magic ground,
  And trace the flatt'ring scheme.

But soon the beauteous vision flies;
And hideous spectres now arise,
  Corruption's direful train:
The partial judge perverting laws,
The priest forsaking virtue's cause,
  And senates slaves to gain.

Vainly the pious artist's toil
Would rear to heaven a mortal pile,
  On some immortal plan;
Within a sure, though varying date,
Confin'd, alas! is every state
  Of empire and of man.

What though the good, the brave, the wise,
With adverse force undaunted rise,
  To break the' eternal doom!
Though Cato liv'd, though Tully spoke,
Though Brutus dealt the godlike stroke,
  Yet perish'd fated Rome.

To swell some future tyrant's pride,
Good Fleury pours the golden tide
  On Gallia's smiling shores;
Once more her fields shall thirst in vain
For wholesome streams of honest gain,
  While rapine wastes her stores.

Yet glorious is the great design,
And such, O Pulteney! such is thine,
  To prop a nation's frame.
If crush'd beneath the sacred weight,
The ruins of a falling state
  Shall tell the patriot's name.

ODE TO MANKIND.

Is there, or do the schoolmen dream?
Is there on earth a pow'r supreme,
  The delegate of heav'n,
To whom an uncontrol'd command,
In every realm o'er sea and land,
  By special grace is giv'n?

Then say, what signs this god proclaim?
Dwells he amidst the diamond's flame,
  A throne his hallow'd shrine?
The borrow'd pomp, the arm'd array,
Want, fear, and impotence betray;
  Strange proofs of pow'r divine!

If service due from human kind,
To men in slothful ease reclin'd,
  Can form a sov'reign's claim:
Hail, monarchs! ye, whom heav'n ordains,
Our toils unshar'd, to share our gains,
  Ye ideots, blind and lame!

Superior virtue, wisdom, might,
Create and mark the ruler's right,

So reason must conclude:
Then thine it is, to whom belong
The wise, the virtuous, and the strong,
Thrice sacred multitude!

In thee vast All! are these contain'd,
For thee are those, thy parts ordain'd,
So nature's systems roll:
The sceptre's thine, if such there be;
If none there is, then thou art free,
Great monarch! mighty whole!

Let the proud tyrant rest his cause
On faith, prescription, force, or laws,
An host's or senate's voice!
His voice affirms thy stronger due,
Who for the many made the few,
And gave the species choice.

Unsanctified by thy command,
Unown'd by thee, the sceptred hand
The trembling slave may bind.
But loose from nature's moral ties,
The oath by force impos'd belies
The unassenting mind.

Thy will's thy rule, thy good its end;
You punish only to defend
What parent nature gave:
And he who dares her gifts invade,
By nature's oldest law is made
Thy victim or thy slave.

Thus reason founds the just degree
On universal liberty,

Not private rights resign'd:
Through various nature's wide extent,
No private beings ere were meant
To hurt the gen'ral kind.

Thee justice guides, thee right maintains,
The' oppressor's wrongs, the pilf'rer's gains,
Thy injur'd weal impair.
Thy warmest passions soon subside,
Nor partial envy, hate, nor pride,
Thy temper'd counsels share.

Each instance of thy vengeful rage,
Collected from each clime and age,
Though malice swell the sum,
Would seem a spotless scanty scroll,
Compar'd with Marius' bloody roll,
Or Sylla's hippodrome.

But thine has been imputed blame,
The' unworthy few assume thy name,
The rabble weak and loud;
Or those who on thy ruins feast,
The lord, the lawyer, and the priest;
A more ignoble crowd.

Avails it thee, if one devours,
Or lesser spoilers share his pow'rs,
While both thy claim oppose?
Monsters who wore thy sullied crown,
Tyrants who pull'd those monsters down,
Alike to thee were foes.

Far other shone fair Freedom's hand,
Far other was the' immortal stand,

When Hampden fought for thee:
They snatch'd from rapine's gripe thy spoils,
The fruits and prize of glorious toils,
Of arts and industry.

On thee yet foams the preacher's rage,
On thee fierce frowns the' historian's page,
A false apostate train:
Tears stream adown the martyr's tomb;
Unpity'd in their harder doom,
Thy thousands strow the plain.

These had no charms to please the sense,
No graceful port, no eloquence,
To win the Muse's throng:
Unknown, unsung, unmark'd they lie;
But Cæsar's fate o'ercasts the sky,
And Nature mourns his wrong.

Thy foes, a frontless band, invade;
Thy friends afford a timid aid,
And yield up half the right.
Ev'n Locke beams forth a mingled ray,
Afraid to pour the flood of day
On man's too feeble sight.

Hence are the motley systems fram'd,
Of right transferr'd, of power reclaim'd;
Distinctions weak and vain.
Wise nature mocks the wrangling herd;
For unreclaim'd, and untransferr'd,
Her pow'rs and rights remain.

While law the royal agent moves,
The instrument thy choice approves,

We bow through him to you.
But change, or cease the' inspiring choice,
The sov'reign sinks a private voice,
Alike in one, or few!

Shall then the wretch, whose dastard heart
Shrinks at a tyrant's nobler part,
And only dares betray;
With reptile wiles, alas! prevail,
Where force, and rage, and priestcraft fail,
To pilfer pow'r away?

O! shall the bought, and buying tribe,
The slaves who take, and deal the bribe,
A people's claims enjoy!
So Indian murd'rers hope to gain
The pow'rs and virtues of the slain,
Of wretches they destroy.

"Avert it, heav'n! you love the brave,
"You hate the treach'rous, willing slave,
"The self-devoted head.
"Nor shall an hireling's voice convey
"That sacred prize to lawless sway,
"For which a nation bled."

Vain pray'r, the coward's weak resource!
Directing reason, active force,
Propitious Heaven bestows.
But ne'er shall flame the thund'ring sky,
To aid the trembling herd that fly
Before their weaker foes.

In names there dwell no magic charms,
The British virtues, British arms

Unloos'd our father's band:
Say, Greece and Rome! if these should fail,
What names, what ancestors avail,
To save a sinking land?

Far, far from us such ills shall be,
Mankind shall boast one nation free,
One monarch truly great:
Whose title speaks a people's choice,
Whose sovereign will a people's voice,
Whose strength a prosp'rous state.

SAMUEL BISHOP.

BORN 1731.—DIED 1795.

SAMUEL BISHOP was a clergyman, and for many years the head master of Merchant Tailors' school. He wrote several essays and poems for the Public Ledger, and published a volume of Latin pieces, entitled "Feriæ Poeticæ." A volume of his sermons, and two volumes of his poetry, were published after his death.

SELECT POEMS.

TO MRS. BISHOP,

WITH A PRESENT OF A KNIFE.

"A KNIFE," dear girl, "cuts love," they say!
Mere modish love perhaps it may—
—For any tool, of any kind,
Can separate——what was never join'd.
  The knife that cuts our love in two
Will have much tougher work to do;
Must cut your softness, truth, and spirit,
Down to the vulgar size of merit;
To level yours with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste;
And from your single beauty's store
Clip what would dizen out a score.
  That self-same blade from me must sever
Sensation, judgment, sight, for ever:
All memory of endearments past,
All hope of comforts long to last;—
All that makes fourteen years with you
A summer—and a short one too;—
All that affection feels and fears,
When hours without you seem like years.
  Till that be done, (and I'd as soon
Believe this knife will chip the moon,)

Accept my present, undeterr'd,
And leave their proverbs to the herd.
  If in a kiss—delicious treat!—
Your lips acknowledge the receipt,
Love, fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—"cut and come again!"

TO THE SAME,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER WEDDING-DAY, WHICH WAS ALSO HER BIRTH-DAY, WITH A RING.

"THEE, Mary, with this ring I wed"—
So, fourteen years ago, I said——
Behold another ring!—"for what?"
"To wed thee o'er again?"—Why not?
  With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth;
Taste long admir'd, sense long rever'd,
And all my Molly then appear'd.
  If she, by merit since disclos'd,
Prove twice the woman I suppos'd,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.
  Here then to-day (with faith as sure,
With ardour as intense, as pure,
As when, amidst the rites divine,
I took thy troth, and plighted mine,)
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring
A token and a pledge I bring:

With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
Those virtues, which before untried,
The wife has added to the bride:
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,
My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience' sake, as well as love's.
And why?—They show me every hour,
Honour's high thought, Affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence,—
And teach me all things—but repentance.

EPIGRAM.

QUOD PETIS, HIC EST.

No plate had John and Joan to hoard,
Plain folk, in humble plight;
One only tankard crown'd their board;
And that was fill'd each night;—

Along whose inner bottom sketch'd,
In pride of chubby grace,
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
A baby Angel's face.

John swallow'd first a moderate sup;
But Joan was not like John;
For when her lips once touch'd the cup,
She swill'd, till all was gone.

John often urg'd her to drink fair;
  But she ne'er chang'd a jot;
She lov'd to see the angel there,
  And therefore drain'd the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
  Another card he play'd;
And where the Angel stood so plain,
  He got a Devil portray'd.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
  Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd;
And ever, when she seiz'd her ale,
  She clear'd it at a draught.—

John star'd, with wonder petrified;
  His hair stood on his pate;
And "why dost guzzle now," he cried,
  "At this enormous rate?"—

"Oh! John," she said, "am I to blame?
  "I can't in conscience stop:
For sure 'twould be a burning shame,
  "To leave the Devil a drop!"

EPIGRAM.

SPLENDEAT USU.

See! stretch'd on nature's couch of grass,
  The foot-sore traveller lies!
Vast treasures let the great amass;
A leathern pouch, and burning glass,
  For all his wants suffice.

For him the sun its power displays,
  In either hemisphere;
Pours on Virginia's coast its blaze,
Tobacco for his pipe to raise;
  And shines to light it—*here!*

EPIGRAM.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

A VETERAN gambler in a tempest caught,
Once in his life, a church's shelter sought;
Where many an hint, pathetically grave,
On life's precarious lot, the preacher gave.
The sermon ended, and the storm all spent,
Home trudg'd old Cog-die, reasoning as he went;
"Strict truth," quoth he, "this reverend sage declar'd;
"I feel conviction—and will be prepar'd—
"Nor e'er henceforth, since life thus steals away,
"Give credit for a bet, beyond a day!"

JOHN BAMPFYLDE.

BORN 1754.—DIED 1796.

JOHN BAMPFYLDE was the younger brother of Sir Charles Bampfylde. He was educated at Cambridge, and published his sonnets* when very young. He soon after fell into mental derangement; and is said to have past the last years of his life in confinement.

* Censura Literaria, vol. iv. p. 301.

SELECT POEMS.

SONNET.

As when, to one, who long hath watch'd the morn
Advancing, slow forewarns the' approach of day,
(What time the young and flow'ry-kirtled May
Decks the green hedge, and dewy grass unshorn
With cowslips pale, and many a whitening thorn;)
And now the sun comes forth, with level ray
Gilding the high-wood top, and mountain grey;
And, as he climbs, the meadows 'gins adorn;
The rivers glisten to the dancing beam,
The' awaken'd birds begin their amorous strain,
And hill and vale with joy and fragrance teem;
Such is the sight of thee; thy wish'd return
To eyes, like mine, that long have wak'd to mourn,
That long have watch'd for light, and wept in vain!

SONNET.

TO MR. JACKSON OF EXETER.

Though winter's storms embrown the dusky vale,
And dark and wistful wanes the low'ring year;
Though bleak the moor, forlorn the cots, appear,
And through the hawthorn sighs the sullen gale;

Yet do thy strains most rare, thy lays, ne'er fail
  Midst the drear scene my drooping heart to cheer;
  Warm the chill blood, and draw the rapturous tear.
  Whether thou lov'st in mournful mood to wail
Lycid "bright genius of the sounding shore,"
  Or else with slow and solemn hymns to move
  My thoughts to piety and virtue's lore;
But chiefest when, (if Delia grace the measure,)
The lyre o'erwhelming all my soul in pleasure,
  Rolls the soft song of joy, and endless love.

SONNET.

ON A WET SUMMER.

  All ye, who far from town, in rural hall,
Like me, were wont to dwell near pleasant field,
Enjoying all the sunny day did yield,
  With me the change lament, in irksome thrall,
By rains incessant held; for now no call
  From early swain invites my hand to wield
  The scythe; in parlour dim I sit conceal'd,
And mark the lessening sand from hour-glass fall;
  Or 'neath my window view the wistful train
Of dripping poultry, whom the vine's broad leaves
  Shelter no more.—Mute is the mournful plain,
    Silent the swallow sits beneath the thatch,
    And vacant hind hangs pensive o'er his hatch,
Counting the frequent drop from reeded eave

SONNET.

Cold is the senseless heart that never strove,
With the mild tumult of a real flame;
Rugged the breast that beauty cannot tame,
Nor youth's enlivening graces teach to love
The pathless vale, the long-forsaken grove,
The rocky cave that bears the fair one's name,
With ivy mantled o'er—For empty fame,
Let him amidst the rabble toil, or rove
In search of plunder far to western clime.
Give me to waste the hours in amorous play
With Delia, beauteous maid, and build the rhyme
Praising her flowing hair, her snowy arms,
And all that prodigality of charms
Form'd to enslave my heart and grace my lay.

THOMAS RUSSELL.

SONNETS.

I.

In days of old, ere (charm'd at length to rest)
Stern Chivalry her idle spear uphung,
Sweet mid loud arms the minstrel's music rung;
In each proud castle, at the gorgeous feast
Mix'd with bold chiefs he sat, an honour'd guest;
Cheer'd with the genial rites, his lyre he strung,
War, love, the wizard, and the fay he sung,
And fir'd with rapture each impassion'd breast:
Such were the strains, which in her livelier prime
Bright Fancy pour'd; but ah! they're heard no more!
Yet is not Genius dead: the song sublime
Might burst in tides as copious as of yore;
But Want, grim monster, checks the raging rhyme,
And damps the Poet's wing outstretch'd to soar.

II.

Ah! what avails it with adventurous pace
To scale, fair Poësy, thy heights sublime?
Though many a flower adorn the fragrant clime,
Oft chilling storms with envious blast deface
Each opening bloom: meanwhile, with lifted mace
High on the mountain's brow, in garb obscene,
Sits Want, a spectre pale, whose threatening mien
Oft drives the bard to quit the' unfinish'd race:

Yet nobler some, undaunted at his frown,
  Up the steep hill have trod the rugged way;
  Such sung the Redcross knight, the Trojan town,
Brave Gama's toils, and Salem's bloody fray;
  Such too, with harder fate, though like renown,
  Great Ælla's minstrel pour'd his deathless lay.*

III.

Oxford, since late I left thy peaceful shore,
  Much I regret thy domes with turrets crown'd,
  Thy crested walls with twining ivy bound,
  Thy gothic fanes, dim aisles, and cloisters hoar,
And treasur'd rolls of Wisdom's ancient lore;
  Nor less thy varying bells, which hourly sound
  In pensive chime, or ring in lively round,
  Or toll in the slow curfeu's solemn roar:
Much too thy moonlight walks, and musings grave
  Mid silent shades of high-embowering trees,
  And much thy sister-streams, whose willows wave
In whispering cadence to the evening breeze;
  But most those Friends, whose much-lov'd converse gave
  Thy gentle charms a tenfold power to please.

* Spenser, Homer, Camoens, Tasso, and Chatterton are the poets alluded to in the four concluding lines.

IV.

Yes, lov'd retreat, those wonted gales I know,
That shed soft fragrance o'er my drooping frame,
Sweet, as of old, when first the youthful flame
Was kindled in my veins; and now below
I see thy various length of landscape glow
With all its custom'd blooms, its groves the same,
Its verdant lawns, and towers of antique fame,
And streams that gently murmur as they flow;
Now too the sounds, that us'd my soul to cheer,
Thy mingled melodies of hill and plain,
Melt in faint murmurs no my ravish'd ear:
But say, will they too bless my eyes again,
My friends of yore? if they no more appear,
Fair as thou art, thy other charms are vain.

V.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE

ARABIAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS.

Bless'd child of Genius, whose fantastic sprite
Rides on the vollied lightning's flash, or roves
Through flowery valleys, and Elysian groves,
Or, borne on venturous pinions, takes its flight
To those dread realms, where hid from mortal sight
Fierce Genii roam, or where in bright alcoves
Mild Fairies reign, and woo their secret loves;
Whate'er thy theme, whether the magic might

Of the stern Kings, that dwell mid ocean's roar,
  Or Sindbad's perils, or the cruel wiles
  Of Afric's curs'd enchanter charm us more,
Or aught more wondrous still our ear beguiles,
  Well pleas'd we listen to thy fabling lore,
  And Truth itself with less attraction smiles.

VI.

*TO BOCCACCIO.**

Not for thy gothic trumpet's martial rage,
  Not for thy Latian bays, nor that 'twas thine
  The Tuscan's rugged period to refine,
  Nor yet, Boccaccio, that thy faithful page
Reflects the genuine manners of thy age,
Nor that, enliven'd at thy sprightlier style,
  Pale Sorrow's victims smooth the brow, and smile;
  For nought of worth like this, immortal Sage,
Haste I to twine this garland round thy tomb;
  But that I oft have shar'd Nastagio's fears
  At his dread vision, oft have wept the dome
Of fair Ghismonda, sunk in early years,
  I crown thee with this chaplet's simple bloom,
  The Bard sublime of terror and of tears.

* Boccaccio wrote the Theseida, an Epic poem in Ottava Rima, and several Latin works; but owes his reputation chiefly to the Decamerone, the style of which is still considered as the standard of perfection in the Italian language. Among the many humorous and licentious tales which furm this work, are some of a more serious character. Such are the two here mentioned, which Dryden has imitated under the names of Theodore and Honoria, Sigismonda and Guiscardo.

VII.

Sick with the pangs that prompt the lover's moan,
  Long tender Tasso pin'd, but pin'd in vain:
  Despair at length and frenzy fir'd his brain;
  In silence oft he sat, and wept alone,
Oft rav'd aloud, and taught wild woods to groan;
  Oft too in songs, if songs might ease his pain,
  He pour'd his soul, changing the trumpet's strain
  For rural reeds, and the lute's amorous tone:
I, who like him whole years with tortur'd heart
  Have woo'd, and vainly woo'd, as fair a dame,
  Feel through my boiling veins like madness dart;
So could I learn, like him, the lay to frame,
  If she, if haply she, who caus'd my smart,
  Might deign to listen, and relieve my pain!

VIII.

TO VALCLUSA.

What though, Valclusa, the fond Bard be fled,
  That woo'd his fair in thy sequester'd bowers,
Long lov'd her living, long bemoan'd her dead,
  And hung her visionary shrine with flowers!
What though no more he teach thy shades to mourn
  The hapless chances that to love belong,
As erst, when drooping o'er her turf forlorn,
  He charm'd wild Echo with his plaintive song!
Yet still, enamour'd of the tender tale,
  Pale Passion haunts thy grove's romantic gloom,
Yet still soft music breathes in every gale,
  Still undecay'd the fairy-garlands bloom,
Still heavenly incense fills each fragrant vale,
  Still Petrarch's Genius weeps o'er Laura's tomb.

IX.

No more, fond father of a much-lov'd child,
  Let thy sad heart, big with paternal fears,
  Dread the rude storms, that wait his riper years;
  A friend, who knows him generous, brave, and [mild,
By pride unspoil'd, by flattery unbeguil'd,
  True to his promise, faithful to his trust,
  Blind to his own, to others' merit just,
  Nor stain'd with folly, nor with vice defil'd,
And zealous still in honour's arduous way
  To emulate the race his sire has run,
  Tells thee, that if kind Heaven prolong his day
To mourn thy ashes, when thy life is done,
  Thy fame shall live unconscious of decay,
  And all thy virtues flourish in thy son.

X.

Could then the babes from yon unshelter'd cot
  Implore thy passing charity in vain;
Too thoughtless youth! what though thy happier lot
  Insult their life of poverty and pain!
What though their Maker doom'd them, thus forlorn,
  To brook the mockery of the taunting throng,
Beneath the' oppressor's iron scourge to mourn,
  To mourn but not to murmur at his wrong!
Yet when their last late evening shall decline,
  Their evening cheerful, tho' their day distress'd,
A hope perhaps more heavenly-bright than thine,
  A grace by thee unsought, and unpossess'd,
A faith more fix'd, a rapture more divine,
  Shall gild their passage to eternal rest.

XI.

Too long, alas! through life's tempestuous tide,
  Heedless of Heaven, my giddy course I steer'd,
  Link'd with the scoffing crew, nor aught rever'd
  Great Nature's God: such erring dreams belied
My fancy, swoln with unsubstantial pride:
  While, uglier far than have been feign'd or fear'd,
  Ten thousand phantoms to my sight appear'd,
And drew me darkling far from truth aside.
  But vigorous now, with eagle-ken restor'd,
  By nobler means aiming at nobler ends,
  To the mild bosom of its saving Lord,
Elate with ardent hope, my soul ascends,
  While o'er the dreadful gulf, yet unexplor'd,
  Religion's golden sun its evening-beam extends.

XII.

Dear babe, whose meaning by fond looks express'd,
  Thy only little eloquence, might move
  The sternest soul to tenderness and love,
  While thus, nor taught by age to fawn, nor dress'd
In treachery's mask, nor falsehood's glistering vest,
  Thou sweetly smilest, at the pleasing sight,
  Wretch as I am, unwonted to delight.
A transient gleam of gladness cheers my breast:
Yet soon again bursts forth the' unbidden tear,
  And inly bleeds my heart, while I divine
  What chilling blasts may nip thy riper year,
What blackening storms may cloud thy life's decline;
  What for myself I feel, for thee I fear:
  Nay! God forbid my woes should e'er be thine!

XIII.

SUPPOSED TO BE

*WRITTEN AT LEMNOS.**

On this lone Isle, whose rugged rocks affright
The cautious pilot, ten revolving years
Great Pæan's son, unwonted erst to tears,
Wept o'er his wound: alike each rolling light
Of heaven he watch'd, and blam'd its lingering flight;
By day the sea-mew, screaming round his cave,
Drove slumber from his eyes; the chiding wave,
And savage howlings, chas'd his dreams by night.
Hope still was his: in each low breeze that sigh'd;
Through his rude grot, he heard a coming oar,
In each white cloud, a coming sail he spied;
Nor seldom listen'd to the fancied roar
Of Œta's torrents, or the hoarser tide
That parts fam'd Trachis from the' Euboic shore.

XIV.

TO THE SPIDER.

Ingenious Insect, but of ruthless mould,
Whose savage craft, as Nature taught, designs
A mazy web of death, the filmy lines,
That form thy circling labyrinth, enfold
Each thoughtless fly that wanders near thy hold,
Sad victim of thy guile; nor aught avail
His silky wings, nor coat of glossy mail,
Nor varying hues of azure, jet, or gold:

* See that romantic and interesting tragedy, the Philoctetes of Sophocles.

Yet though thus ill the fluttering captive fares
  Whom, heedless of the fraud, thy toils trepan;
  Thy tyrant-fang, that slays the stranger, spares
The bloody brothers of thy cruel clan;
  While man against his fellows spreads his snares,
  Then most delighted, when his prey is man.

XV.

TO THE OWL.

Grave bird, that, shelter'd in thy lonely bower,
  On some tall oak with ivy overspread,
  Or in some silent barn's deserted shed,
  Or mid the fragments of some ruin'd tower,
Still, as of old, at this sad solemn hour,
  When now the toiling sons of care are fled,
  And the free ghost slips from his wormy bed,
  Complainest loud of man's ungentle power,
That drives thee from the cheerful face of day
  To tell thy sorrows to the pale-eyed night,
  Like thee escaping from the sunny ray,
I woo this gloom, to hide me from the sight
  Of that fell tribe, whose persecuting sway
  On Me and Thee alike is bent to light.

XVI.

Once more return'd to curl the dimpling lake
  Auspicious Zephyr waves his downy wing,
Rous'd at his touch the slumbering flowers awake
  With all the smiling family of Spring:

Again is heard the turtle's amorous tale,
  Again the swallow twitters o'er her nest,
Again wild music melts in every vale,
  And love rekindling glows in every breast:
Thus they return: but ah! to me no more
  Return the pleasures of the vernal plain,
In vain for me resounds the vocal shore,
  And woods renew their verdant robes in vain;
Nor counsel sweet of friends can ease my care,
  Nor even the sweeter converse of the fair.*

XVII.

Oh Thou, whose poison taints life's richest feast,
  Thou fiend, whom Fear on Love begot of yore,
Whom dark Suspicion foster'd at her breast,
  And Vengeance tutor'd in his deadliest lore,
Oh, Jealousy, whose inly-rankling dart
  Racks the fond bosom with unnumber'd throes,
That now, even now, art busy at my heart,
  Far hence avaunt, and leave me to repose!
Go in some Stygian cave unheard to moan,
There night and day thy restless eye-balls roll—
Ah! spare me, spare me, since thy power I own!
  Nor thus, so soon returning from control,
In size more huge, in shape more hideous grown,
  With tenfold horrors rush upon my soul.

* The Italian reader will perceive a resemblance between this and the 269th Sonnet of Petrarch.

Zefiro torna, e'l bel tempo rimena, &c.

XVIII.

FROM PETRARCH. SON. 239. 241.

If, here reclining while I weep my woes,
  The turtle near me tells her plaintive tale,
Or headlong brook with warbling murmur flows,
  Or green leaves rustle to the sighing gale,
In each low sound, that makes these rocks reply,
  I seem my Laura's long-lost voice to hear,
And oft, bright beaming on my raptur'd eye,
  Her charms more lovely than in life appear;
A Naiad oft, emerging from the flood,
  Graceful she seems to tread the dimpling wave,
Oft glides along, a goddess of the wood,
  Oft sits, the nymph of this sequester'd cave,
Oft mounting, beckons from a cloud of light,
  Till Heaven at length receives her from my sight.

XIX.

FROM PETRARCH. SON. 312, 313.

Full twice ten years, pining with fond desire,
  Love's slave I liv'd, nor broke the galling chain,
  Nor banish'd hope, though hope was always vain;
  Ten more, these eyes, when Death's avenging ire
Snatch'd the dear maid, to whom they dar'd aspire,
  Wept o'er her grave, while still my plaintive strain
Told each sad echo of these groves my pain: [fire,
  But now, since time has quench'd the' unwilling
This remnant of my days, with clouds o'ercast,
  To thee, great God, whose mercies never cease,
  I meekly vow, to expiate the past;
Praying, if prayer may sins like mine release,
  By storms long tost to find a port at last,
  Long bruis'd in war, at length to sleep in peace.

XX.

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

Too beauteous rival, whose enticing charms
  Once to my heart's sole darling seem'd so fair,
That oft he praises still thy ivory arms,
  Thy ruby lips, blue eyes, and auburn hair;
Say, when he heard thy tongue's seducing strain,
  Stood he e'er silent, or with scorn replied,
Or turn'd with alter'd brow of cold disdain
  From thy soft smiles, as now from mine, aside?
Once, once, too well I know, he held thee dear,
  And then, when captive to thy sovereign will—
But why that look abash'd, that starting tear,
  Those conscious blushes which my fears fulfil?
Speak, answer, speak; nay, answer not, forbear,
  If thou must answer, that he loves thee still.

XXI.

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN.

From her fair limbs the last thin veil she drew,
  And naked stood in all her charms confess'd,
The wanton gales her ringlets backward blew,
  To sport themselves more freely on her breast:
From each warm beauty of the' uncover'd maid,
  Before scarce guess'd at, or but seen in part,
From all, for all was to my eyes display'd,
  Delicious poison trickled to my heart:
Since thus I gaz'd (was mine to gaze the blame?)
  Nor bliss my soul has tasted, nor repose;
The subtle venom glides through all my frame,
  And in my brain a fiery deluge glows:
Thou, who my pangs wouldst shun, with wiser care
  The spot, where Cynthia bathes at noon, beware.

XXII.

IMITATED FROM CAMOENS.

THESE hills that lift their verdant heads so high,
These towering palms that form a cooling shade,
These moss-grown banks for peaceful slumbers made,
This lingering stream that flows in silence by,
The distant-murmuring main, the zephyr's sigh,
The sun that sinks behind yon dusky glade,
The nibbling flocks that crop their evening blade,
Those glittering clouds that fringe the western sky;
Each various beauty, which the vernal year
Pours out profuse on woodland, vale, or plain,
Each pastoral charm, since thou no more art near,
Smiles not to these sad eyes, or smiles in vain;
Even scenes like these a cheerless aspect wear,
And pleasure sickens, till it turns to pain.

XXIII.

IMITATED FROM CAMOENS.

WEEP, nymphs of Tagus, weep the hapless doom
Ordain'd by fate, and death's severe decree,
Severe to all, but most, alas! to me,
In youth's gay pride, in beauty's early bloom
To sink the lov'd Ophelia to the tomb.
Heavens! that such eyes, whose orbs so sweetly roll'd,
Such lips of rubies, and such locks of gold,
So soon should moulder in eternal gloom!
Tremble, ye lesser stars! if nought could save,
Charms, such as her's, from the foul shades of night,
How soon shall fade your glories in the grave!
Yet cease my soul to grieve; her heaven-born sprite,
Too pure to linger in its earthly cave,
Wing'd its free passage to the realms of light.

ROBERT LOVELL.

SONNETS.

TO FAME.

On the high summit of yon rocky hill,
  Proud Fame! thy temple stands; and see around
  What thronging thousands press; and hark! the
That fires ambition: 'tis thy clarion shrill. [sound
Amid thy path the deadly thorn is strew'd,
  And oft entwin'd around the wreath they claim;
  And many spurn at justice' sacred name,
And wade to glory through a sea of blood!
  Be mine to leave thy path, thy motley crowd,
  And, while to hear their names proclaim'd aloud
Upon the brazen trump, the throng rejoice,
  I'll court fair Virtue in her humbler sphere,
  More pleas'd in calm reflection's hour to bear
The' approving whispers of her still small voice.

WRITTEN ON A JOURNEY.

As o'er the lengthen'd plain the traveller goes,
  Weary and sad, his wayward fancy strays
  To scenes which late he pass'd, haply to raise
The transient joy which memory bestows;

And oft, while hope dispels the gathering gloom,
  He paints the' approaching scene in colours gay :
  So I, to cheer me in life's rugged way,
Or glance o'er pleasures past, or think of bliss to
      come.
  But ah! reflection vainly we employ
  On pleasures past, and fugitive the joy
When the mind rests on hope's delusive power;
  Bless'd only they who present joys can taste,
  Nor fear the future, nor regret the past,
But happy, as it flies, enjoy the present hour.

TO HAPPINESS.

Say, lovely fugitive, where dost thou dwell?
  Desir'd of all, and sought through every scene,
  In pomp of courts, and in the rural green,
Life's public walk, and hermit's lonely cell,
Thee, goddess! sought of all, but found by few,
  We seek in vain, bewilder'd as we go;
  Tir'd of the chase, man ceases to pursue,
  And sighing, says, "thou dwellest not below."
Does he not after fairy shadows run?
  Follows he not some wild illusive dream?
As children who would catch the radiant sun,
  Grasp at its image in the glittering stream.
If right he sought, then man would meet success,
For surely "virtue leads to happiness."

Mark'st thou yon streamlet in its onward course?
Mark'st thou the reed that on its surface floats?
Lightly it drifts along, and well denotes
The light impression on the youthful breast,
Which in life's summer, transiently impress'd,
Glides o'er the mind, unfix'd by stable force:
But o'er the fading year, when winter reigns,
Chill sleeps the stream, its wonted current stay'd,
And on its bosom, where of late it play'd,
Frolic and light the reed infix'd remains.
Thus, when life's wintry season, cold and hoar,
Freezes the genial flow of mental power,
The mind, tenacious of its gather'd store,
Detains each thought belov'd, conceiv'd in vernal [hour.

TO SENSIBILITY.

I'll court thy lone bower, Sensibility!
And mark thy lovely form, wild waving hair,
Thy loosely flowing robe, thy languid eye,
And all those charms which blend to make thee [fair.
Far from the madding crowd thou lov'st to stray
Recluse, and listen at the silent hour,
When, wildly warbling from her secret bow'r,
The pensive night-bird pours her evening lay.
'Tis thine own minstrel's melody is heard,
And as her sad song, by the moon's still beam,
Dies softly on mine ear, more sweet I deem
Her mournful note than song of blither bird:
So, more than beauty's cheek of vermeil dye,
Charms thy soft downcast mien and tear-dew'd eye.

TO HEALTH.

Nymph of the splendent eye and rosy cheek,
  Who erst from courts and luxury didst speed,
And with thine elder sister, Temperance, seek
  The woodbin'd cottage on the daisied mead;
There will I woo thee, for thou dwellest there
  Amid the sons of Industry; thy smile
  Soothes every sorrow, cheers the hour of toil,
And, bless'd by thee, sweet is their frugal fare.
When the woods echo with the early horn
  Thou trip'st the wild heath, clad in flowing vest,
  (While youthful zephyr wantons o'er thy breast)
And, with blithe song, dost greet the blushing morn;
  The airy sprite, who o'er thy fair form roves,
  Thy beauty tastes, and as he tastes, improves.

STONEHENGE.

Was it a spirit on yon shapeless pile?—
  It wore methought an hoary Druid's form,
  Musing on ancient days: the dying storm
Moan'd in his lifted locks: thou, Night! the while
Dost listen to his sad harp's wild complaint,
  Mother of shadows! as to thee he pours
  The broken strain, and plaintively deplores
The fall of druid-fame. Hark! murmurs faint
  Breathe on the wavy air: and now more loud
  Swells the deep dirge accustom'd to complain
Of holy rites unpaid, and of the crowd
  Whose careless steps these sacred haunts profane.
O'er the wild plain the hurrying tempest flies,
And, mid the storm unheard, the song of sorrow
    dies.

The cloudy blackness gathers o'er the sky,
  Shadowing these realms with that portentous storm
  Ere long to burst, and haply to deform
Fair Nature's face: for indignation high
Might hurl promiscuous vengeance with wild hand,
  And Fear, with fierce precipitation, throw
  Blind ruin wide: while Hate, with scowling brow,
Feigns patriot rage. O Priestley! for thy wand,
Or, Franklin! thine; with calm expectant joy
  To tame the storm, and with mysterious force
  In viewless channel shape the lightning's course,
To purify creation, not destroy.
So should fair order from the tempest rise,
And freedom's sunbeams gild unclouded skies.

EDWARD LOVIBOND.

EDWARD LOVIBOND was a gentleman of fortune, who lived at Hampton, in Middlesex, where he chiefly amused himself with the occupations of rural economy. According to the information of Mr. Chalmers, he was a director of the East India Company. He assisted Moore in his periodical paper called the "World," to which he contributed "The Tears of Old May-Day," and four other papers. He died in 1775.

SELECT POEMS.

THE

*TEARS OF OLD MAY-DAY.**

Led by the jocund train of vernal hours
  And vernal airs, uprose the gentle May;
Blushing she rose, and blushing rose the flowers
  That sprung spontaneous in her genial ray.

Her locks with Heaven's ambrosial dews were bright,
  And amorous zephyrs flutter'd on her breast:
With every shifting gleam of morning light
  The colours shifted of her rainbow vest.

Imperial ensigns grac'd her smiling form,
  A golden key and golden wand she bore;
This charms to peace each sullen eastern Storm,
  And that unlocks the Summer's copious store.

Onward in conscious majesty she came,
  The grateful honours of mankind to taste;
To gather fairest wreaths of future fame,
  And blend fresh triumphs with her glories past.

* Written on the 25th of July, 1754, when our style or calendar was rendered conformable to the usage of the rest of Europe.

Vain hope! no more in choral bands unite
  Her virgin votaries, and at early dawn,
Sacred to May and Love's mysterious rite, [lawn.
  Brush the light dew-drops* from the spangled

To her no more Augusta's† wealthy pride
  Pours the full tribute from Potosi's mine;
Nor fresh-blown garlands village maids provide,
  A purer offering at her rustic shrine.

No more the Maypole's verdant height around
  To valour's games the' ambitious youth advance;
No merry bells and tabors' sprightlier sound
  Wake the loud carol, and the sportive dance.

Sudden in pensive sadness droop'd her head,
  Faint on her cheeks the blushing crimson dy'd—
"O! chaste victorious triumphs, whither fled?
  My maiden honours whither gone?" she cried.

"Ah! once to fame and bright dominion born,
  The earth and smiling ocean saw me rise,
With time coëval and the star of morn,
  The first, the fairest daughter of the skies.

"Then, when at Heaven's prolific mandate sprung
  The radiant beam of new-created day,
Celestial harps, to airs of triumph strung,
  Hail'd the glad dawn, and angels call'd me May.

"Space in her empty regions heard the sound,
  And hills, and dales, and rocks, and valleys rung;
The Sun exulted in his glorious round,
  And shouting Planets in their courses sung.

* Alluding to the country custom of gathering May dew.
† The plate-garlands, which the London milk-maids dance round.

"For ever then I led a constant year;
Saw Youth, and Joy, and Love's enchanting wiles;
Saw the mild Graces in my home appear,
And infant Beauty brighten in my smiles.

"No Winter frown'd. In sweet embrace allied,
Three sister Seasons danc'd the' eternal green;
And Spring's retiring softness gently vied
With Autumn's blush, and Summer's lofty mien.

"Too soon, when man profan'd the blessings given,
And Vengeance arm'd to blot a guilty age,
With bright Astrea to my native Heaven
I fled, and flying saw the Deluge rage:

"Saw bursting clouds eclipse the noontide beams,
While sounding billows from the mountains roll'd,
With bitter waves polluting all my streams,
My nectar'd streams, that flow'd on sands of gold.

"Then vanish'd many a sea-girt isle and grove,
Their forests floating on the watry plain:
Then fam'd for arts and laws deriv'd from Jove,
My Atalantis* sunk beneath the main.

"No longer bloom'd primeval Eden's bow'rs,
Nor guardian dragons watch'd the' Hesperian steep;
With all their fountains, fragrant fruits, and flow'rs,
Torn from the continent to glut the deep.

"No more to dwell in sylvan scenes I deign'd,
Yet oft descending to the languid earth,
With quickening powers the fainting mass sustain'd,
And wak'd her slumbering atoms into birth.

* See Plato.

"And every echo caught my raptur'd name,
  And every virgin breath'd her amorous vows,
And precious wreaths of rich immortal fame,
  Shower'd by the Muses, crown'd my lofty brows.

"But chief in Europe, and in Europe's pride,
  My Albion's favour'd realms, I rose ador'd;
And pour'd my wealth, to other climes denied,
  From Amalthea's horn with plenty stor'd.

"Ah me! for now a younger Rival claims
  My ravish'd honours, and to her belong
My choral dances and victorious games,
  To her my garlands and triumphal song.

"O say what yet untasted bounties flow,
  What purer joys await her gentler reign?
Do lilies fairer, violets sweeter blow?
  And warbles Philomel a softer strain?

"Do morning suns in ruddier glory rise?
  Does evening fan her with serener gales?
Do clouds drop fatness from the wealthier skies,
  Or wantons plenty in her happier vales?

"Ah! no; the blunted beams of dawning light
  Skirt the pale orient with uncertain day;
And Cynthia, riding on the car of night,
  Through clouds embattled faintly wins her way.

"Pale, immature, the blighted verdure springs,
  Nor mounting juices feed the swelling flow'r;
Mute all the groves, nor Philomela sings
  When Silence listens at the midnight hour.

"Nor wonder, man, that Nature's bashful face,
  And opening charms, her rude embraces fear:
Is she not sprung of April's wayward race,
  The sickly daughter of the' unripen'd year?

"With showers and sunshine in her fickle eyes,
With hollow smiles proclaiming treacherous peace;
With blushes, harbouring in their thin disguise,
The blast that riots on the Spring's increase.

"Is this the fair invested with my spoil
By Europe's laws, and Senates' stern command?*
Ungenerous Europe, let me fly thy soil,
And waft my treasures to a grateful land:

"Again revive on Asia's drooping shore,
My Daphne's groves, or Lycia's ancient plain;
Again to Afric's sultry sands restore
Embowering shades, and Libyan Ammon's fane:

"Or haste to Northern Zembla's savage coast,
There hush to silence elemental strife;
Brood o'er the region of eternal frost,
And swell her barren womb with heat and life:

"Then Britain"—Here she ceas'd. Indignant grief,
And parting pangs, her faltering tongue suppress'd:
Veil'd in an amber cloud she sought relief,
And tears and silent anguish told the rest.

* The alteration of style was enforced by act of parliament.

JULIA'S PRINTED LETTER.

TO LORD ——.

—"And darst thou then, insulting lord, demand
A friendly answer from this trembling hand?
Perish the thought! shall this unguarded pen
Still trust its frailties with the frauds of men?
To one, and one alone, again impart
The soft effusions of a melting heart!—
No more thy lips my tender page shall stain,
And print false kisses, dreamt sincere in vain;
No more thy eyes with sweet surprise pursue
Love's secret mysteries, there unveil'd to you.
Demand'st thou still an answer?—let it be
An answer worthy vengeance, worthy me!—
Hear it in public characters relate
An ill-starr'd passion, and capricious fate!
Yes, public let it stand;—to warn the Maid
From her that fell, less vanquish'd than betray'd;
Guiltless, yet doom'd with guilty pangs to groan,
And expiate other's treasons, not her own:
A race of shame in Honour's paths to run,
Still Virtue's follower, yet by Vice undone;
Such free complaint to injur'd love belongs,
Yes, tyrant, read, and know me by my wrongs;
Know thy own treacheries, bar'd to general view,
Yes, traitor, read, and reading tremble too!
"What Vice would perpetrate and Fraud disguise,
I come to blaze it to a nation's eyes;
I come—ah! wretch, thy swelling rage control,
Was he not once the idol of thy soul?—

True,—by his guilt thy tortur'd bosom bleeds,
Yet spare his blushes, for 'tis Love that pleads!—
Respecting him, respect thy infant flame,
Proclaim the treason, hide the traitor's name!—
Enough to honour, and revenge be giv'n,
This truth reserve for conscience, and for Heav'n!—
"Talk'st thou, ingrate, of Friendship's holy pow'rs?
What binds the tyger and the lamb, be ours!
This cold, this frozen bosom, canst thou dream,
Senseless to love, will soften to esteem?
What means thy proffer'd friendship?—but to prove
Thou wilt not hate her, whom thou canst not love—
Remember thee!—repeat that sound again!—
My heart applauding echoes to the strain;
Yes, till this heart forgets to beat, and grieve,
Live there thy image—but detested live!—
Still swell my rage—uncheck'd by time, or fate,
Nor waken memory but to kindle hate!—
"Enter thy treacherous bosom, enter deep,
Hear Conscience call, while flattering passions sleep!—
Impartial search, and tell thy boasted claim
To Love's indulgence and to virtuous Fame!
Where harbour Honour, Justice, Faith, and Truth,
Bright forms, whose dazzling semblance caught my youth.
How could I doubt what fairest seem'd and best,
Should build its mansion in a noble breast?
How doubt such generous virtues lodg'd in thine
That felt them glowing, tender maid, in mine?
Boast not of trophies from my fall achiev'd,
Boast not, deceiver, in this soul deceiv'd;

Easy the traitor saps an open heart,
Artless itself, and unsuspecting art:
Not by superior wiles, successful proves,
But fond credulity in her that loves.—
"Blush, shameless grandeur, blush!—shall Britain's peer,
Daring all crimes, not dare to be sincere?—
His fraud in Virtue's fairest likeness paint,
And hide his nobleness in base constraint.
What charms were mine to tempt thy guilty fires!
What wealth, what honours, from illustrious sires!
Can Virtue's simple spoils adorn thy race?
Shall annals mark a village-maid's disgrace?
Ev'n the sad secret, to thyself confin'd,
Sleeps, nor thou dar'st divulge it to mankind:
When bursting tears my inward anguish speak,
When paleness spreads my sometimes flushing cheek,
When my frame trembles with convulsive strife,
And spirits flutter on the verge of life,
When to my heart the ebbing pulse is driv'n,
And eyes throw faint accusing beams to Heav'n,
Still from the world those swelling sighs suppress'd,
Those sorrows streaming in one faithful breast;
Explain to her, from others hide my care,
Thought Nature's weakness, and not Love's despair,
The sprightly youth in gloomy languor pine,
My portion misery, yet not triumph thine—
Ah! whence derives thy sex its barbarous pow'rs
To spoil the sweetness of our virgin hours?
Why leave me not, where first I met your eye,
A simple flower to bloom in shades, and die?—
Where sprightly Morn on downy pinions rose,
And Evening lull'd me to a deep repose?

Sharing pure joys, at least divine content,
The choicest treasure for mere mortals meant.
Ah! wherefore poisoning moments sweet as these,
Essay on me thy fatal arts to please?
Destin'd, if prosperous, for sublimer charms,
To court proud wealth and greatness to thy arms!
How many a brighter, many a fairer dame,
Fond of her prize, had fann'd thy fickle flame?
With livelier moments sooth'd thy vacant mind!
Easy possess'd thee, easy too resign'd—
Chang'd but her object, Passion's willing slave,
Nor felt a wound to fester to the grave—
Oh! had I, conscious of thy fierce desires,
But half consenting, shar'd contagious fires,
But half reluctant, heard thy vows explain'd,
This vanquish'd heart had suffer'd, not complain'd—
But ah! with tears and crowded sighs to sue
False Passion's dress in colours meant for true;
Artful assume Confusion's sweet disguise,
Meet my coy virtues with dejected eyes,
Steal their sweet language that no words impart,
And give me back an image of my heart;
This, this was treachery, fated best to share
Hate from my bosom, and from thine despair—
Yet unrelenting still the tyrant cries,
Heedless of Pity's voice and Beauty's sighs,
'That pious frauds the wisest, best, approve,
And Heaven but smiles at perjuries in love.'—
"No—'tis the villain's plea, his poor pretence
To seize a trembling prey, that wants defence.
"No—'tis the base sensation cowards feel;
The wretch that trembles at the brave man's steel,
Fierce and undaunted to a sex appears,
That breathes its vengeance but in sighs and tears;

That helpless sex, by Nature's voice address'd
To lean its weakness on your firmer breast,
Protection pleads in vain—the' ungenerous slave
Insults the virtue he was born to save.—

"What! shall the lightest promise lips can feign,
Bind man to man in Honour's sacred chain?
And oaths to us not sanctify the' accord,
Not Heaven attested, and Heaven's awful Lord?
Why various laws for beings form'd the same?
Equal from one indulgent hand we came,
For mutual bliss that each assign'd its place,
With manly vigour tempering female grace,
Depriv'd our gentler intercourse, explain
Your solitary pleasures sullen reign;
What tender joys sit brooding o'er your store,
How sweet Ambition's slumbers gorg'd with gore!
'Tis our's the' unsocial passions to control,
Pour the glad balm that heals the wounded soul;
From Wealth, from Power's delusive, restless [dreams,
To lure your fancy to diviner themes.—
Confess at length your fancied rights you draw
From force superior, and not Nature's law;
Yet know, by us those boasted arms prevail,
By native gentleness, not man we fail;
With brave revenge a tyrant's blood to spill,
Possessing all the power—we want the will.

"Still if you glory in the lion's force,
Come, nobly emulate that lion's course!
From guarded herds he vindicates his prey,
Nor lurks in fraudful thickets from the day;
While man, with snares to cheat, with wiles perplex,
Weakens, already weak, too soft a sex;
In laws, in customs, fashion's fetters binds,
Relaxes all the nerves that brace our minds,

Then, lordly savage, rends the captive heart
First gain'd by treachery, then tam'd by art.—
"Are these reflections then that Love inspires?
Is bitter grief the fruit of fair desires?
From whose example could I dream to find
A claim to curse, perhaps to wrong mankind?
Ah! long I strove to burst the' enchanting tie,
And form'd resolves, that ev'n in forming die;
Too long I linger'd on the shipwreck'd coast,
And eyed the ocean where my wealth was lost!
In silence wept, scarce venturing to complain,
Still to my heart dissembled half my pain—
Ascrib'd my sufferings to its fears, not you;
Beheld you treacherous, and then wish'd you true;
Sooth'd by those wishes, by myself deceiv'd,
I fondly hop'd, and what I hop'd, believ'd.—
Cruel! to whom? Ah! whither should I flee,
Friends, fortune, fame, deserted all for thee!
On whom but you my fainting breast repose?
With whom but you deposit all its woes?—
To whom but you explain its stifled groan?
And live for whom? but Love and you alone?
What hand to probe my bleeding heart be found?
What hand to heal?—but his that gave the wound?—
O dreadful chaos of the ruin'd mind!
Lost to itself, to virtue, humankind!
From earth, from heaven, a meteor flaming wide,
Link'd to no system, to no world allied;
A blank of Nature, vanish'd every thought
That Nature, Reason, that Experience taught,
Past, present, future trace, alike destroy'd,
Where Love alone can fill the mighty void:
That Love on unreturning pinions flown,
We grasp a shade, the noble substance gone—

From one ador'd and once adoring dream
Of Friendship's tenderness—ev'n cold esteem
(Humble our vows) rejected with disdain,
Ask a last conference, but a parting strain,
More suppliant still, the wretched suit advance,
Plead for a look, a momentary glance,
A latter token—on Destruction's brink
We catch the feeble plank of Hope, and sink.—

"In those dread moments, when the hovering flame
Scarce languish'd into life, again you came,
Pursued again a too successful theme,
And dried my eyes, with your's again to stream;
When treacherous tears your venial faults confess'd,
And half dissembled, half excus'd the rest,
To kindred griefs taught pity from my own,
Sighs I return'd, and echo'd groan for groan;
Your self-reproaches stifling mine, approv'd,
And much I credited, for much I lov'd.

"Not long the soul this doubtful dream prolongs,
If prompt to pardon, not forget its wrongs,
It scorns the traitor, and with conscious pride
Scorns a base self, deserting to his side:
Great by misfortune, greater by despair,
Its Heaven once lost, rejects an humbler care,
To drink the dregs of languid joys disdains,
And flies a passion but perceiv'd from pains;
Too just the rights another claims to steal,
Too good its feelings to wish Virtue feel,
Perhaps too tender or too fierce, my soul
Disclaiming half the heart, demands the whole.—

I blame thee not, that, fickle as thy race,
New loves invite thee, and the old efface,
That cold, insensible, thy soul appears
To Virtue's smiles, to Virtue's very tears;

But ah! a heart whose tenderness you knew,
That offer'd Heaven, but second vows to you,
In fond presumption that securely play'd,
Securely slumber'd in your friendly shade,
Whose every weakness, every sigh to share,
The powers that haunt the perjur'd heard you swear;
Was this a heart you wantonly resign'd
Victim to scorn, to ruin, and mankind?
Was this an heart?—O shame of honour, truth,
Of blushing candour, and ingenuous youth!
What means thy pity? what can it restore?
The grave that yawns till general doom's no more,
As soon shall quicken, as my torments cease,
Rock'd on the lap of Innocence and Peace,
As smiles and joy this pensive brow invade,
And smooth the traces by Affliction made,
Flames once extinguish'd Virtue's lamp divine,
And visits Honour, a deserted shrine!
No, wretch, too long on Passion's ocean tost,
Not Heaven itself restores the good you lost;
The form exists not that thy fancy dream'd,
A Fiend pursues thee that an Angel seem'd;
Impassive to the touch of Reason's ray
His fairy phantom melts in clouds away;
Yet take my pardon in my last farewell,
The wounds you gave, ah cruel! never feel!
Fated like me to court and curse thy fate,
To blend in dreadful union Love and Hate;
Chiding the present moment's slumbering haste,
To dread the future, and deplore the past;
Like me condemn the' effect, the cause approve,
Renounce the lover, and retain the love.
Yes, Love—even now in this ill-fated hour,
An exile from thy joys, I feel thy pow'r.

The Sun to me his noontide blaze that shrouds
In browner horrors than when veil'd in clouds;
The Moon, faint light that melancholy throws,
The streams that murmur, yet not court repose;
The breezes sickening with my mind's disease,
And valleys laughing to all eyes but these,
Proclaim thy absence, Love, whose beam alone
Lighted my morn with glories not its own.
O thou of generous passions purest, best!
Soon as thy flame shot rapture to my breast,
Each pulse expanding, trembled with delight,
And aching vision drank thy lovely light;
A new creation brighten'd to my view,
Nurs'd in thy smiles the social passions grew;
New strung, the thrilling nerves harmonious rose,
And beat sweet unison to others' woes;
Slumbering no more, a Letbe's lazy flood,
In generous currents swell'd the sprightly blood,
No longer now to partial streams confin'd,
Spread like an ocean, and embrac'd mankind;
No more concentering in itself the blaze,
The soul diffus'd Benevolence's rays,
Kindled on earth, pursued the' ethereal road,
In hallow'd flames ascended to its God.—
"Yes, Love, thy star of generous influence
Our gloomy dwelling in this vale of tears. [cheers
What? if a tyrant's blasting hand destroys
Thy swelling blossoms of expected joys,
Converts to poison what for life was given,
Thy manna dropping from its native Heaven,
Still Love victorious triumphs, still confess'd
The noblest transport that can warm the breast;
Yes, traitor, yes; my heart, to Nature true,
Adores the passion, and detests but you.

ON CONVERTING THE

LATE MR. WOODDESON'S HOUSE,

AT KINGSTON,

INTO A POOR-HOUSE, AND CUTTING DOWN THE GREAT WALK OF HIGH TREES BEFORE IT.

WHERE the broad path-way fronts yon ancient seat,
Approach not, stranger, with unhallow'd feet,
Nor mock the spot, unshelter'd now, and bare!
The grove's old honours rose majestic there:
Its giant arms extending to defend
Thy reverend temples, man's and virtue's friend!
Secure thy walk, that unpierc'd gloom along,
No storm approach'd to silence Homer's song;
No beam to wound thy Heaven-directed eye:
The world's near tumult swept unheeded by.
Now, low as thine, these towering heads are laid,
Nor more embower the mansion in their shade;
Time-honour'd pile! that, owning thee its lord,
Saw ancient manners, ancient faith, restor'd;
In renovated youth beheld again
Saturnian days, the good Eliza's reign.
With thee too sheltering many an angel-guest,
For what, but Heaven, serener than thy breast?—
Bless'd mansion then, Simplicity's abode,
Where smiling Innocence look'd up to GOD;
Where Nature's genuine graces charm'd the heart,
Or Nature, polish'd but by classic art.

There Fancy, warm'd with brightest, chastest beams,
The saint's high rapture, and the poet's dreams,
While Virtue left, delightful there to dwell,
The pensive mountain, and the hermit's cell.—
There the good teacher held by turns to youth
The blaze of fiction and pure light of truth,
Who, less by precept than example fir'd,
Glow'd as he taught, inspiring and inspir'd.
Nor think, gay revellers, this awful roof
Echoed no sounds but Wisdom's harsh reproof;
The social board, attendant Mirth, was there,
The smile unconscious of to-morrow's care,
With every tranquil joy of wedded life,
The gracious children, and the faithful wife.
In dance, in song, in harmless sports approv'd,
There youth has frolic'd, there soft maids have lov'd.
There one, distinguish'd one—not sweeter blows
In simpler ornament attir'd, the rose,
The rose she cull'd to deck the nuptial bower,
Herself as fair—a transitory flower.—
Thus a short hour—and woods and turrets fall;
The good, the great, the beauteous, perish all.
Another age a gayer race supplies,
Less awful groves, and gaudier villas rise.
See Wisdom's place usurp'd by Folly's sons,
And scorners sit on Virtue's vacant thrones.
See neighbouring Combe's old genius quit its bowers,
Not Warwick's* name preserv'd his gothic towers;
Nor distant† see new royal domes deride
What half remains of Wolsey's ancient pride!

* Combe-Neville, near Kingston, built by the king-making Earl of Warwick.

† The new apartments at Hampton-Court, raised on the ruins of part of Wolsey's palace.

While yet this humbler pile survives to prove
A mansion worthy of its master's love:
Like him, still welcomes to its liberal door
Whom most he honour'd, honouring most the poor;
Like him, the lisping infant's blessing shares,
And age's gratitude in silent prayers.—
While such partake the couch, the frugal feast,
No regal chambers boast an equal guest;
For, gracious Maker, by thy own decree,
Receiving Mercy is receiving Thee!—

ON RULAL SPORTS.

The sun wakes jocund—all of life, who breathe
In air, or earth, and lawn, and thicket rove,
Who swim the surface, or the deep beneath,
Swell the full chorus of delight and love.

But what are ye, who cheer the bay of hounds,
Whose levell'd thunder frightens Morn's repose,
Who drag the net, whose hook insidious wounds
A writhing reptile, type of mightier woes?

I see ye come, and havoc loose the reins;
A general groan the general anguish speaks,
The stately stag falls butcher'd on the plains,
The dew of death hangs clammy on his cheeks.

Ah! see the pheasant fluttering in the brake,
Green, azure, gold, but undistinguish'd gore!
Yet spare the tenants of the silver lake!
—I call in vain—they gasp upon the shore.

A yet ignobler band is guarded round
  With dogs of war—the spurning bull their prize;
And now he bellows, humbled to the ground,
  And now they sprawl in howlings to the skies.

You too must feel their missile weapon's pow'r,
  Whose clarion charms the midnight's sullen air;
Thou the Morn's harbinger, must mourn the hour
  *Vigil to fasts, and penitence, and prayer.

Must fatal wars of human avarice, wage
  For milder conflicts, Love their palm design'd?
Now sheath'd in steel, must rival Reason's rage,
  Deal mutual death, and emulate mankind?

Are these your sovereign joys, Creation's lords?
  Is death a banquet for a godlike soul?
Have rigid hearts no sympathizing chords
  For concord, order, for the harmonious whole?

Nor plead necessity, thou man of blood! [vere!
  Heaven tempers power with mercy—Heaven re-
Yet slay the wolf for safety, lamb for food;
  But shorten misery's pangs, and drop a tear!

Ah! rather turn, and breathe this evening gale,
  Uninjur'd, and uninjuring Nature's peace.
Come, draw best nectar from the foaming pail,
  Come, pen the fold, and count the flock's increase!

See pasturing heifers with the bull, who wields
  Yet budding horns, and wounds alone the soil!
Or see the panting spaniel try the fields,
  While bursting coveys mock his wanton toil!

* Shrove Tuesday.

Now feel the steed with youth's elastic force
  Spontaneous bound, yet bear thy kind control;
Nor mangle all his sinews in his course,
  And fainting, staggering, lash him to the goal!

Now sweetly pensive, bending o'er the stream,
  Mark the gay floating myriads, nor molest
Their sports, their slumbers, but inglorious dream
  Of evil fled and all Creation bless'd!

Or else, beneath thy porch, in social joy
  Sit and approve thy infant's virtuous haste,
Humanity's sweet tones while all employ
  To lure the wing'd domestics to repast!

There smiling see a fop in swelling state,
  The turkey, strut with valour's red pretence,
And duck, row on with waddling honest gait,
  And goose, mistake solemnity for sense!

While one with front erect, in simple pride,
  Full firmly treads, his consort waits his call;
Now deal the copious barley, waft it wide,
  That each may taste the bounty meant for all!

Yon bashful songsters with retorted eye
  Pursue the grain, yet wheel contracted flight,
While he, the bolder sparrow, scorns to fly;
  A son of freedom claiming Nature's right.

Liberal to him; yet still the wafted grain,
  Choicest for those of modest worth dispense;
And blessing Heaven that wakes their grateful strain,
  Let Heaven's best joy be thine, benevolence!

While flocks' soft bleatings, echoing high and clear,
  The neigh of steeds, responsive o'er the heath;
Deep lowings sweeter melt upon thy ear
  Than screams of terror and the groans of death.

Yet sounds of woe delight a giant brood:
  Fly then mankind, ye young, ye helpless old!
For not their fury, a consuming flood
  Distinguishes the shepherd, drowns the fold.

But loosen once thy gripe, avenging law!
  Eager on man, a nobler chase, they start;
Now from a brother's side the dagger draw,
  Now sheath it deeper in a virgin's heart.

See, as they reach Ambition's purple fruits,
  Their reeking hands in nation's carnage dyed!
No longer bathing in the blood of brutes,
  They swim to empire in a human tide.

But see him, see the fiend that others stung,
  With scorpion conscience lash himself, the last!
See festering in the bosom where they sprung
  The fury passions that laid Nature waste!

Behold the self-tormentor drag his chains,
  And weary Heaven with many a fruitless groan!
By pining fasts, by voluntary pains,
  Revenging Nature's cause, he pleads his own.

Yet prostrate, suppliant to the throne above,
  He calls down Heaven in thunders to pursue
Heaven's fancied foes—O God of peace and love,
  The voice of thunder is no voice from you!

Mistaken mortal! 'tis that God's decree
  To spare thy own, nor shed another's blood:
Heaven breathes benevolence to all, to thee;
  Each being's bliss consummates general good.

THE MULBERRY TREE.

A TALE.

For London's rich city, two Staffordshire swains,
Hight Johnson, hight Garrick, forsaking their plains,
Reach'd Shakspeare's own Stratford, where flows [by his tomb
An Avon, as proudly as Tiber by Rome.
Now Garrick, (sweet imp too of Nature was he)
Would climb and would eat from his Mulberry-tree;
Yet as Johnson, less frolic, was taller, was older,
He reach'd the first boughs by the help of his shoulder;
Where, shelter'd from famine, from bailiffs, and [weather,
Bards, critics, and players, sat crowded together;
Who devour'd in their reach, all the fruit they could meet,
The good, bad, indifferent, the bitter and sweet:
But Garrick climb'd high to a plentiful crop,
Then, heavens! what vagaries he play'd on the top!
How, now on the loose twigs, and now on the tight,
He stood on his head, and then bolted upright!
All features, all shapes, and all passions he tried;
He danc'd and he strutted, he laugh'd and he cried,
He presented his face, and he show'd his back- [side!
The noble, the vulgar, flock'd round him to see
What feats he perform'd in the Mulberry-tree;
He repeated the pastime, then open'd to speak,
But Johnson below mutter'd strophes of Greek,

While Garrick proclaim'd—"such a plant never grew,
So foster'd by sunshine, by soil, and by dew.
The palm-trees of Delos, Phœnicia's sweet grove,
The oaks of Dodona, though hallow'd by Jove,
With all that antiquity shows to surpass us,
Compar'd to this tree, were mere shrubs of Parnassus.
Not the beeches of Mantua, where Tityrus was laid,
Not all Vallombrosa produc'd such a shade;
That the myrtles of France, like the birch of the schools,
Were fit only for rods to whip Genius to rules;
That to Stratford's old Mulberry, fairest and best,
The Cedars of Eden must bow their proud crest!
Then the fruit—like the loaf in the Tub's pleasant Tale,* [ale—
That was fish, flesh, and custard, good claret, and
It compris'd every flavour, was all, and was each,
Was grape, and was pine-apple, nectarine and peach; [told,
Nay he swore, and his audience believ'd what he
That under his touch it grew *apples of gold*——
Now he paus'd!—then recounted its virtues again—
'Twas a wood for all use, bottom, top, bark, and grain:
It would saw into seats for an audience in full pits,
Into benches for judges, episcopal pulpits;
Into chairs for philosophers, thrones too for kings,
Serve the highest of purposes, lowest of things;
Make brooms to mount witches, make May-poles for May-days,
And boxes, and ink-stands, for wits and the ladies."

* The Tale of a Tub, by Swift. See Section IV.

His speech pleas'd the vulgar, it pleas'd their superiors,
By Johnson stopt short,—who his mighty posteriors
Applied to the trunk—like a Sampson, his haunches
Shook the roots, shook the summit, shook stem, and shook branches! [showers,
All was tremor and shock!—now descended in
Wither'd leaves, wither'd limbs, blighted fruits, blighted flowers!
The fragments drew critics, bards, players along,
Who held by weak branches, and let go the strong;
E'en Garrick had dropt with a bough that was rotten,
But he leapt to a sound, and the slip was forgotten.
Now the plant's close recesses lay open to day,
While Johnson exclaim'd, stalking stately away,
"Here's rubbish enough, till my homeward return,
For children to gather, old women to burn;
Not practis'd to labour, my sides are too sore,
Till another fit season, to shake you down more.
What future materials for pruning, and cropping,
And cleaning, and gleaning, and lopping, and topping!
Yet mistake me not, rabble! this tree 's a good tree,
Does honour, dame Nature, to Britain and thee;
And the fruit on the top,—take its merits in brief,
Makes a noble desert, where the dinner's roast-beef!"

THE LIFE

OF

MICHAEL BRUCE.

MICHAEL BRUCE was born in the parish of Kinnesswood, in Kinross-shire, Scotland. His father was by trade a weaver, who, out of his scanty earnings, had the merit of affording his son an education at the grammar-school of Kinross, and at the university of Edinburgh. Michael was delicate from his childhood, but showed an early disposition for study, and a turn for poetry, which was encouraged by some of his neighbours lending him a few of the most popular English poets. The humblest individuals who have befriended genius deserve to be gratefully mentioned. The first encouragers to whom Bruce showed his poetical productions were a Mr. Arnot, a farmer on the banks of Lochleven, and one David Pearson, whose occupation is not described. In his sixteenth year he went to the university of Edinburgh, where, after the usual course of attendance, he entered on the study of divinity, intending, probably, to be a preacher in the Burgher sect of dissenters, to whom his parents belonged. Between the latter sessions, which he attended at college, he taught a small school at Gairney Bridge, in the neighbourhood of his native place, and afterwards at Forest-Hill, near Allan, in Clackmananshire. This is nearly the whole of his sad and short history. At the latter place he was seized with a deep consumption, the progress of

which, in his constitution, had always inclined him to melancholy. Under the toils of a day and evening school, and without the comforts that might have mitigated disease, he mentions his situation to a friend in a touching but resigned manner—"I had expected," he says, "to be happy here, but my sanguine hopes are the reason of my disappointment." He had cherished sanguine hopes of happiness, poor youth! in his little village-school; but he seems to have been ill encouraged by his employers, and complains that he had no company, but what was worse than solitude. "I believe," he adds, "if I had not a lively imagination, I should fall into a state of stupidity or delirium." He was now composing his poem on Lochleven, in which he describes himself,

> "Amid unfertile wilds, recording thus
> The dear remembrance of his native fields,
> To cheer the tedious night, while slow disease,
> Prey'd on his pining vitals, and the blasts
> Of dark December shook his humble cot."

During the winter he quitted his school, and returning to his father's house, lingered on for a few months till he expired, in his twenty-first year. During the spring he wrote an elegy on the prospect of his own dissolution, a most interesting relic of his amiable feelings and fortitude.

LOCHLEVEN:

A POEM.

HAIL, native land! where, on the flowery banks
Of Leven, Beauty ever-blooming dwells.
A wreath of roses, dropping with the dews
Of morning, circles her ambrosial locks
Loose-waving o'er her shoulders: where she treads,
Attendant on her steps, the blushing Spring
And Summer wait, to raise the various flowers
Beneath her footsteps; while the cheerful birds
Carol their joy, and hail her as she comes,
Inspiring vernal love and vernal joy.
  Attend, Agricola! who to the noise
Of public life prefer'st the calmer scenes
Of solitude, and sweet domestic bliss;
Joys all thine own! Attend thy poet's strain,
Who triumphs in thy friendship, while he paints
The pastoral mountains, the poetic streams,
Where raptur'd Contemplation leads thy walk,
While silent Evening on the plain descends.
  Between two mountains, whose o'erwhelming tops,
In their swift course, arrest the bellying clouds,
A pleasant valley lies. Upon the south
A narrow opening parts the craggy hills,
Through which the lake, that beautifies the vale,
Pours out its ample waters. Spreading on,
And widening by degrees, it stretches north
To the high Ochel, from whose snowy top [down.
The streams that feed the lake flow thundering

The twilight trembles o'er the misty hills,
Twinkling with dews: and whilst the bird of day
Tunes his ethereal note, and wakes the wood—
Bright from the crimson curtains of the morn,
The Sun, appearing in his glory, throws
New robes of beauty over heaven and earth.
O now, while Nature smiles in all her works,
Oft let me trace thy cowslip-cover'd banks,
O Leven! and the landscape measure round.
From gay Kinross, whose stately-tufted groves
Nod o'er the lake, transported let mine eye
Wander o'er all the various chequer'd scene
Of wilds, and fertile fields, and glittering streams,
To ruin'd Arnot; or ascend the height
Of rocky Lomond, where a rivulet pure [crags
Bursts from the ground, and through the crumbled
Tinkles amusive. From the mountain's top,
Around me spread, I see the goodly scene.
Inclosures green, that promise to the swain
The future harvest; many-colour'd meads;
Irriguous vales, where cattle lowe; and sheep,
That whiten half the hills; sweet rural farms
Oft interspers'd, the seats of pastoral love
And innocence; with many a spiry dome
Sacred to Heaven, around whose hallow'd walls
Our fathers slumber in the narrow house.
Gay, beauteous villas, bosom'd in the woods,
Like constellations in the starry sky,
Complete the scene. The vales, the vocal hills,
The woods, the waters, and the heart of man,
Send out a general song; 'tis beauty all
To poet's eye, and music to his ear.
Nor is the shepherd silent on his hill,
His flocks around; nor school-boys, as they creep,

Slow-pac'd, tow'rd school; intent, with oaten pipe
They wake by turns wild music on the way.
  Behold the man of sorrows hail the light!
New risen from the bed of pain, where late,
Toss'd to and fro upon a couch of thorns,
He wak'd the long dark night, and wish'd-for morn.
Soon as he feels the quickening beam of Heav'n,
And balmy breath of May, among the fields
And flowers he takes his morning walk: his heart
Beats with new life; his eye is bright and blithe;
Health strews her roses o'er his cheek, renew'd
In youth and beauty; his unbidden tongue
Pours native harmony, and sings to Heav'n!
  In ancient times, as ancient bards have sung,
This was a forest. Here the mountain-oak
Hung o'er the craggy cliff, while from its top
The eagle mark'd his prey; the stately ash
Rear'd high his nervous statue, while below
The twining alders darken'd all the scene.
Safe in the shade, the tenants of the wood
Assembled, bird and beast. The turtle-dove
Coo'd, amorous, all the live-long summer's day.
Lover of men, the piteous redbreast plain'd,
Sole-sitting on the bough. Blithe on the bush,
The blackbird, sweetest of the woodland-choir,
Warbled his liquid lay; to shepherd-swain
Mellifluous music, as his master's flock,
With his fair mistress and his faithful dog,
He tended in the vale: while leverets round,
In sportive races, through the forest flew
With feet of wind; and, venturing from the rock,
The snow-white cony sought his evening meal.—
Here, too, the poet, as inspir'd at eve
He roam'd the dusky wood, or fabled brook

That piecemeal printed ruins in the rock,
Beheld the blue-eyed sisters of the stream,
And heard the wild note of the fairy-throng
That charm'd the queen of heaven; as round the tree,
Time-hallow'd, hand in hand they led the dance,
With sky-blue mantles glittering in her beam.
  Low by the lake, as yet without a name,
Fair bosom'd in the bottom of the vale,
Arose a cottage, green with ancient turf,
Half hid in hoary trees, and from the north
Fenc'd by a wood, but open to the sun.
Here dwelt a peasant, reverend with the locks
Of age; yet youth was ruddy on his cheek:
His farm his only care; his sole delight
To tend his daughter beautiful and young:
To watch her paths; to fill her lap with flow'rs;
To see her spread into the bloom of years
The perfect picture of her mother's youth.
His age's hope, the apple of his eye,
Belov'd of Heaven, his fair Levina grew,
In youth and grace, the Naiad of the vale.
Fresh as the flow'r amid the sunny showers
Of May, and blither than the bird of dawn,
Both roses' bloom gave beauty to her cheek,
Soft temper'd with a smile. The light of heav'n,
And innocence, illum'd her virgin-eye,
Lucid and lovely as the morning-star.
Her breast was fairer than the vernal bloom
Of valley-lily, opening in a shower;—
Fair as the morn, and beautiful as May,
The glory of the year, when first she comes
Array'd, all beauteous, with the robes of heaven;
And, breathing summer breezes, from her locks
Shakes genial dews, and from her lap the flowers.—
Thus beautiful she look'd; yet something more

And better far than beauty, in her looks
Appear'd the maiden blush of modesty;
The smile of cheerfulness, and sweet content;
Health's freshest rose, the sun-shine of the soul:
Each heightening each, effus'd o'er all her form
A nameless grace, the Beauty of the Mind!
  Thus finish'd fair above her peers, she drew
The eyes of all the village, and inflam'd
The rival shepherds of the neighbouring dale,
Who laid the spoils of Summer at her feet,
And made the woods enamour'd of her name.
But pure as buds before they blow, and still
A virgin in her heart, she knew not love;
But all alone, amid her garden fair,
From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,
She spent her days: her pleasing task to tend
The flowers; to lave them from the water-spring;
To ope the buds with her enamour'd breath;
Rank the gay tribes, and rear them in the sun.—
In youth, the index of maturer years,
Left by her school-companions at their play,
She'd often wander in the wood, or roam
The wilderness, in quest of curious flower,
Or nest of bird unknown, till eve approach'd,
And hem'd her in the shade. To obvious swain,
Or woodman chanting in the greenwood glen,
She'dbring the beauteous spoils,and asktheir names.
Thus plied assiduous her delightful task,
Day after day, till every herb she nam'd
That paints the robe of Spring, and knew the voice
Of every warbler in the vernal wood.
  Her garden stretch'd along the river-side,
High up a sunny bank: on either side,
A hedge forbade the vagrant foot; above,

An ancient forest screen'd the green recess.
Transplanted here, by her creative hand,
Each herb of Nature, full of fragrant sweets,
That scents the breath of Summer; every flow'r,
Pride of the plain, that blooms on festal days
In shepherd's garland, and adorns the year,
In beauteous clusters flourish'd: Nature's work,
And order, finish'd by the hand of Art.
Here gowans, natives of the village-green,
To daisies grew. The lilies of the field
Put on the robe they neither sow'd nor spun.
Sweet-smelling shrubs and cheerful spreading trees,
Unfrequented scatter'd, as by Nature's hand,
Shaded the flowers; and to her Eden drew
The earliest concerts of the Spring, and all
The various music of the vocal year.
Retreat romantic! Thus from early youth
Her life she led; one summer's day, serene
And fair, without a cloud; like poet's dreams
Of vernal landscapes, of Elysian vales,
And islands of the blest; where, hand in hand,
Eternal Spring and Autumn rule the year,
And Love and Joy lead on immortal youth!
'Twas on a summer's day, when early show'rs
Had wak'd the various vegetable race
To life and beauty, fair Levina stray'd.
Far in the blooming wilderness she stray'd
To gather herbs, and the fair race of flowers,
That Nature's hand creative pours at will,
Beauty unbounded, over Earth's green lap,
Gay without number, in the day of rain.
O'er valleys gay, o'er hillocks green she walk'd,
Sweet as the season; and at times awak'd
The echoes of the vale, with native notes
Of heartfelt joy, in numbers heavenly sweet—

Sweet as the' hosannahs of a form of light,
A sweet-tongued seraph in the bowers of bliss.
  Her, as she halted on a green hill-top,
A quiver'd hunter spied. Her flowing locks,
In golden ringlets glittering to the sun,
Upon her bosom play'd: her mantle green,
Like thine, O Nature! to her rosy cheek
Lent beauty new; as from the verdant leaf
The rose-bud blushes with a deeper bloom,
Amid the walks of May. The stranger's eye
Was caught as with ethereal presence. Oft
He look'd to Heaven, and oft he met her eye
In all the silent eloquence of love;
Then, wak'd from wonder, with a smile began:
"Fair wanderer of the wood! what heavenly pow'r,
Or providence, conducts thy wandering steps
To this wild forest, from thy native seat
And parents, happy in a child so fair?
A shepherdess, or virgin of the vale,
Thy dress bespeaks; but thy majestic mien,
And eye, bright as the morning-star, confess
Superior birth and beauty, born to rule:
As from the stormy cloud of night, that veils
Her virgin orb, appears the queen of heaven,
And with full beauty gilds the face of night.
Whom shall I call the fairest of her sex,
And charmer of my soul? In yonder vale,
Come, let us crop the roses of the brook,
And wildings of the wood: soft under shade
Let us recline by mossy fountain-side,
While the wood suffers in the beam of noon.
I'll bring my love the choice of all the shades;
First fruits; the apple ruddy from the rock;
And clustering nuts, that burnish in the beam.

O! wilt thou bless my dwelling, and become
The owner of these fields? I'll give thee all
That I possess; and all thou seest is mine."
Thus spoke the youth, with rapture in his eye;
And thus the maiden, with a blush, began:
"Beyond the shadow of these mountains green,
Deep-bosom'd in the vale, a cottage stands,
The dwelling of my sire, a peaceful swain;
Yet at his frugal board Health sits a guest,
And fair Contentment crowns his hoary hairs,
The patriarch of the plains: ne'er by his door
The needy pass'd, or the way-faring man.
His only daughter and his only joy,
I feed my father's flock; and, while they rest,
At times retiring, lose me in the wood,
Skill'd in the virtues of each secret herb
That opes its virgin bosom to the moon.—
No flower amid the garden fairer grows
Than the sweet lily of the lowly vale,
The queen of flowers—But sooner might the weed
That blooms and dies, the being of a day,
Presume to match with yonder mountain-oak,
That stands the tempest and the bolt of Heav'n,
From age to age the monarch of the wood——
O! had you been a shepherd of the dale,
To feed your flock beside me, and to rest
With me at noon in these delightful shades,
I might have listen'd to the voice of love,
Nothing reluctant: might with you have walk'd
Whole summer suns away. At even-tide,
When heaven and earth in all their glory shine
With the last smiles of the departing sun;
When the sweet breath of Summer feasts the sense,
And secret pleasure thrills the heart of man;
We might have walk'd alone in converse sweet,

Along the quiet vale, and woo'd the moon
To hear the music of true lovers' vows:
But Fate forbids; and Fortune's potent frown,
And Honour, inmate of the noble breast.
Ne'er can this hand in wedlock join with thine.
Cease, beauteous stranger! cease, beloved youth!
To vex a heart that never can be yours."
  Thus spoke the maid, deceitful: but her eyes,
Beyond the partial purpose of her tongue,
Persuasion gain'd. The deep-enamour'd youth
Stood gazing on her charms, and all his soul
Was lost in love. He grasp'd her trembling hand,
And breath'd the softest, the sincerest vows
Of love: "O virgin! fairest of the fair!
My one beloved! were the Scottish throne
To me transmitted through a sceptred line
Of ancestors, thou, thou should'st be my queen,
And Caledonia's diadems adorn
A fairer head than ever wore a crown!"
  She redden'd like the morning, under veil
Of her own golden hair. The woods among
They wander'd up and down with fond delay,
Nor mark'd the fall of evening: parted, then,
The happiest pair on whom the sun declin'd.
  Next day he found her on a flowery bank,
Half under shade of willows, by a spring,
The mirror of the swains, that o'er the meads,
Slow-winding, scatter'd flowerets in its way.
Through many a winding walk and alley green,
She led him to her garden. Wonder-struck,
He gaz'd, all eye, o'er the enchanting scene:
And much he prais'd the walks, the groves, the flow'rs,
Her beautiful creation; much he prais'd
The beautiful creatress; and awak'd
The echo in her praise. Like the first pair,

Adam and Eve, in Eden's blissful bow'rs,
When newly come from their Creator's hand,
Our lovers liv'd in joy. Here, day by day,
In fond endearments, in embraces sweet,
That lovers only know, they liv'd, they lov'd,
And found the paradise that Adam lost.—
Nor did the virgin, with false modest pride,
Retard the nuptial morn: she fix'd the day
That bless'd the youth, and open'd to his eyes
An age of gold, the heaven of happiness
That lovers in their lucid moments dream.
  And now the morning, like a rosy bride
Adorned on her day, put on her robes,
Her beauteous robes of light: the naiad-streams,
Sweet as the cadence of a poet's song,
Flow'd down the dale; the voices of the grove,
And every winged warbler of the air,
Sung over head; and there was joy in heaven.
Risen with the dawn, the bride and bridal-maids
Stray'd through the woods, and o'er the vales, in quest
Of flowers and garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
To strew the bridegroom's way, and deck his bed.
  Fair in the bosom of the level lake
Rose a green island, cover'd with a spring
Of flowers perpetual, goodly to the eye,
And blooming from afar. High in the midst,
Between two fountains, an enchanted tree
Grew evergreen, and every month renew'd
Its blooms and apples of Hesperian gold.
Here every bride (as ancient poets sing)
Two golden apples gather'd from the bough,
To give the bridegroom in the bed of love,
The pledge of nuptial concord and delight
For many a coming year. Levina now

Had reach'd the isle, with an attendant maid,
And pull'd the mystic apples, pull'd the fruit;
But wish'd and long'd for the enchanted tree.
Not fonder sought the first created fair
The fruit forbidden of the mortal tree,
The source of human woe. Two plants arose
Fair by the mother's side, with fruits and flow'rs
In miniature. One, with audacious hand,
In evil hour she rooted from the ground,
At once the island shook, and shrieks of woe
At times were heard, amid the troubled air.
Her whole frame shook, the blood forsook her face,
Her knees knock'd, and her heart within her died.
Trembling and pale, and boding woes to come,
They seiz'd the boat, and hurried from the isle.
And now they gain'd the middle of the lake,
And saw the' approaching land: now, wild with joy,
They row'd, they flew. When lo! at once effus'd,
Sent by the angry demon of the isle,
A whirlwind rose; it lash'd the furious lake
To tempest, overturn'd the boat, and sunk
The fair Levina to a wat'ry tomb.
Her sad companions, bending from a rock,
Thrice saw her head, and supplicating hands
Held up to Heaven, and heard the shriek of death:
Then overhead the parting billow clos'd,
And op'd no more. Her fate in mournful lays
The Muse relates; and sure each tender maid
For her shall heave the sympathetic sigh,
And haply my Eumelia, (for her soul
Is pity's self) as, void of household cares,
Her evening walk she bends beside the lake,
Which yet retains her name, shall sadly drop
A tear in memory of the hapless maid;

And mourn with me the sorrows of the youth,
Whom from his mistress death did not divide.
Robb'd of the calm possession of his mind,
All night he wander'd by the sounding shore,
Long looking o'er the lake; and saw at times
The dear, the dreary ghost of her he lov'd:
Till love and grief subdued his manly prime,
And brought his youth with sorrow to the grave.—
I knew an aged swain, whose hoary head
Was bent with years, the village-chronicle,
Who much had seen, and from the former times
Much had receiv'd. He, hanging o'er the hearth
In winter evenings, to the gaping swains,
And children circling round the fire, would tell
Stories of old, and tales of other times.
Of Lomond and Levina he would talk;
And how of old, in Britain's evil days,
When brothers against brothers drew the sword
Of civil rage, the hostile hand of war
Ravag'd the land, gave cities to the sword,
And all the country to devouring fire.
Then these fair forests and Elysian scenes,
In one great conflagration, flam'd to heav'n.
Barren and black, by swift degrees arose
A muirish fen; and hence the labouring hind,
Digging for fuel, meets the mouldering trunks,
Of oaks, and branchy antlers of the deer.
Now sober Industry, illustrious pow'r!
Hath rais'd the peaceful cottage, calm abode
Of innocence and joy: now, sweating, guides
The shining ploughshare; tames the stubborn soil;
Leads the long drain along the' unfertile marsh;
Bids the bleak hill with vernal verdure bloom,

The haunt of flocks; and clothes the barren heath
With waving harvests, and the golden grain.
  Fair from his hand behold the village rise,
In rural pride, 'mong intermingled trees!
Above whose aged tops the joyful swains,
At even-tide, descending from the hill,
With eye enamour'd, mark the many wreaths
Of pillar'd smoke, high-curling to the clouds.
The streets resound with Labour's various voice,
Who whistles at his work. Gay on the green,
Young blooming boys, and girls with golden hair,
Trip nimble-footed, wanton in their play,
The village hope. All in a reverend row,
Their grey-hair'd grandsires, sitting in the sun,
Before the gate, and leaning on the staff,
The well-remember'd stories of their youth
Recount, and shake their aged locks with joy.
  How fair a prospect rises to the eye,
Where Beauty vies in all her vernal forms,
For ever pleasant, and for ever new!
Swells the exulting thought, expands the soul,
Drowning each ruder care: a blooming train
Of bright ideas rushes on the mind.
Imagination rouses at the scene;
And backward, through the gloom of ages past,
Beholds Arcadia, like a rural queen,
Encircled with her swains and rosy nymphs,
The mazy dance conducting on the green.
Nor yield to old Arcadia's blissful vales
Thine, gentle Leven! Green on either hand
Thy meadows spread, unbroken of the plough,
With beauty all their own. Thy fields rejoice
With all the riches of the golden year.

Fat on the plain, and mountain's sunny side,
Large droves of oxen, and the fleecy flocks,
Feed undisturb'd ; and fill the echoing air
With music, grateful to the master's ear.
The traveller stops, and gazes round and round
O'er all the scenes, that animate his heart
With mirth and music. Ev'n the mendicant,
Bowbent with age, that on the old grey stone,
Sole sitting, suns him in the public way,
Feels his heart leap, and to himself he sings.
  How beautiful around the lake outspreads
Its wealth of waters, the surrounding vales
Renews, and holds a mirror to the sky,
Perpetual fed by many sister-streams,
Haunts of the angler ! First, the gulfy Po,
That through the quaking marsh and waving reeds
Creeps slow and silent on. The rapid Queech,
Whose foaming torrents o'er the broken steep
Burst down impetuous, with the placid wave
Of flowery Leven, for the canine pike
And silver eel renown'd. But chief thy stream,
O Gairny ! sweetly winding, claims the song.
First on thy banks the Doric reed I tun'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant grass while twilight meek,
Enrob'd in mist, slow-sailing through the air,
Silent and still, on every closed flower
Shed drops nectareous ; and around the fields
No noise was heard, save where the whispering reeds
Wav'd to the breeze, or in the dusky air
The slow-wing'd crane mov'd heavily o'er the lee,
And shrilly clamour'd as he sought his nest.
There would I sit, and tune some youthful lay ;
Or watch the motion of the living fires,
That day and night their never-ceasing course

Wheel round the' eternal poles; and bend the knee
To Him the Maker of yon starry sky,
Omnipotent! who thron'd above all heavens,
Yet ever present through the peopled space
Of vast Creation's infinite extent,
Pours life, and bliss, and beauty, pours Himself,
His own essential goodness, o'er the minds
Of happy beings through ten thousand worlds.
  Nor shall the Muse forget thy friendly heart,
O Lælius! partner of my youthful hours,
How often, rising from the bed of peace,
We would walk forth to meet the summer-morn,
Inhaling health and harmony of mind;
Philosophers and friends; while science beam'd,
With ray divine, as lovely on our minds
As yonder orient sun, whose welcome light
Reveal'd the vernal landscape to the view.
Yet oft, unbending from more serious thought,
Much of the looser follies of mankind,
Humorous and gay, we'd talk, and much would laugh;
While, ever and anon, their foibles vain
Imagination offer'd to our view.
  Fronting where Gairny pours his silent urn
Into the lake, an island lifts its head,
Grassy and wild, with ancient ruin heap'd
Of cells; where from the noisy world retir'd
Of old, as fame reports, Religion dwelt,
Safe from the insults of the darken'd crowd
That bow'd the knee to Odin; and in times
Of ignorance, when Caledonia's sons
(Before the triple-crowned giant fell)
Exchang'd their simple faith for Rome's deceits.
Here Superstition for her cloister'd sons
A dwelling rear'd, with many an arched vault;

Where her pale votaries at the midnight hour,
In many a mournful strain of melancholy,
Chanted their orisons to the cold moon.
It now resounds with the wild-shrieking gull,
The crested lapwing, and the clamorous mew,
The patient heron, and the bittern dull,
Deep-sounding in the base, with all the tribe
That by the water seek the' appointed meal.
From hence the shepherd in the fenced fold,
'Tis said, has heard strange sounds, and music wild
Such as in Selma, by the burning oak,
Of hero fallen, or of battle lost,
Warn'd Fingal's mighty son, from trembling chords
Of untouch'd harp, self-sounding in the night:
Perhaps, the' afflicted genius of the lake,
That leaves the wat'ry grot each night, to mourn
The waste of time, his desolated isles,
And temples in the dust: his plaintive voice
Is heard resounding through the dreary courts
Of high Lochleven Castle, famous once,
The' abode of heroes of the Bruce's line.
Gothic the pile, and high the solid walls,
With warlike ramparts, and the strong defence
Of jutting battlements: an age's toil!
No more its arches echo to the noise
Of joy and festive mirth. No more the glance
Of blazing taper through its windows beams,
And quivers on the undulating wave:
But naked stand the melancholy walls,
Lash'd by the wintry tempests, cold and bleak,
That whistle mournful through the empty halls,
And piecemeal crumble down the towers to dust.
Perhaps in some lone, dreary, desert tow'r,
That time has spar'd, forth from the window looks,
Half hid in grass, the solitary fox:

While from above, the owl, musician dire!
Screams hidcous, harsh, and grating to the ear.
Equal in age, and sharers of its fate,
A row of moss-grown trees around it stand.
Scarce here and there, upon their blasted tops,
A shrivell'd leaf distinguishes the year:
Emblem of hoary age, the eve of life,
When man draws nigh his everlasting home,
Within a step of the devouring grave;
When all his views and towering hopes are gone,
And every appetite, before him, dead.
Bright shines the morn, while in the ruddy east
The sun hangs hovering o'er the' Atlantic wave.
Apart on yonder green hill's sunny side,
Seren'd with all the music of the morn,
Attentive let me sit: while from the rock,
The swains, laborious, roll the limestone huge,
Bounding elastic from the' indented grass;
At every fall it springs, and thundering shoots
O'er rocks and precipices to the plain.——
And let the shepherd careful tend his flock
Far from the dangerous steep; nor, O ye swains!
Stray heedless of its rage. Behold the tears
Yon wretched widow o'er the mangled corpse
Of her dead husband pours: who, hapless man!
Cheerful and strong, went forth at rising morn
To usual toil; but, ere the evening hour,
His sad companions bare him lifeless home.
Urg'd from the hill's high top, with progress swift,
A weighty stone, resistless, rapid came;
Seen by the fated wretch, who stood unmov'd,
Nor turn'd to fly, till flight had been in vain;
When now arriv'd the instrument of death,

And fell'd him to the ground. The thirsty land
Drank up his blood: such was the will of Heav'n!
How wide the landscape opens to the view!
Still as I mount the lessening hills decline,
Till high above them northern Grampius lifts
His hoary head, bending beneath a load
Of everlasting snow. O'er southern fields
I see the Cheviot-hills, the ancient bounds
Of two contending kingdoms. There in fight
Brave Percy and the gallant Douglas bled;
The house of heroes, and the death of hosts!
Watering the fertile fields, majestic Forth,
Full, deep, and wide, rolls placid to the sea,
With many a vessel trim and oared bark
In rich profusion cover'd, wafting o'er
The wealth and produce of far-distant lands.
But chief mine eye on the subjected vale
Of Leven pleas'd looks down; while o'er the trees
That shield the hamlet with the shade of years,
The towering smoke of early fire ascends,
And the shrill cock proclaims the' advanced morn.
How blest the man! who, in these peaceful plains,
Ploughs his paternal field; far from the noise,
The care, and bustle of a busy world!
All in the sacred, sweet, sequester'd vale
Of Solitude, the secret primrose-path
Of rural life, dwells; and with him dwells
Peace and Content, twins of the sylvan shade,
And all the Graces of the golden age.——
Such is Agricola, the wise, the good;
By nature formed for the calm retreat,
The silent path of life. Learn'd, but not fraught
With self-importance, as the starched fool,
Who challenges respect by solemn face,
By studied accent, and high-sounding phrase.

Enamour'd of the shade, but not morose,
Politeness, rais'd in courts by frigid rules,
With him spontaneous grows. Not books alone,
But man his study, and the better part;
To tread the ways of virtue, and to act
The various scenes of life with God's applause.
Deep in the bottom of the flowery vale,
With blooming sallows and the leafy twine
Of verdant alders fenc'd, his dwelling stands
Complete in rural elegance. The door,
By which the poor or pilgrim never pass'd,
Still open, speaks the master's bounteous heart.
There, O how sweet! amid the fragrant shrubs,
At evening cool to sit; while, on their boughs,
The nested songsters twitter o'er their young;
And the hoarse low of folded cattle breaks
The silence, wafted o'er the sleeping lake,
Whose waters glow beneath the purple tinge
Of western cloud; while converse sweet deceives
The stealing foot of time! Or where the ground,
Mounded irregular, points out the graves
Of our forefathers, and the hallow'd fane,
Where swains assembling worship, let us walk,
In softly-soothing melancholy thought,
As Night's seraphic bard, immortal Young,
Or sweet-complaining Gray; there see the goal
Of human life, where drooping, faint, and tir'd,
Oft miss'd the prize, the weary racer rests.——
Thus sung the youth, amid unfertile wilds
And nameless deserts, unpoetic ground!
Far from his friends he stray'd, recording thus
The dear remembrance of his native fields,
To cheer the tedious night; while slow disease
Prey'd on his pining vitals, and the blasts
Of dark December shook his humble cot.

ELEGY:

WRITTEN IN SPRING.

'Tis past: the iron North has spent his rage;
  Stern Winter now resigns the lengthening day;
The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,
  And warm o'er ether western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,
  From southern climes, beneath another sky
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course;
  Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the north grim Winter draws his train
  To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore;
Where, thron'd in ice, he holds eternal reign;
  Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests
    roar.

Loos'd from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
  Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flowers; and all around,
  Smiling, the cheerful face of Spring is seen.

Behold! the trees new deck their wither'd boughs;
  Their ample leaves, the hospitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty ash, disclose;
  The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene;

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
  Puts on the robe she neither sew'd nor spun:
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
  Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
  From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings;
And cheerful singing, up the air she steers; [sings.
  Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she

On the green furze, cloth'd o'er with golden blooms
  That fill the air with fragrance all around,
The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
  While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
  Along the green sward, mark'd with Roman mound,
Beneath the blithsome shepherd's watchful eye,
  The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
  Who love to walk in Virtue's flowery road,
Along the lovely paths of Spring to rove,
  And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

Thus Zoroaster studied Nature's laws,
  Thus Socrates, the wisest of mankind; [cause,
Thus heav'n-taught Plato trac'd the' Almighty
  And left the wondering multitude behind.

Thus Ashley gather'd academic bays;
  Thus gentle Thomson, as the Seasons rôll,
Taught them to sing the great Creator's praise,
  And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walk'd along the dewy lawn;
  My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn;
Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
  And gather'd health from all the gales of morn.

And, ev'n when Winter chill'd the aged year,
  I wander'd lonely o'er the hoary plain:
Though frosty Boreas warn'd me to forbear,
  Boreas, with all his tempests, warn'd in vain.

Then, sleep, my nights, and quiet bless'd my days;
  I fear'd no loss, my Mind was all my store;
No anxious wishes e'er disturb'd my ease;
  Heav'n gave content and health—I ask'd no more.

Now, Spring returns; but not to me returns
  The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
  And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shivering in the' inconstant wind,
  Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
  And count the silent moments as they pass:

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
  No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
  And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning-dreams presage approaching fate;
  And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true:
Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
  And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
  I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
  Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
  Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
  And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless
    ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
  When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes;
The world and all its busy follies leave,
  And talk with Wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
  When death shall shut these weary aching eyes!
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
  Till the long night is gone, and the last morn
    arise.

WILLIAM HAYWARD ROBERTS.

BORN 1745.—DIED 1791.

HE was educated at Eton, and from thence was elected to King's college, Cambridge, where he took the degree of master of arts, and of doctor in divinity. From being an under master at Eton, he finally rose to be provost of the college, in the year 1781. He was also chaplain to the king, and rector of Farnham Royal, in Buckinghamshire. In 1771, he published, in three parts, "A Poetical Essay on the Attributes and Providence of the Deity." Two years afterwards, "A Poetical Epistle to Christopher Anstey, on the English Poets, chiefly those who had written in blank verse;" and in 1774, his poem of "Judah Restored," a work of no common merit.

SELECT POEMS.

FROM JUDAH RESTORED.

BOOK I.

The Subject proposed—State of the Jews in captivity—Character of Belshazzar—Feast of Baal—Daniel visited by the Angel Gabriel.

The fall of proud Belshazzar, the return
Of Benjamin, and Judah, captive tribes,
I sing. Spirit of God, who to the eyes
Of holy seers in vision didst reveal
Events far distant; thou, who once didst touch
Their lips with heavenly fire, and tune their harps
To strains, sublimer than the Tuscan stream
Caught from his Latian bards, or echoed round
The wide Ægean from Ionia's shore,
Inspire my soul; blest spirit, aid my song.
The sun full seventy times had pass'd the realm
Of burning Scorpius, and was hastening down
The steep convex of heaven, since Babylon
Receiv'd her mourning prisoners. Savage taunts,
And the rude insult of their barbarous lords,
Embitter all their woe. Meanwhile the Law,
Proclaim'd on Horeb's top, neglected lies;
Nor kid, nor evening lamb, nor heifer bleeds,
Nor incense smokes, nor holy Levite claims
Choice fruits, and rich oblations. On the trees,
That o'er the waters bend, their untun'd harps,

Harps, which their fathers struck to festal hymns,
Hang useless. 'Twas the hill, 'twas Sion's hill,
Which yet Jehovah lov'd. There once he dwelt;
There stood his temple; there from side to side
The cherub stretch'd his wings, and from the cloud
Beam'd bright celestial radiance. Thence, though driven
In early childhood to a stranger's land,
Or born sad heirs of slavery, still they cast
An anxious look from Perath's willowy vale,
Toward Jordan, sacred stream; and when the sun
Sunk in the west, with eager eye pursued
His parting beams; and pointed to the place,
Where from their sight the faint horizon hid
Those hills, which round deserted Salem's walls
Stood like a bulwark. And as some tired hart,
Driven by keen hunters o'er the champain wild,
Pants for the running brook, so long the tribes
Of captive Judah for their native clime,
Again to sing the strains of Jesse's son,
Again to raise a temple to their God.

But oh! what hope, what prospect of return,
While fierce Belshazzar reigns? He, undismay'd
Though hostile banners stream near Babel's towers,
Round his gall'd prisoners binds the griping chain,
And scoffs at Judah's God. Even now a shout
Is heard through every street, and with loud voice
Arioch, an herald tall, proclaims a feast
To Bel, Chaldæan idol; and commands
That when the morrow dawns, soon as is heard
The sound of cornet, dulcimer, and harp,
Sackbut, and psaltery, each knee be bent
Before the mighty dragon. Silent stand
With eyes dejected Solyma's sad sons.

Shall they comply? but will Jehovah then
E'er lead them back to Canaan, pleasant land?
Shall they refuse? but who, oh! who shall check
Belshazzar's waken'd wrath? who shall endure
The burning cauldron, or what lingering death
The tyrant's cruel vengeance may devise?
Thus they irresolute wait the fatal hour.
  Now Night invests the pole: wrapt is the world
In awful silence; not a voice is heard,
Nor din of arms, nor sound of distant foot,
Through the still gloom. Euphrates lulls his waves,
Which sparkle to the moon's reflected beam;
Nor does one sage from Babylon's high towers
Descry the planets, or the fix'd, and mark
Their distance, or their number. Sunk to rest,
With all her horrors of the morrow's doom,
Lies Sion's captive daughter: sleep, soft sleep,
His dusky mantle draws o'er every eye.
But not on Daniel's unpillow'd head
One opiate dew-drop falls. Much he revolves
Dark sentences of old; much pious zeal
For great Jehovah's honour fires his soul;
And thus, with lifted hands, the prophet cries:
  "Father of truth, and mercy, thou whose arm
Even from the day when Abraham heard thy voice,
Stretch'd o'er thy chosen race, protects us still,
Though now awhile thou suffer us to groan
Beneath a tyrant's yoke; when, gracious Lord,
O when shall we return? O when again
Shall Siloa's banks, and Sion's holy top,
Be vocal with thy name? Said not thy seer,
When seventy tedious moons had twelve times
        waned,
We should again be free? Behold, the day

Approaches. God of Israel, hath ought chang'd
Thine everlasting counsel? wilt thou leave
Thy people yet in sad captivity,
And join thy prophet with the despis'd tribe
Of Babel's false diviners? Not to thee,
But to great Bel, Chaldæa's frantic priests
Waft clouds of incense. Soon as morning dawns,
With shouts the noisy revellers will proclaim
The triumph of their God; nor will they cease
To rouse their monarch's rage, should Judah dare
Resist his impious edict. Then, O then,
God of our fathers, rise; and in that day,
Even before night, whose vaulted arch now shines
With clustering stars, shall visit earth again,
Confound their horrid rites, and show some sign
That yet again thy prisoners shall be free."
He spake, and sudden heard a rushing noise,
As when a north-west gale comes hovering round
Some cape, the point of spacious continent
Or in the Indian, or Pacific main;
The sailor hears it whistling in his shrouds,
And bids it hail. Bright as the summer's noon
Shone all the earth. Before the prophet stood
Gabriel, seraphic form: graceful his port,
Mild was his eye; yet such as might command
Reverence, and sacred awe, by purest love
Soften'd, but not impair'd. In waving curls
O'er his arch'd neck his golden tresses hung;
And on his shoulders two broad wings were plac'd,
Wings, which when clos'd, drew up in many a fold,
But, when extended to their utmost length,
Were twice ten cubits. Two of smaller size
Came shadowing round his feet, with which he trod
The elastic air, and walk'd o'er buoyant space,

As on firm ground. A tunic brac'd his limbs,
Blanch'd in the fields of light; and round his waist
Was clasp'd an azure zone, with lucid stars
All studded, like that circle broad, which cuts
The equator, burning line. The astonish'd seer
With low obeisance bow'd his hoary head,
While thus in voice benign the cherub spake.
"Servant of God, that prayer was not unheard
In heaven. I caught it, as before the throne
I stood, within the emerald bow, and mix'd
With fragrant incense, offer'd it to him,
The white-rob'd Ancient of eternal days,
Even on his golden altar. Forthwith sent
To thee, with speed impetuous, swifter far
Than travels light's meridian beam, through realms
Of space, studded with worlds, which neither thought
Of mortal can conceive, nor numbers count,
I come, God's messenger. Not twice the morn
Shall dawn, ere all the woes which Salem felt
Shall fall on Babylon. This, this is he,
Whose streamers now round these devoted towers
Wave to the western wind, whom God hath rais'd
His instrument of vengeance. Twice hath pass'd
A century, since him the prophet styled
Cyrus, the Lord's anointed. He shall say,
Cities of Judah, rise! He shall command,
And Solyma's unpeopled streets again
Shall throng with busy multitudes. To him
In vision, or in dream, shall God reveal
His secret purpose; or what other way
His power shall mould the victor's ductile will
To execute his promise. One day more
Shall proud Chaldæa triumph. In that day
Let not a knee in Benjamin be bow'd

Save to Jehovah. What though cruel pride
Inflame Belshazzar's soul; what though his wrath
Torments unknown prepare; a sign from heaven
Shall blast each vain device, a sign obscure,
But terrible. Ask not what; for in that hour
Shall beam celestial knowledge on thy soul,
And thou shalt read the mystic characters
Of dark futurity. Fear not his frown;
But in the sight of his assembled peers
Hurl bold defiance at his throne; and speak
As fits a prophet of the living God."
He spake, nor ended here; but to the seer
Matters of import high disclos'd, which lay
Deep in the womb of time. "And these," he cried,
"Record to distant ages, but conceal
My present errand." Daniel prepar'd
Obedient answer; but before he spake
Gabriel had furl'd his wings, and now had reach'd
The middle space 'twixt earth, and highest heaven.

Procession of the Chaldæans to the Temple of Belus--Refusal of the Jews to worship the Idol—Rage of Belshazzar—The hand-writing on the wall of his palace—Daniel's prophecy.

FROM THE SAME.

Now Morn, with rosy-colour'd finger, rais'd
The sable pall, which provident Night had thrown
O'er mortals, and their works, when every street,
Straight, or transverse, that towards Euphrates turns
Its sloping path, resounds with festive shouts,
And teems with busy multitudes, which press

With zeal impetuous to the towering fane
Of Bel, Chaldæan Jove; surpassing far
That Doric temple, which the Elean chiefs
Rais'd to their thunderer from the spoils of war,
Or that Ionic, where the Ephesian bow'd
To Dian, queen of heaven. Eight towers arise,
Each above each, immeasurable height,
A monument at once of eastern pride,
And slavish superstition. Round, a scale
Of circling steps entwines the conic pile;
And at the bottom on vast hinges grate
Four brazen gates, towards the four winds of heaven
Plac'd in the solid square. Hither at once
Come flocking all the sons of Babylon,
Chaldæan, or Assyrian; but retire
With humblest awe, while through their marshall'd ranks
Stalks proud Belshazzar. From his shoulders flows
A robe, twice steep'd in rich Sidonian hues,
Whose skirts, embroider'd with meand'ring gold,
Sweep o'er the marble pavement. Round his neck
A broad chain glitters, set with richest gems,
Ruby, and amethyst. The priests come next,
With knives and lancets arm'd; two thousand sheep,
And twice two thousand lambs stand bleating round,
Their hungry God's repast: six loaded wains
With wine and frankincense, and finest flour,
Move slowly. Then advance a gallant band,
Provincial rulers, counsellors, and chiefs,
Judges, and princes: from their essenc'd hair
Steam rich perfumes, exhal'd from flower, or herb,
Assyrian spices: last the common train
Of humbler citizens. A linen vest

Enfolds their limbs; o'er which a robe of wool
Is clasp'd, while yet a third hangs white as snow,
Even to their sandal'd feet: a signet each,
Each bears a polish'd staff, on whose smooth top
In bold relief some well-carv'd emblem stands,
Bird, fruit, or flower. Determin'd, tho' dismay'd,
Judæa's mourning prisoners close the rear.
And now the' unfolded gates on every side
Admit the splendid train, and to their eyes
A scene of rich magnificence display,
Censers, and cups, and vases, nicely wrought
In gold, with pearls and glittering gems inlaid,
The furniture of Baal. An altar stands
Of vast dimension near the central stone,
On which the God's high-priest strews frankincense,
In weight a thousand talents. There he drags
The struggling elders of the flock; while near,
Stretch'd on a smaller plate of unmix'd gold,
Bleed the reluctant lambs. The ascending smoke,
Impregnate with perfumes, fills all the air.
These rites perform'd, his votaries all advance
Where stands their idol; to compare with whom
That earth-born crew, which scal'd the walls of heaven,
Or that vast champion of Philistia's host,
Whom in the vale of Elah David slew
Unarm'd, were 'minish'd to a span. In height
Twice twenty feet he rises from the ground;
And every massy limb, and every joint,
Is carv'd in due proportion. Not one mine,
Though branching out in many a vein of gold,
Suffic'd for this huge column. Him the priests
Had swept and burnish'd, and perfum'd with oils,
Essential odours. Now the sign is given,

And forthwith strains of mixed melody
Proclaim their molten thunderer; cornet, flute,
Harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, unite
In loud triumphal hymn, and all at once
The King, the nations, and the languages
Fall prostrate on the ground. But not a head,
But not one head in all thy faithful bands,
O Judah, bows. As when the full-orb'd moon,
What time the reaper chants his harvest song,
Rises behind some horizontal hill,
Flaming with reddest fire; still as she moves,
The tints all soften, and a yellower light
Gleams through the ridges of a purple cloud:
At length, when midnight holds her silent reign,
Chang'd to a silver white, she holds her lamp
O'er the belated traveller; so thy face,
Belshazzar, from the crimson glow of rage,
Shifting through all the various hues between,
Settles into a wan and bloodless pale.
Thine eye-balls glare with fire. "Now by great Bel,"
Incens'd, exclaims the monarch, "soon as morn
Again shall dawn, my vengeance shall be pour'd
On every head of their detested race."
He spake, and left the fane with hasty step,
Indignant. Him a thousand lords attend,
The minions of his court. And now they reach
The stately palace. In a spacious hall,
From whose high roof seven sparkling lustres hang,
Round the perpetual board high sophas rang'd
Receive the gallant chiefs. The floor is spread
With carpets, work'd in Babylonia's looms,
Exquisite art; rich vessels carv'd in gold,
In silver, and in ivory, beam with gems.

'Midst these is plac'd whate'er of massy plate,
Or holy ornament, Nebassar brought
From Sion's ransack'd temple; lamps, and cups,
And bowls, now sparkling with the richest growth
Of Eastern vineyards. On the table smokes
All that can rouse the languid appetite,
Barbaric luxury. Soft minstrels round
Chant songs of triumph to symphonious harps.
Propt on a golden couch Belshazzar lies,
While on each side fair slaves of Syrian race
By turns solicit with some amorous tale
The monarch's melting heart. "Fill me," he cries,
"That largest bowl, with which the Jewish slaves
Once deck'd the altar of their vanquish'd God.
Never again shall this capacious gold
Receive their victim's blood: Henceforth the kings
Of Babylon, oft as this feast returns,
Shall crown it with rich wine, nectareous draught.
Fill high the foaming goblet; rise, my friends;
And as I quaff the cup, with loud acclaim
Thrice hail to Bel." They rose; when all at once
Such sound was heard, as when the roaring winds
Burst from their cave, and with impetuous rage
Sweep o'er the Caspian, or the Chronian deep.
O'er the devoted walls the gate of heaven
Thunder'd, an hideous peal; and lo! a cloud
Came darkening all the banquet, whence appear'd
A hand, (if hand it were, or airy form,
Compound of light and shade,) on the adverse wall
Tracing strange characters. Belshazzar saw,
And trembled: from his lips the goblet fell:
He look'd again; perhaps it was a dream;
Thrice, four times did he look; and every time
Still plainer did the mystic lines appear,

Indelible. Forthwith he summons all
The wise Chaldæans, who by night consult
The starry signs, and in each planet read
The dark decrees of fate. Silent they stand;
Vain are their boasted charms. With eager step
Merodach's royal widow hastes to cheer
Her trembling son. "O king, forever live;
Why droops thy soul?" she cries, "what though this herd
Of sage magicians own their vanquish'd art,
Know'st thou not Daniel? In his heart resides
The spirit of holy Gods; 'twas he who told
Thy father strange events, and terrible;
Nor did Nebassar honour one like him
Through all his spacious kingdom. He shall soon
Dispel thy doubts, and all thy fears allay."
She spake, and with obeisance low retir'd.
"Then be it so; haste, Arioch, lead him here,"
Belshazzar cries; "if he interpret right,
Even though my soul in just abhorrence holds
His hated race, I will revoke their doom,
And shower rich honours on their prophet's head."
Nor long he waited, when with graceful step,
And awe-commanding eye, solemn and slow,
As conscious of superior dignity,
Daniel advanc'd. Time o'er his hoary hair
Had shed his whitest snows. Behind him stream'd
A mantle, ensign of prophetic powers,
Like that with which inspir'd Elisha smote
The parting waters, what time on the bank
Of Jordan from the clouds of a fiery car
Descended, and by flaming coursers drawn
Bore the sage Tishbite to celestial climes,
Maugre the gates of death. A wand he bore,

That wand, by whose mysterious properties
The shepherd of Horeb call'd the refluent waves
O'er Pharaoh, and his host, with which he struck
The barren flint, when from the riven cliff
Gush'd streams, and water'd all the thirsty tribes
Of murmuring Israel. Through many an age
Within the temple's unapproached veil,
Fast by the rod, which bloom'd o'er Aaron's name,
Still did the holy relic rest secure.
At length, when Babylonia's arms prevail'd,
Seraiah sav'd it from the flaming shrine,
With all the sacred wardrobe of the priest,
And bore it safe to Riblah. Dying there,
The priest bequeath'd the sacred legacy
To Daniel. He, when summon'd to explain,
As now, God's dark decrees, in his right hand
Brandish'd the mystic emblem. "Art thou he,
Art thou that Daniel, whom Nebassar brought
From Salem, whom the vanquish'd tribes adore,
In wisdom excellent? Look there, look there;
Read but those lines," the affrighted monarch cries,
"And cloth'd in scarlet wear this golden chain,
The third great ruler of my spacious realm."
He spake, and thus the reverend seer replied.
"Thy promises and threats, presumptuous king,
My soul alike despises; yet, so wills
That spirit who darts his radiance on my mind,
(Hear thou and tremble,) will I speak the words
Which he shall dictate. 'Number'd is thy realm,
'And finish'd: in the balance art thou weigh'd,
'Where God hath found thee wanting: to the Medes
'And Persians thy divided realm is given.'
Thus saith the Lord; and thus those words import

Graven by his high behest. Seest thou this wand?
Ne'er has it borne, since first it left the trunk,
Or bud, or blossom: all its shielding rind
The sharp steel stripp'd, and to dry winds expos'd
The vegetative sap; even so thy race
Shall perish: from thy barren stock shall rise
Nor prince, nor ruler; and that glittering crown,
Won by thy valiant fathers, whose long line
In thee, degenerate monarch, soon must end,
Shall dart its lustre round a stranger's brow."
"Prophet of evils! dar'st thou pour on me
Thy threats ill-ominous, and judgments dark!"
Incens'd the monarch cries: "Hence to thy tribes;
Teach them obedience to their sovereign's will,
Or I will break that wand, and rend in twain
The mantle of thy God.—Or if these marks
Thou wilt erase from that accursed wall,
Take half my realm." He spake, and fix'd his eyes
Wild staring on the mystic characters:
His rage all sunk at once; his fear return'd
Tenfold; when thus the man of God began.
"Go to the shady vales of Palæstine,
Vain prince, or Syrian Lebanon, and tear
The palms and cedars from their native mould
Uprooted; then return, and break this rod.
Believe me, far more arduous were the task:
For it was harden'd in the streams of heaven;
And though not dedicate to sorcerer's arts
By magic incantation, and strange spells;
Yet such a potent virtue doth reside
In every part, that not the united force
Of all thy kingdom can one line, one grain,
Of measure, or of solid weight impair.
Wilt thou that I revoke thy destin'd fate?

Devoted prince, I cannot. Hell beneath
Is moved to meet thee. See the mighty dead,
The kings, that sat on golden thrones, approach,
The chief ones of the earth. 'O Lucifer,
'Son of the morning, thou that vaunting said'st,
"I will ascend the heavens; I will exalt
"My throne above the stars of God; the clouds
"Shall roll beneath my feet," art thou too weak
'As we? art thou become like unto us?
'Where now is all thy pomp? where the sweet sound
'Of viol, and of harp?' with curious eye
Tracing thy mangled corse, the rescued sons
Of Solyma shall say, 'is this the man
'That shook the pillars of the trembling earth,
'That made the world a desert?' all the kings,
Each in his house entomb'd, in glory rest,
While unlamented lie thy naked limbs,
The sport of dogs, and vultures. In that day
Shall these imperial towers, this haughty queen,
That in the midst of waters sits secure,
Fall prostrate on the ground. Ill-ominous birds
Shall o'er the unwholesome marshes scream for food;
And hissing serpents by sulphureous pools
Conceal their filthy brood. The traveller
In vain shall ask where stood Assyria's pride:
No trace shall guide his dubious steps; nor sage,
Vers'd in historic lore, shall mark the site
Of desolated Babylon." Thus spake
The seer, and with majestic step retir'd.

FROM BOOK IV.

The City of Babylon having been taken by the Army of Cyrus, Belshazzar is found in his Pleasure Garden, and slain.

* * * * * WITHIN the walls
Of Babylon was rais'd a lofty mound,
Where flowers and aromatic shrubs adorn'd
The pensile garden. For Nebassar's queen,
Fatigu'd with Babylonia's level plains,
Sigh'd for her Median home, where nature's hand
Had scoop'd the vale, and cloth'd the mountain's side
With many a verdant wood; nor long she pin'd
Till that uxorious monarch call'd on art
To rival nature's sweet variety.
Forthwith two hundred thousand slaves uprear'd
This hill, egregious work; rich fruits o'erhang
The sloping walks, and odorous shrubs entwine
Their undulating branches. Thither flocks
A multitude unseen, and, 'mid the groves
And secret arbours all night long conceal'd,
Silent, and sad, escape the victor's sword.
Now the glad sound of loud triumphal notes,
Mix'd with the yells of terror and dismay,
Are wafted through the concave arch of night
To that imperial mansion, where the king
Lies revelling with his minions. Nitocris
First heard, and started. In that spacious room,
On whose rich sides was painted many a chase,
With all the warlike acts of Ninus old,
And great Semiramis, she sat, and wove

Her variegated web. Her slaves around
With sprightly converse cheer'd the midnight hour;
When sudden, chill'd with horror, in their arms
She sinks, a breathless corse. And now the noise
Invades Belshazzar's ear. A messenger,
And still another messenger arrives,
To tell him, all is lost. On the adverse wall
Instant his eye is fix'd: the characters,
Which yet remain, grow blacker, and increase
In magnitude tenfold: "Where, where," exclaims
The' affrighted prince, "O where is Daniel? where
Is that interpreter of heaven's decrees,
Whose curse prophetic on mine ear still sounds
More horrible than these alarming peals,
Which, as I speak, nearer and nearer roll,
The harbingers of slaughter. Haste, arise!
Tell him, I spare the tribes; tell him, I bow
To his Jehovah." Thus Belshazzar spake,
When sudden, with impetuous uproar,
Through the wide portals rush'd an armed band,
Persians and Medes. Gobryas, and Gadatas,
Breathing fierce vengeance, and inveterate hate,
Conduct the bloody troop. Where, monarch, where
Is now thy cruel wrath, thy pride, thy power?
Sunk on his knees behold Belshazzar bows
Before his rebel exiles! "Spare, O spare
My life," the coward tyrant, trembling, cries;
"Let Cyrus wear my crown. To barren sands,
To regions, never trod by human foot
Banish me, where I ne'er again may know
Sweet social intercourse, but think, O think,
How fearful 'tis to die." Thus while he spake,
With sword uplifted, o'er their bending king

The victors stood. And now perhaps his prayers,
And eyes, which upward rolling, long'd for life
Though miserable, had stopp'd the fatal blow,
Had not his murder'd son forbad the rage
Of Gobryas to subside. On his arch'd neck
The ponderous falchion fails, and at one stroke
Smites from its spouting trunk the sever'd head
Of Babylonia's monarch. Ever thus
Perish fell cruelty, and lawless power!

FROM BOOK VI.

After the Capture of Babylon, the Jews having been permitted by Cyrus to rebuild their Temple, they reach Jerusalem—Renew the Feasts—Lay the Foundation of the Tmple—The old Men weep.

Now dawns the morn, and on mount Olivet
The hoar-frost melts before the rising sun,
Which summons to their daily toil the world
Of beasts, of men; and all that wings the air,
And all that swims the level of the lake,
Or creeps the ground, bid universal hail
To day's bright regent. But the tribes were rous'd,
Impatient ev'n of rest, ere yet the stars
Withdrew their feeble light. Through every street
They bend their way: some Ananiah leads,
Some Phanuel, or what elders else were driven
In early youth from Sion. Not a spot
Remains unvisited; each stone, each beam,
Seems sacred. As in legendary tale,
Led by magician's hand some hero treads
Enchanted ground, and hears, or thinks he hears,

Aerial voices, or with secret dread
Sees unembodied shades, by fancy form'd,
Flit through the gloom; so rescued Judah walk'd,
Amid the majesty of Salem's dust,
With reverential awe. Howbeit they soon
Remove the mouldering ruins; soon they clear
The obstructed paths, and every mansion raise,
By force, or time, impair'd. Then Jeshua rose
With all his priests; nor thou Zorobabel,
Soul of the tribes, wast absent. To the God
Of Jacob, oft as morn and eve returns,
A new-built altar smokes. Nor do they not
Observe the feast, memorial of that age
When Israel dwelt in tents; the Sabbath too,
New moons, and every ritual ordinance,
First fruits, and paschal lamb, and rams, and goats,
Offerings of sin, and peace. Nor yet was laid
The temple's new foundation. Corn, and wine,
Sweet balm, and oil, they mete with liberal hand
To Tyrian, and Sidonian. To the sea
Of Joppa down they heave their stately trees
From Syrian Lebanon. And now they square
Huge blocks of marble, and with ancient rites
Anoint the corner stone. Around the priests,
The Levites, and the sons of Asaph stand
With trumpets, and with cymbals. Jeshua first,
Adorn'd in robes pontifical, conducts
The sacred ceremony. An ephod rich
Purple, and blue, comes mantling o'er his arms,
Clasp'd with smooth studs, round whose mean-
d'ring hem
A girdle twines its folds: to this by chains
Of gold is link'd a breastplate: costly gems,
Jasper, and diamond, sapphire, amethyst,

Unite their hues; twelve stones, memorial apt
Of Judah's ancient tribes. A mitre decks
His head, and on the top a golden crown
Graven, like a signet, by no vulgar hand,
Proclaims him priest of God. Symphonious hymns
Are mix'd with instrumental melody,
And Judah's joyful shouts. But down thy cheeks,
O Ananiah, from thine aged eye,
O Phanuel, drops a tear; for ye have seen
The house of Solomon in all its pride,
And ill can brook this change. Nor ye alone,
But every ancient wept. Loud shrieks of grief,
Mix'd with the voice of joy, are heard beyond
The hills of Salem. Even from Gibeon's walls
The' astonish'd peasant turns a listening ear,
And Jordan's shepherds catch the distant sound.

BELLY PORTEUS,

(BORN MAY 1723.)

HIS parents were natives of Virginia. He died in May 1809. His merit and piety as a clergyman procured for him finally the Bishoprick of London, and he reflected lustre on that high station by his virtues and talents. His sermons and prose writings generally have much excellence and considerable reputation.

DEATH.

Friend to the wretch, whom every friend forsakes,
I woo thee, Death! In fancy's fairy paths
Let the gay songster rove, and gently trill
The strain of empty joy.—Life and its joys
I leave to those that prize them.—At this hour,
This solemn hour, when silence rules the world,
And wearied nature makes a general pause!
Wrapt in night's sable robe, through cloisters drear,
And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng
Of meagre phantoms shooting cross my path
With silent glance, I seek the shadowy vale
Of Death!—Deep in a murky cave's recess,
Lav'd by oblivion's listless stream, and fenc'd
By shelving rocks, and intermingled horrors
Of yew' and cypress' shade, from all intrusion
Of busy noontide beam, the monarch sits
In unsubstantial majesty enthron'd.
At his right hand, nearest himself in place,
And frightfulness of form, his parent, Sin,
With fatal industry and cruel care,
Busies herself in pointing all his stings,

And tipping every shaft with venom drawn
From her infernal store; around him rang'd
In terrible array, and strange diversity
Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread ministers.
Foremost Old Age, his natural ally
And firmest friend: next him diseases thick,
A motley train; fever with cheek of fire;
Consumption wan; palsy, half warm with life,
And half a clay-cold lump; joint-torturing gout,
And ever-gnawing rheum; convulsion wild;
Swoln dropsy; panting asthma; apoplex
Full-gorg'd.—There too the pestilence that walks
In darkness, and the sickness that destroys
At broad noon-day. These, and a thousand more,
Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and, when
By Heaven's command, Death waves his ebon wand,
Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose,
And scatter desolation o'er the earth.
  Ill-fated man, for whom such various forms
Of misery wait, and mark their future prey!
Ah! why, All-righteous Father, didst thou make
This creature, man? Why wake the' unconscious dust
To life and wretchedness? O better far
Still had he slept in uncreated night,
If this the lot of being!—Was it for this
Thy breath divine kindled within his breast
The vital flame? For this was thy fair image
Stamp'd on his soul in godlike lineaments?
For this dominion given him absolute
O'er all thy creatures, only that he might reign
Supreme in woe? From the blest source of good
Could Pain and Death proceed? Could such foul ill
Fall from fair Mercy's hands? Far be the thought,

The impious thought! God never made a creature
But what was good. He made a living man:
The man of death was made by man himself.
Forth from his Maker's hands he sprung to life,
Fresh with immortal bloom; no pain he knew,
No fear of death, no check to his desires,
Save one command. That one command, (which stood
'Twixt him and ruin, the test of his obedience,)
Urg'd on by wanton curiosity
He broke.—There in one moment was undone
The fairest of God's works. The same rash hand
That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit,
Unbar'd the gates of hell, and let loose Sin
And Death, and all the family of Pain,
To prey upon mankind. Young Nature saw
The monstrous crew, and shook through all her frame,
Then fled her new-born lustre, then began
Heaven's cheerful face to lour, then vapours chok'd
The troubled air, and form'd a vale of clouds
To hide the willing sun. The earth, convuls'd
With painful throes, threw forth a bristly crop
Of thorns and briars; and insect, bird, and beast,
That wont before with admiration fond
To gaze at man, and fearless crowd around him,
Now fled before his face, shunning in haste
The' infection of his misery. He alone
Who justly might, the' offended Lord of man,
Turn'd not away his face; he, full of pity,
Forsook not in this uttermost distress
His best-lov'd work. That comfort still remain'd,
(That best, that greatest comfort in affliction)

The countenance of God, and through the gloom
Shot forth some kindly gleams, to cheer and warm
The' offender's sinking soul. Hope, sent from Heaven,
Uprais'd his drooping head, and show'd afar
A happier scene of things; the promis'd seed
Trampling upon the serpent's humbled crest,
Death of his sting disarm'd, and the dank grave
Made pervious to the realms of endless day,
No more the limit, but the gate of life.
Cheer'd with the view, man went to till the earth
From whence he rose; sentenc'd indeed to toil,
As to a punishment; (yet ev'n in wrath
So merciful is Heaven!) this toil became
The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard
Against disease and Death.—Death, though denounc'd,
Was yet a distant ill, by feeble arm
Of Age, his sole support, led slowly on.
Not then, as since, the short-liv'd sons of men
Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes;
Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years
One solitary ghost went shivering down
To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,
Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
The venerable patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way; labour prepar'd
His simple fare, and temperance rul'd his board.
Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve
He sunk to sudden rest; gentle and pure
As breath of evening zephyr, and as sweet
Were all his slumbers; with the sun he rose,
Alert and vigorous as he, to run

His destin'd course. Thus nerv'd with giant strength,
He stem'd the tide of time, and stood the shock
Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head.
At life's meridian point arriv'd, he stood,
And looking round saw all the valleys fill'd
With nations from his loins; full well content
To leave his race thus scatter'd o'er the earth,
Along the gentle slope of life's decline
He bent his gradual way, till full of years
He dropt like mellow fruit into his grave.
  Such in the infancy of time was man;
So calm was life, so impotent was death.
O, had he but preserv'd those few remains,
Those shatter'd fragments of lost happiness,
Snatch'd by the hand of Heaven from the sad wreck
Of innocence primeval, still had he liv'd
Great ev'n in ruin, though fallen yet not forlorn;
Though mortal, yet not every where beset
With Death in every shape! But he, impatient
To be completely wretched, hastes to fill up
The measure of his woes. 'Twas man himself
Brought Death into the world, and man himself
Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
And multiplied destruction on mankind.
  First Envy, eldest born of hell, embru'd
Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of men
To make a death which nature never made,
And God abhor'd, with violence rude to break
The thread of life, ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improv'd
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough,
By subtle Fraud, to snatch a single life,

Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell
To sate the lust of power; more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
Became its boast.—One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero.—Princes were privileg'd
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will kings forget that they are men!
And men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love;
Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
Artificers of Death! still monarchs dream
Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin.—Blast the design,
Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!
Yet say, should tyrants learn at last to feel,
And the loud din of battle cease to roar;
Should dove-ey'd Peace o'er all the earth extend
Her olive branch, and give the world repose,
Would Death be foil'd? Would health, and strength
and youth,
Defy his pow'r? Has he no arts in store,
No other shafts save those of war?—Alas!
Ev'n in the smile of peace, that smile which sheds
A heavenly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks
That serpent Luxury; war its thousands slays,
Peace its ten thousands: in the' embattled plain,
Though Death exults, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not ev'n there so absolute,

So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where in the' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless love,
He snares the simple youth, who nought suspecting
Means to be blest—but finds himself undone.
Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells his sails, and fancy steers his course;
Safe glides his little bark along the shore,
Where virtue takes her stand; but if too far
He launches forth, beyond discretion's mark,
Sudden his tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.
O sad but sure mischance! O happier far
To lie like gallant Howe, midst Indian wilds,
A breathless corse, cut off by savage hands
In earliest prime, a generous sacrifice
To freedom's holy cause; than so to fall,
Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
A prey to vice, intemperance, and disease.
  Yet die ev'n thus, thus rather perish still,
Ye sons of pleasure, by the' Almighty stricken,
Than ever dare (though oft, alas! ye dare)
To lift against yourselves the murderous steel,
To wrest from God's own hand the sword of Justice,
And be your own avengers.—Hold, rash man,
Though with anticipating speed thou'st rang'd
Through every region of delight, nor left
One joy to gild the evening of thy days,
Though life seem one uncomfortable void,
Guilt at thy heels, before thy face despair.
Yet gay this scene, and light this load of woe,

Compar'd with thy hereafter. Think, O think,
And ere thou plung'st into the vast abyss,
Pause on the verge awhile, look down and see
Thy future mansion—Why that start of horror?
From thy slack hand why drops the' uplifted steel?
Didst thou not think such vengeace must await
The wretch, that with his crimes all fresh about him,
Rushes irreverent, unprepar'd, uncall'd,
Into his Maker's presence, throwing back,
With insolent disdain, his choicest gift?
Live then, while Heaven in pity lends thee life,
And think it all too short to wash away
By penitential tears, and deep contrition,
The scarlet of thy crimes. So shalt thou find
Rest to thy soul, so unappall'd shalt meet
Death when he comes, not wantonly invite
His lingering stroke. Be it thy sole concern
With innocence to live, with patience wait
The' appointed hour; too soon that hour will come,
Though Nature run her course; but Nature's God,
If need require, by thousand various ways,
Without thy aid, can shorten that short span,
And quench the lamp of life.—O, when he comes,
Rous'd by the cry of wickedness extreme,
To Heaven ascending from some guilty land,
Now ripe for vengeance; when he comes array'd
In all the terrors of Almighty wrath;
Forth from his bosom plucks his lingering arm,
And on the miscreant pours destruction down!
Who can abide his coming? Who can bear
His whole displeasure? In no common form
Death then appears, but starting into size

Enormous, measures with gigantic stride
The' astonish'd earth, and from his looks throws
round
Unutterable horror and dismay.
All Nature lends her aid. Each element
Arms in his cause. Ope fly the doors of Heaven,
The fountains of the deep their barriers break,
Above, below, the rival torrents pour,
And drown creation, or in floods of fire
Descends a livid cataract, and consumes
An impious race.—Sometimes, when all seems
peace,
Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude embrace
Sweeps nations to their graves, or in the deep
Whelms the proud wooden world; full many a youth
Floats on his watery bier, or lies unwept
On some sad desert shore.—At dead of night,
In sullen silence stalks forth Pestilence:
Contagion close behind taints all her steps
With poisonous dew; no smiting hand is seen,
No sound is heard; but soon her secret path
Is mark'd with desolation; heaps on heaps
Promiscuous drop: no friend, no refuge near;
All, all is false and treacherous around,
All they that touch, or taste, or breathe, is Death.
But, ah! what means that ruinous roar? Why fail
These tottering feet?—Earth to its centre feels
The Godhead's power, and trembling at his touch
Through all its pillars, and in every pore,
Hurls to the ground with one convulsive heave
Precipitating domes, and towns, and towers,
The work of ages. Crush'd beneath the weight
Of general devastation, millions find
One common grave: not ev'n a widow left

To wail her sons: the house that should protect,
Entombs its master, and the faithless plain,
If there he flies for help, with sudden yawn
Starts from beneath him.—Shield me, gracious Heaven,
O snatch me from destruction! if this globe,
This solid globe, which thine own hand hath made
So firm and sure, if this my steps betray:
If my own mother-earth from whence I sprung,
Rise up with rage unnatural to devour
Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly?
Where look for succour? Where, but up to Thee,
Almighty Father? Save, O save thy suppliant
From horrors such as these!—At thy good time
Let Death approach; I reck not—let him but come
In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
Too much for man to bear. O rather lend
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke,
And at that hour when all aghast I stand
(A trembling candidate for thy compassion)
On this world's brink, and look into the next;
When my soul starting from the dark unknown,
Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings
To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd
From this fair scene, from all her custom'd joys,
And all the lovely relatives of life,
Then shed thy comforts o'er me; then put on
The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark crimes
In all their hideous forms then starting up
Plant themselves round my couch in grim array,
And stab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd torture,
Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe.
Far be the ghastly crew! and in their stead,
Let cheerful memory from her purest cells

Lead forth a goodly train of virtues fair,
Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back
With tenfold usury the pious care,
And pouring o'er my wounds the heavenly balm
Of conscious innocence.—But chiefly thou,
Whom soft-ey'd Pity once led down from Heaven
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,
And, oh! still harder lesson! how to die:
Disdain not thou to smooth the restless bed
Of sickness and of pain.—Forgive the tear
That feeble nature drops, calm all her fears,
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
Till my rapt soul, anticipating Heaven,
Bursts from the thraldom of encumbering clay,
And on the wing of ecstacy upborn,
Springs into Liberty, and Light, and Life!

RICHARD GLYNN M. D.

RICHARD GLYNN, a physician and a poet, born at Cambridge, 1718, and educated at Eton and King's College, where he took his degree of Doctor in Medicine 1752. He continued to reside in his college, universally respected for his wit and learning, and died in 1800. His poem on the Day of Judgment obtained the Seatonian prize in 1757.

THE

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Thy justice, heavenly King! and that great day,
When Virtue, long abandon'd and forlorn,
Shall raise her pensive head; and Vice, that erst
Rang'd unreprov'd and free, shall sink appall'd;
I sing adventrous.—But what eye can pierce
The vast immeasurable realms of space,
O'er which Messiah drives his flaming car
To that bright region, where enthron'd he sits
First-born of Heaven, to judge assembled worlds
Cloth'd in celestial radiance! Can the Muse,
Her feeble wing all damp with earthly dew,
Soar to that bright empyreal, where around
Myriads of angels, God's perpetual choir,
Hymn hallelujahs; and in concert loud,
Chant songs of triumph to their Maker's praise?—
Yet will I strive to sing, albeit unus'd
To tread poetic soil. What though the wiles
Of Fancy me, enchanted, ne'er could lure
To rove o'er fairy-lands; to swim the streams
That through her valleys weave their mazy way;

Or climb her mountain tops; yet will I raise
My feeble voice, to tell what harmony
(Sweet as the music of the rolling spheres)
Attunes the moral world: that Virtue still
May hope her promis'd crown; that Vice may dread
Vengeance, though late; that reasoning Pride may own
Just, though unsearchable, the ways of Heaven.
Sceptic! whoe'er thou art, who say'st the soul,
That divine particle which God's own breath
Inspir'd into the mortal mass, shall rest
Annihilate, till Duration has unroll'd
Her never-ending line; tell, if thou know'st,
Why every nation, every clime, though all
In laws, in rites, in manners disagree,
With one consent expect another world,
Where Wickedness shall weep? Why paynim bards
Fabled Elysian plains, Tartarean lakes,
Styx and Cocytus? Tell, why Hali's sons
Have feign'd a paradise of mirth and love,
Banquets, and blooming nymphs? Or rather tell,
Why, on the brink of Orellana's stream,
Where never Science rear'd her sacred torch,
The' untutor'd Indian dreams of happier worlds
Behind the cloud-topt hill? Why, in each breast
Is plac'd a friendly monitor, that prompts,
Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?
Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends;
Or joy, on secret good? Why conscience acts
With tenfold force, when sickness, age, or pain,
Stands tottering on the precipice of death?
Or why such horror gnaws the guilty soul
Of dying sinners; while the good man sleeps
Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires?

Look round the world! with what a partial hand
The scale of bliss and misery is sustain'd!
Beneath the shade of cold obscurity
Pale Virtue lies; no arm supports her head,
No friendly voice speaks comfort to her soul,
Nor soft-eyed Pity drops a melting tear;
But, in their stead, Contempt and rude Disdain
Insult the banish'd wanderer: on she goes
Neglected and forlorn: disease, and cold,
And famine, worst of ills, her steps attend:
Yet patient, and to Heaven's just will resign'd,
She ne'er is seen to weep, or heard to sigh.
Now turn your eyes to yon sweet-smelling bow'r,
Where, flush'd with all the insolence of wealth,
Sits pamper'd Vice! For him the' Arabian gale
Breathes forth delicious odours; Gallia's hills
For him pour nectar from the purple vine;
Nor think for these he pays the tribute due
To Heaven: of Heaven he never names the name,
Save when with imprecations dark and dire
He points his jest obscene. Yet buxom health
Sits on his rosy cheek; yet honour gilds
His high exploits; and downy-pinion'd sleep
Sheds a soft opiate o'er his peaceful couch. [this,
See'st thou this, righteous Father? See'st thou
And wilt thou ne'er repay? Shall good and ill
Be carried undistinguish'd to the land
Where all things are forgot?—Ah! no; the day
Will come, when Virtue from the cloud shall burst
That long obscur'd her beams; when Sin shall fly
Back to her native hell; there sink eclips'd
In penal darkness; where nor star shall rise,
Nor ever sunshine pierce the' impervious gloom.

On that great day the solemn trump shall sound,
(That trump which once in Heaven on man's revolt
Convok'd the' astonish'd seraphs) at whose voice
The' unpeopled grave shall pour forth all their dead.
Then shall the' assembled nations of the earth
From every quarter at the judgment-seat
Unite: Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks,
Parthians; and they who dwelt on Tyber's banks,
Names fam'd of old: or who of later age,
Chinese and Russian, Mexican and Turk,
Tenant the wide terrene; and they who pitch
Their tents on Niger's banks; or, where the sun
Pours on Golconda's spires his early light,
Drink Ganges' sacred stream. At once shall rise
Whom distant ages to each other's sight
Had long denied: before the throne shall kneel
Some great progenitor, while at his side
Stands his descendant through a thousand lines.
Whate'er their nation, and whate'er their rank,
Heroes and patriarchs, slaves and sceptred kings,
With equal eye the God of All shall see;
And judge with equal love. What though the great
With costly pomp and aromatic sweet
Embalm'd his poor remains; or through the dome
A thousand tapers shed their gloomy light,
While solemn organs to his parting soul
Chanted slow orisons? Say, by what mark
Dost thou discern him from that lowly swain
Whose mouldering bones beneath the thorn-bound turf
Long lay neglected?—All at once shall rise;
But not to equal glory: for, alas!
With howlings dire and execrations loud

Some wail their fatal birth.—First among these
Behold the mighty murderers of mankind;
They who in sport whole kingdoms slew; or they
Who to the tottering pinnacle of power
Waded through seas of blood! How will they curse
The madness of ambition; how lament
Their dear-bought laurels; when the widow'd wife
And childless mother at the judgment-seat
Plead trumpet-tongued against them!—Here are they
Who sunk an aged father to the grave;
Or with unkindness hard and cold disdain
Slighted a brother's sufferings. Here are they
Whom fraud and skilful treachery long secur'd;
Who from the infant virgin tore her dower,
And ate the orphan's bread:—who spent their stores
In selfish luxury; or o'er their gold,
Prostrate and pale, ador'd the useless heap.—
Here too, who stain'd the chaste connubial bed;—
Who mix'd the poisonous bowl; or broke the ties
Of hospitable friendship:—And the wretch
Whose listless soul, sick with the cares of life,
Unsummon'd to the presence of his God
Rush'd in, with insult rude. How would they joy
Once more to visit earth; and, though oppress'd
With all that pain or famine can inflict,
Pant up the hill of life? Vain wish! the Judge
Pronounces doom eternal on their heads,
Perpetual punishment! Seek not to know
What punishment! For that the' Almighty will
Has hid from mortal eyes: and shall vain man,
With curious search refin'd, presume to pry
Into thy secrets, Father? No: let him
With humble patience all thy works adore,

And walk in all thy paths: so shall his meed
Be great in Heaven, so haply shall he 'scape
The' immortal worm and never-ceasing fire.
  But who are they, who, bound in tenfold chains,
Stand horribly aghast? This is that crew
Who strove to pull Jehovah from his throne,
And in the place of Heaven's eternal King
Set up the phantom Chance. For them, in vain,
Alternate seasons cheer'd the rolling year;
In vain the sun o'er herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r
Shed genial influence mild; and the pale moon
Repair'd her waning orb. Next these is plac'd
The vile blasphemer, he, whose impious wit
Profan'd the sacred mysteries of faith,
And 'gainst the' impenetrable walls of Heaven
Planted his feeble battery. By these stands
The arch-apostate: he with many a wile
Exhorts them still to foul revolt. Alas!
No hope have they from black despair, no ray
Shines through the gloom to cheer their sinking
souls:
In agonies of grief they curse the hour
When first they left Religion's onward way.
  These on the left are rang'd: but on the right
A chosen band appears, who fought beneath
The banner of Jehovah, and defied
Satan's united legions. Some unmov'd
At the grim tyrant's frown, o'er barbarous climes
Diffus'd the gospel's light; some, long immur'd
(Sad servitude!) in chains and dungeons pin'd;
Or rack'd with all the agonies of pain
Breath'd out their faithful lives. Thrice happy they
Whom Heaven elected to that glorious strife!—
Here are they plac'd, whose kind munificence

Made heaven-born Science raise her drooping head;
And on the labours of a future race
Entail'd their just reward. Thou amongst these,
Good Seaton! whose well-judg'd benevolence,
Fostering fair genius, bade the poet's hand
Bring annual offerings to his Maker's shrine,
Shalt find the generous care was not in vain.—
Here is that favourite band, whom mercy mild,
God's best lov'd attribute, adorn'd; whose gate
Stood ever open to the stranger's call:
Who fed the hungry; to the thirsty lip
Reach'd out the friendly cup: whose care benign
From the rude blast secur'd the pilgrim's side;
Who heard the widow's tender tale; and shook
The galling shackle from the prisoner's feet;
Who each endearing tie, each office knew
Of meek-ey'd heaven-descended Charity.—
O Charity, thou nymph divinely fair!
Sweeter than those whom ancient poets bound
In amity's indissoluble chain,
The Graces! How shall I essay to paint
Thy charms, celestial maid; and in rude verse
Blazon those deeds thyself didst ne'er reveal?
For thee nor rankling envy can infect,
Nor rage transport, nor high o'erweening pride
Puff up with vain conceit: ne'er didst thou smile
To see the sinner as a verdant tree
Spread his luxuriant branches o'er the stream:
While like some blasted trunk the righteous fall,
Prostrate, forlorn. When prophecies shall fail,
When tongues shall cease, when knowledge is no more,
And this Great Day is come; thou by the throne
Shalt sit triumphant. Thither, lovely maid,

Bear me, O bear me on thy soaring wing,
And through the adamantine gates of Heaven
Conduct my steps, safe from the fiery gulf
And dark abyss where Sin and Satan reign!
  But can the Muse, her numbers all too weak,
Tell how that restless element of fire
Shall wage with seas and earth intestine war,
And deluge all creation? Whether (so
Some think) the comet, as through fields of air
Lawless he wanders, shall rush headlong on,
Thwarting the' ecliptic where the' unconscious earth
Rolls in her wonted course; whether the sun
With force centripetal into his orb
Attract her long reluctant; or the caves,
Those dread volcanoes, where engendering lie
Sulphureous minerals, from their dark abyss
Pour streams of liquid fire; while from above,
As erst on Sodom, Heaven's avenging hand
Rains fierce combustion. Where are now the works
Of art, the toil of ages?—Where are now
The' imperial cities, sepulchres and domes,
Trophies and pillars?—Where is Egypt's boast,
Those lofty pyramids which high in air
Rear'd their aspiring heads, to distant times
Of Memphian pride a lasting monument?—
Tell me where Athens rais'd her towers?—Where Thebes
Open'd her hundred portals?—Tell me where
Stood sea-girt Albion?—Where imperial Rome
Propt by seven hills stood like a sceptred queen,
And aw'd the tributary world to peace?—
Show me the rampart, which o'er many a hill,
Through many a valley stretch'd its wide extent,
Rais'd by that mighty monarch, to repel

The roving Tartar, when with insult rude
'Gainst Pekin's towers he bent the' unerring bow.
  But what is mimic Art? Ev'n Nature's works,
Seas, meadows, pastures, the meandering streams,
And everlasting hills, shall be no more.
No more shall Teneriffe, cloud-piercing height,
O'erhang the' Atlantic surge: nor that fam'd cliff
Through which the Persian steer'd with many a sail,
Throw to the Lemnian isle its evening shade
O'er half the wide Œgean. Where are now
The Alps that confin'd with unnumber'd realms,
And from the Black-sea to the Ocean-stream
Stretch'd their extended arms?—Where's Ararat,
That hill on which the faithful patriarch's ark,
Which seven long months had voyag'd o'er its top,
First rested, when the earth with all her sons,
As now by streaming cataracts of fire,
Was whelm'd by mighty waters? All at once
Are vanish'd and dissolv'd; no trace remains,
No mark of vain distinction: Heaven itself,
That azure vault with all those radiant orbs,
Sinks in the universal ruin lost.—
No more shall planets round their central Sun
Move in harmonious dance; no more the Moon
Hang out her silver lamp; and those fixed Stars
Spangling the golden canopy of night,
Which oft the Tuscan with his optic glass
Call'd from their wondrous height, to read their
    names
And magnitude, some winged minister
Shall quench; and (surest sign that all on earth
Is lost) shall rend from Heaven thy mystic bow.
  Such is that awful, that tremendous Day,
Whose coming who shall tell? For as a thief

Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent pace
Through Night's dark gloom. Perhaps as here I sit,
And rudely carol these incondite lays,
Soon shall the hand be check'd, and dumb the mouth
That lisps the faltering strain. O! may it ne'er
Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent hour;
But find me wrapt in meditations high,
Hymning my great Creator!

——————————"Power supreme!
O everlasting King! To Thee I kneel,
To Thee I lift my voice. With fervent heat
Melt all ye elements! And thou, high heaven,
Shrink like a shrivel'd scroll! But think, O Lord!
Think on the best, the noblest of thy works;
Think on thine own bright image! Think on Him,
Who died to save us from thy righteous wrath;
And, midst the wreck of worlds, remember man!"

ANONYMOUS.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

AFTER THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

In Phœbus' region while some bards there be
  That sing of battles, and the trumpet's roar;
Yet these, I ween, more powerful bards than me,
  Above my ken, on eagle pinions soar!
Haply a scene of meaner view to scan,
  Beneath their laurel'd praise my verse may give,
To trace the features of unnotic'd man;
  Deeds, else forgotten, in the verse may live!
Her lore, mayhap, instructive sense may teach,
From weeds of humbler growth within my lowly
    reach.

A wight there was, who, single and alone,
  Had crept from vigorous youth to waning age,
Nor e'er was worth, nor e'er was beauty known
  His heart to captive, or his thought engage:
Some feeble joyance, though his conscious mind
  Might female worth or beauty give to wear,
Yet to the nobler sex he held confin'd
  The genuine graces of the soul sincere,
And well could show with saw or proverb quaint,
All semblance woman's soul, and all her beauty
    paint.

In plain attire this wight apparel'd was,
  (For much he conn'd of frugal lore and knew)
Nor till some day of larger note might cause,
  From iron-bound chest his better garb he drew:
But when the Sabbath-day might challenge more,
  Or feast, or birth-day, should it chance to be,
A glossy suit devoid of stain he wore,
  And gold his buttons glanc'd so fair to see,
Gold clasp'd his shoon, by maiden brush'd to sheen,
And his rough beard he shav'd, and donn'd his linen
    clean.

But in his common garb a coat he wore,
  A faithful coat that long its lord had known,
That once was black, but now was black no more,
  Atting'd by various colours not its own.
All from his nostrils was the front imbrown'd,
  And down the back ran many a greasy line,
While here and there, his social moments own'd
  The generous signet of the purple wine.
Brown o'er the bent of eld his wig appear'd,
Like fox's trailing tail by hunters sore affeir'd.

One only maid he had, like turtle true,
  But not like turtle gentle, soft, and kind;
For many a time her tongue bewray'd the shrew,
  And in meet words unpack'd her peevish mind.
Ne form'd was she to raise the soft desire
  That stirs the tingling blood in youthful vein,
Ne form'd was she to light the tender fire,
  By many a bard is sung in many a strain:
Hook'd was her nose, and countless wrinkles told
What no man durst to her, I ween, that she was
    old.

When the clock told the wonted hour was come
  When from his nightly cups the wight withdrew,
Right patient would she watch his wending home,
  His feet she heard, and soon the bolt she drew.
If long his time was past, and leaden sleep
  O'er her tir'd eyelids 'gan his reign to stretch,
Oft would she curse that men such hours should
    keep, [preach;
  And many a saw 'gainst drunkenness would
Haply if potent gin had arm'd her tongue, [rung.
All on the reeling wight a thundering peal she

For though the blooming queen of Cyprus' isle
  O'er her cold bosom long had ceas'd to reign,
On that cold bosom still could Bacchus smile,
  Such beverage to own if Bacchus deign:
For wine she priz'd not much, for stronger drink
  Its medicine, oft a cholic-pain will call,
And for the medicine's sake, might envy think,
  Oft would a cholic-pain her bowels enthral;
Yet much the proffer did she loth, and say [nay.
No dram might maidens taste, and often answer'd

So as in single animals he joy'd,
  One cat, and eke one dog, his bounty fed;
The first the cate-devouriug mice destroy'd,
  Thieves heard the last, and from his threshold
All in the sunbeams bask'd the lazy cat, [fled:
  Her mottled length in couchant posture laid;
On one accustom'd chair while Pompey sat,
  And loud he bark'd should Puss his right invade.
The human pair oft mark'd them as they lay,
And haply sometimes thought like cat and dog were
    they.

A room he had that fac'd the southern ray,
  Where oft he walk'd to set his thoughts in tune,
Pensive he pac'd its length an hour or tway,
  All to the music of his creeking shoon.
And at the end a darkling closet stood,
  Where books he kept of old research and new,
In seemly order rang'd on shelves of wood,
  And rusty nails and phials not a few:
Thilk place a wooden box beseemeth well,
And papers squar'd and trimm'd for use unmeet to tell.

For still in form he plac'd his chief delight,
  Nor lightly broke his old accustom'd rule,
And much uncourteous would he hold the wight
  That e'er displac'd a table, chair, or stool;
And oft in meet array their ranks he plac'd,
  And oft with careful eye their ranks review'd;
For novel forms, tho' much those forms had grac'd,
  Himself and maiden-minister eschew'd:
One path he trod, nor ever would decline
A hair's unmeasur'd breadth from off the even line.

A Club select there was, where various talk
  On various chapters pass'd the ling'ring hour,
And thither oft he bent the evening walk,
  And warm'd to mirth by wine's enlivening pow'r.
And oft on politics his preachments ran
  If a pipe lent its thought-begetting fume,
And oft important matters wou'd they scan,
  And deep in council fix a nation's doom,
And oft they chuckled loud at jest or jeer,
Or bawdy tale the most, thilk much they lov'd to hear.

For men like him they were of like consort,
  Thilk much the honest muse must needs condemn,
Who made of women's wiles their wanton sport,
  And bless'd their stars that kept the curse from them!
No honest love they knew, no melting smile
  That shoots the transports to the throbbing heart!
Thilk knew they not but in a harlot's guile
  Lascivious smiling through the mask of art:
And so of women deem'd they as they knew,
And from a Demon's traits an Angel's picture drew.

But most abhorr'd they Hymeneal rites,
  And boasted oft the freedom of their fate:
Nor 'vail'd, as they opin'd, its best delytes
  Those ills to balance that on wedlock wait;
And often would they tell of hen-peck'd fool
  Snubb'd by the hard behest of sour-ey'd dame,
And vow'd no tongue-arm'd woman's freakish rule
  Their mirth thould quail, or damp their generous flame;
Then pledg'd their hands, and toss'd their bumpers o'er,
And Io! Bacchus! sung, and own'd no other pow'r.

If e'er a doubt of softer kind arose
  Within some breast of less obdurate frame,
Lo! where its hideous form a Phantom shows
  Full in his view, and Cuckold is its name.

Him Scorn attended with a glance askew,
And Scorpion Shame for delicts not his own,
Her painted bubbles while Suspicion blew,
And vex'd the region round the Cupid's throne:
"Far be from us," they cry'd, "the treach'rous bane,
"Far be the dimply guile, and far the flow'ry chain!"

END OF VOL. XXXVII.

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